CEREBUS

MISCELLANY 1

CEREBUS is ™ and © Dave Sim

Aardvark-Vanaheim Publishing, Kitchener Ontario

CEREBUS

MISCELLANY

VOLUME ONE

REGENCY PRESS LIMITED

IEST • MEALCA • TANSUBAL

This book is a fan preservation effort, not to be sold or purchased.

All work reprinted herein is copyright the original creators. No ownership claims are given for any of the material presented in this collection, and artist & writer credit has been given when available.

If you enjoy this work, please donate to the Dave Sim fund at CerebusDownloads.com.

Immeasurable credit must be given to Margaret Liss (cerebusfangirl.com) and Matt Dow (MomentOfCerebus.blogspot.com) for compiling and hosting much of this material via their respective sites.

FIRST EDITION

APRIL 2026

TABLE OF CONTENTS

FOREWORD
006

BOOK ONE:
THE DEUTEROCANONICAL WORKS
007

BOOK TWO:
PROMOTIONAL MATERIAL & FAN COMMISSIONS
204

BOOK THREE:
GROUP APPEARANCES & MINOR CAMEOS
216

BOOK FOUR:
A DAVE SIM MEDLEY
267

FOREWORD

The impetus for this collection came about from a simple desire to round up all of the uncollected stories featuring Cerebus. That would include canonical material not collected in the various phonebooks as well as non-canonical work by Dave Sim and a plethora of other artists, some of which ranges from "Hmm, this is interesting" to "Man, this is terrible." The material of the latter variety is presented here for the sake of completionism rather than as an attestation to its quality.

What is *not* collected here are the animation cels and fine art portfolios (which are currently being collected in a separate volume tentatively titled CEREBUS: PORTFOLIANA) as well as material that ran in the monthly *Cerebus* series (which is currently being collected in a separate series entitled CEREBUS: MISSING PIECES.)

Material within this volume is separated into four books: the **Deuterocanonical** (things like the TMNT Crossover, 'Magiking', 'Demonhorn', etc.), **Promotional/Commission** work (convention sketches, poster art, promo pamphlets, etc.), **Group Guest Appearances/One Panel Cameos** (most of these are unauthorized, dialogue-less crowd appearances), and a **Dave Sim Medley** (work by or about Dave Sim that is not necessarily Cerebus-related but possibly of interest to his readers.)

Note that not all material fits neatly into one category only, and may straddle multiple possible placements. In those cases, I just assigned them where I felt they fit best. For example, a convention cover sketch featuring Cerebus and Bacchus could theoretically fit in the Promotional/Commission work, but I placed it directly following the Cerebus/Bacchus crossover story in the Deuterocanonical section.

This collection is by no means complete. More volumes in this series are forthcoming,

Please share this work freely as it was received. An oversized cover proof should be available for those who wish to print and bind it into book form.

Hisses,

A. Blake Jockley

A. Blake Jockley,

Publisheroach

BOOK ONE:
THE DEUTEROCANONICAL WORKS

1. THE CHALLENGE **08**
2. PASSAGE **16**
3. DEMONHORN **24**
4. AN UNTOLD TALE OF THE SECRET SACRED WARS **30**
5. MAGIKING **35**
6. SILVERSPOON **46**
7. ZELDA CAFÉ **59**
8. RARE BIT FIENDS #1 MATERIAL **64**
9. ARNOLD THE ISSHURIAN **67**
10. TALES OF THE SILVERFISH **75**
11. CEREBUS DREAMS **79**
12. DAVE SIM/CHESTER BROWN JAM **87**
13. CELEBRATE DIVERSITY RECAP **88**
14. TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES #8 .....**90**
15. MIAMI MICE #4 .....**141**
16. TURTLEMANIA **144**
17. MATISSE, THE UNKNOWN TURTLE **152**
18. TMNT ASHCAN COVERS **153**
19. TMNT PROMOTIONAL ART **156**
20. THE FACE ON THE BARROOM FLOOR **160**
21. BACCHUS MATERIAL **166**
22. HYPOTHETICAL CEREBUS **168**
23. AGES OF CEREBUS **175**
24. THE GIRL NEXT DOOR ...**182**
25. HIS FIRST FIFTH **185**
26. SELLING INSURANCE **194**
27. A FRIENDLY REMINDER **196**
28. BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO **200**

THE CHALLENGE

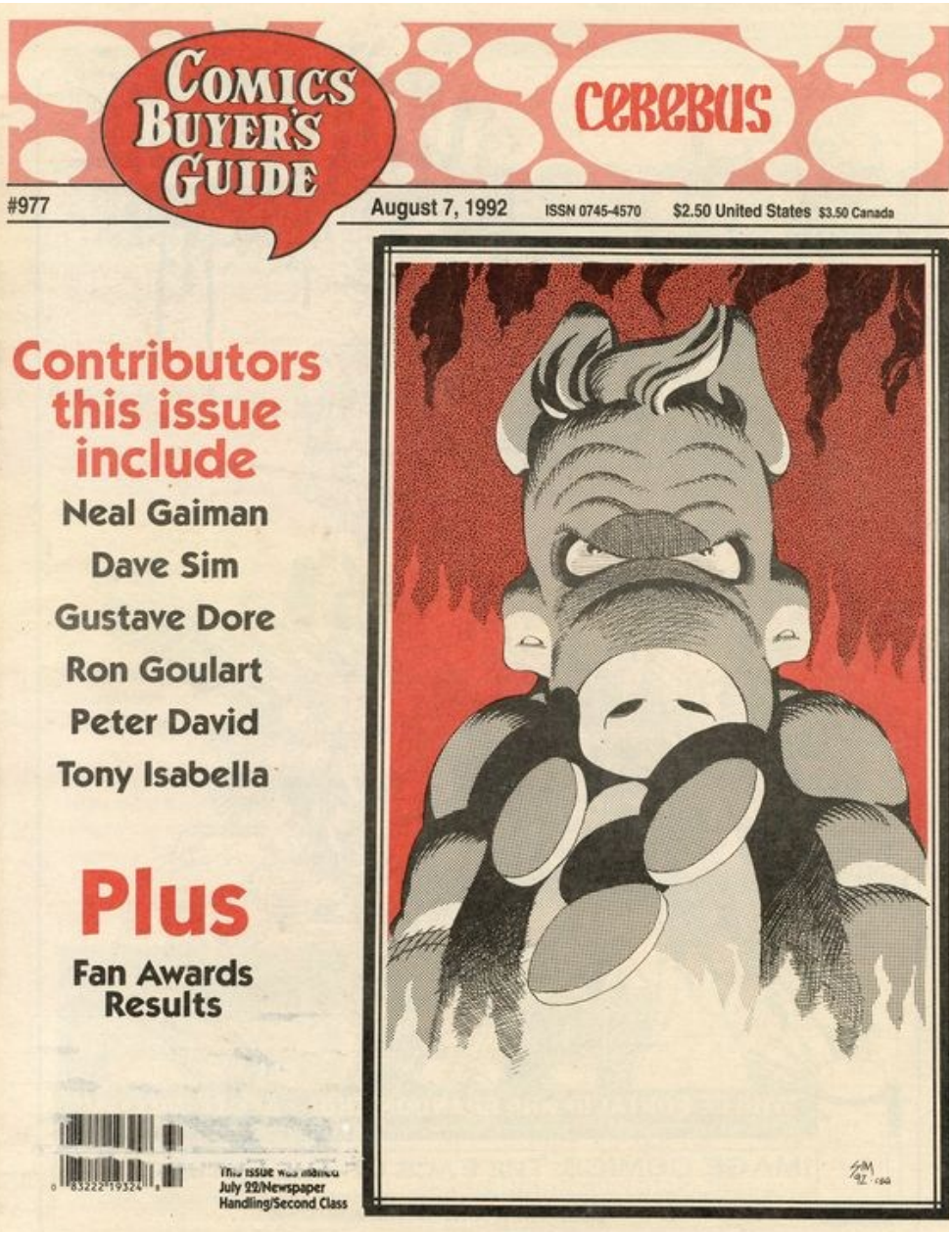
Story & Art: Dave Sim

From *The Comic Buyer's Guide* #977
(August 1992)

Dyna Publications

Dave Sim, from CBG #977:

"This is an unpublished Cerebus story which was commissioned by Comely Comix for *The Captain Canuck Summer Special #2* (Summer 1981). Comely went out of business shortly after approving the script and layouts for the story. A small blessing; his last letter suggested coloring Cerebus purple so that he would stand out in the color story! The last page of the script is missing but I have reconstructed it."



EDITOR'S NOTE:

I have married the story text and dialogue, which was originally separate from the rough sketches, to its proper place within panel. Please excuse the chunky word balloons and prodigious use of Comic Sans font. At the time this story was being prepared for this collection, I was utilizing an ancient build of Microsoft Publisher with limited font and balloon capabilities. It ain't pretty, but it gets the job done.

ESHNOSOPUR! THE BURNING WHITE COASTAL JEWEL OF THE SOUTHERN CITY-STATES.

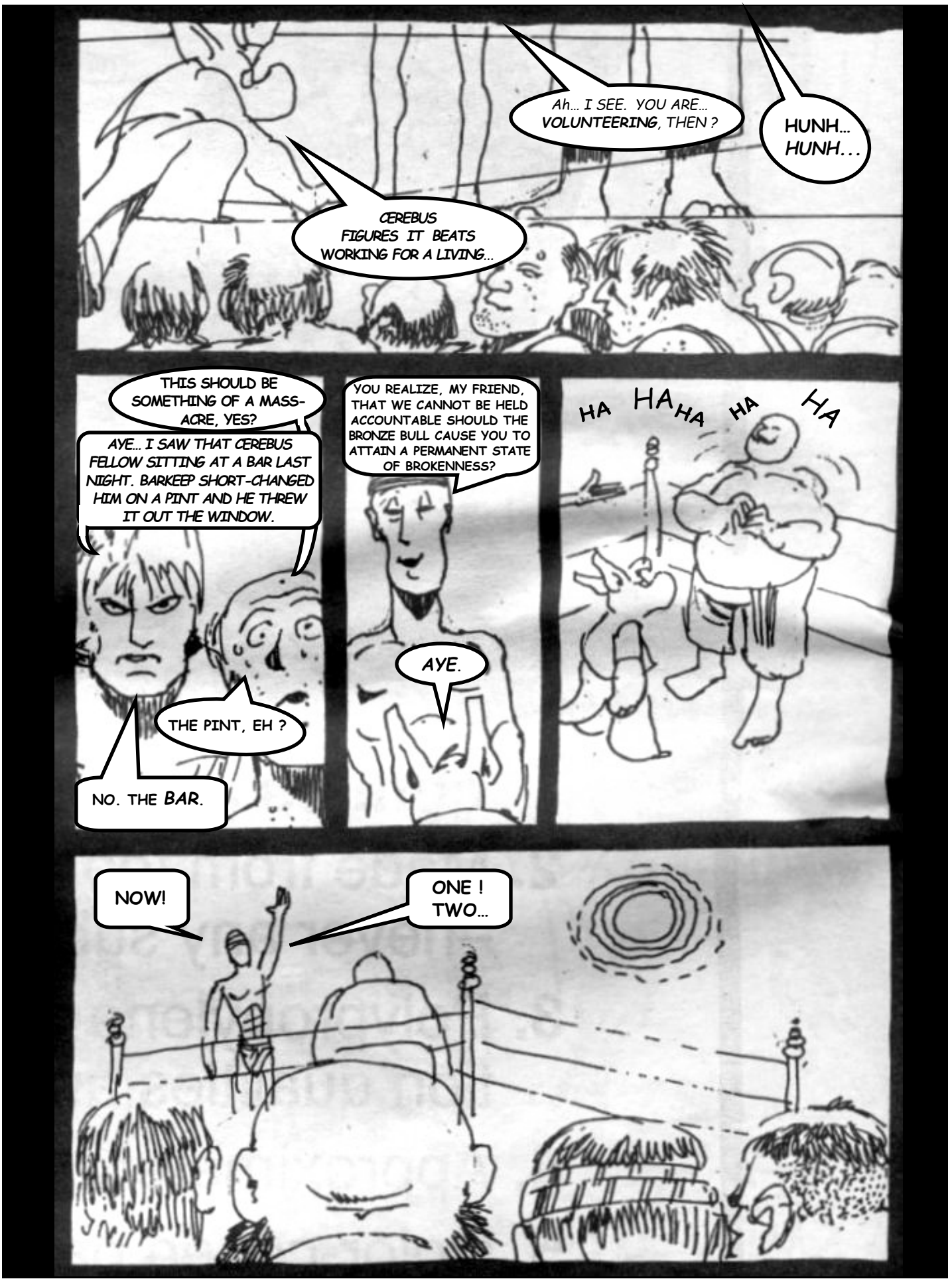
ESHNOSOPUR! ITS VERY NAME IS SYNONYMOUS WITH INTRIGUE, MYSTERY AND DANGER.

THE MARKETPLACE ATTRACTS MANY THOUSANDS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR. ON THIS *PARTICULAR* DAY, BENEATH THE SCORCHING MIDSUMMER SUN, ONE OF THE MAJOR ATTRACTIONS IS THE HASTILY-ERECTED RING, THE MASSIVE, BRONZED FIGHTER, AND...

THE CHALLENGE

STORY & ART: DAVE SIM

IN THE CROWD IS **CEREBUS THE AARDVARK**: FREELANCE SWORD, PARTTIME MERCENARY, AND (OF LATE) *UNEMPLOYED DRIFTER*. IT IS THIS CONDITION THAT PROMPTS HIM TO BE THE FIRST TO SPEAK...


Ah... I SEE. YOU ARE... VOLUNTEERING, THEN ?
HUNH... HUNH...
CEREBUS FIGURES IT BEATS WORKING FOR A LIVING...
THIS SHOULD BE SOMETHING OF A MASS-ACRE, YES?
AYE... I SAW THAT CEREBUS FELLOW SITTING AT A BAR LAST NIGHT. BARKEEP SHORT-CHANGED HIM ON A PINT AND HE THREW IT OUT THE WINDOW.
THE PINT, EH ?
NO. THE BAR.
YOU REALIZE, MY FRIEND, THAT WE CANNOT BE HELD ACCOUNTABLE SHOULD THE BRONZE BULL CAUSE YOU TO ATTAIN A PERMANENT STATE OF BROKENNESS?
AYE.
HA HA HA HA HA
NOW!
ONE ! TWO...

I MEK YEW EAT YER WERDS !
?
THREE !
FOUR ! FIVE !
HRNHRH !
SIX ! SEVEN !
EIGHT ! NINE !
GAH ! IS NOT POSSIBLE !
gulp... TEN !
ELEVEN ! TWELVE ! THIRTEEN !
I AM READY TEW SQUASH YOU DEAD!
IF IT'S ANY CONSOLATION, THE SMELL UNDER THERE ALMOST KILLED CEREBUS...

FOURTEEN!
FIFTEEN!
SIXTEEN!
UNFF !!!
HUH?
SEVENTEEN!
WHUMMP!
EIGHTEEN!
YOU CAN STOP COUNTING NOW.
CEREBUS NEEDS THAT MONEY TO BUY A HORSE...
... AND THIS SOUTHLAND SUN IS TURNING HIS FUR PINK.
... AH, YES, AS YOU CAN SEE, WE ARE BUT POOR FARM WORKERS, MERELY ATTEMPTING TO FIND FOR OUR MOST HUMBLE SELVES ER, GAINFUL EMPLOYMENT...
LONG GONE, I'M AFRAID. MY BROTHER HAD A RECORD OF 270 WINS AND A SINGLE TIE... IT BEGAN TO SEEM FOOLISH TO FILL THE PURSE WHEN NOBODY WOULD EVER BEAT HIM...
WHAT ABOUT THE FIVE GOLD PIECES?

YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT CEREBUS GOT WITHIN *TOUCHING* DISTANCE …
… OF THIS *OVER-STUFFED* HUMAN EQUIVALENT OF A …
EH?
…GARBAGE *HEAP* …
THIS HALF-WITTED, SWEAT-SLICKENED *CESSPOOL*…
FAT…
FOT?
IGNORANT…
IGOARNT?!?
YAAAANK!!
YAAARHHH!
C'MON !
C'MON !
WE ARE NEVER *GOING* TO GET *ANYWHERE* IN OUR ONGOING NEGOTIATIONS IF YOU PERSIST IN *ANNOYING* MY BROTHER …
IS THERE ANY REASON WHY CEREBUS SHOULDN'T HELP HIM LOSE 20 POUNDS …
FROM THE *SHOULDERS* UP ?

AH, BUT YOU WOULD STILL NEED A HORSE ...
PERHAPS IF YOU WERE TO TRY *NEGOTIATION* IN PLACE OF *SO DRASTIC* A WEIGHT REDUCTION PROGRAM...
BEAT 'EM BOTH UP !
BREAK THE SKINNY GUY IN HALF!
YEAH ! MAYBE IT'LL HELP SPEED UP THE "NEGOTIATION" !
THIS CROWD SEEMS TO THINK THAT TURNING YOU INTO *DISABLED* FARM HANDS WOULD BE THE BEST FORM OF NEGOTIATION...
HOW UNFORTUNATE. I HAVE JUST ARRIVED AT A MUTUALLY SATISFYING COMPROMISE...
I CANNOT GIVE YOU THE FIVE GOLD PIECES. HOWEVER, I *AM* FINDING MYSELF QUITE ABLE TO ...
WHISPER, WHISPER ...
AHEM...
HE'S MADE CEREBUS AN OFFER HE CAN'T REFUSE. I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO GO ELSEWHERE FOR YOUR QUOTA OF BLOODSHED AND MAYHEM...
AW, NUTS !
YEAH, WELL ... THINGS ARE TOUGH ALL OVER, FRIEND.

A FEW AWKWARD MOMENTS LATER...
HEY, LISTEN, UH ... THANKS AGAIN.
SAY, IF YOU WERE TO, ER, TURN MY BROTHER BACK TOWARD THE DIRECTION OF ESHNOSOPUR UPON YOUR ARRIVAL, WOULD YOU THEN MIND GIVING TO HIM JUST THE SLIGHTEST OF PUSHES ?
NO PROBLEM.
MOST KIND, MY GREY FELLOW...
...MOST KIND.
END

PASSAGE

Story & Art: Dave Sim

From *Cerebus The Newsletter #2* (April-June 1981) and
Following Cerebus #2 (August 2004)

Friends Of Cerebus Publishing/Win-Mill Publications

Short story taking place between Cerebus *issues 3 and 4. First appearance of Cerebus's vest.*

Fred Patten, 1981:

"Passage" was drawn just after *Cerebus* #4 was finished. It was sent to David Cothran for his magazine, *Faerie Star*. *Faerie Star* was never printed, and Cothran disappeared without returning "Passage". After so long, the Simses have given up hope to recover the original art. Their only copy was a very poor Xerox, far too bad for professional publication. A patchy attempt was made on the first couple of pages to ink in the faded Xerox areas...

Dave Sim, 2004:

I must not have been paying very close attention at the time to what I told Fred (or, more likely, what I had Deni relay to Fred), but I'm quite certain that the story was drawn between issues 3 and 4, not between issues 4 and 5. As the introductory caption to issue 4 (informing the read of what has taken place since issue 3) reads: "Using Henrot's gold, Cerebus bribes his way onto a merchant vessel on the **Sofim River**...'" (emphasis mine).

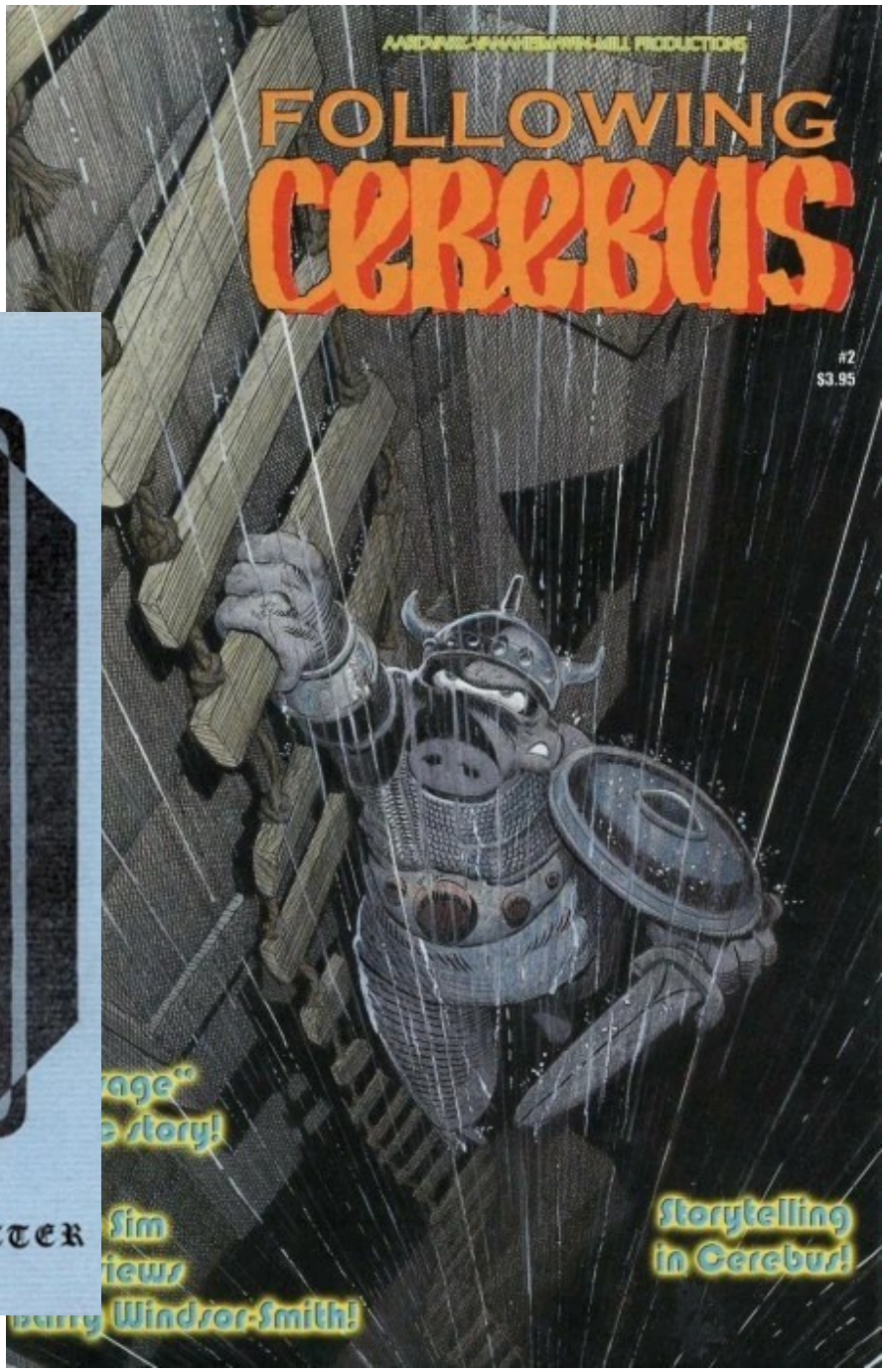
I wasn't exactly a scholar of Robert E. Howard and Conan, but I was aware of the controversy -- as regards the sequence in which the Conan stories took place -- that has swirled around them since REH wrote them, so once I knew that I was past the three-issues trial period I had given Cerebus, I was very careful to maintain the sequence of the completed stories both on paper (avoiding backtracking in the chronology on the outside stories that I did -- since the story for *Faerie Star* was the next thing I had to do after issue 3, I set the story on the Sofim River between Tansubal, the locale for issue 3, and Serrea, the locale for issue 4) and in my mind. I maintained that forward momentum for pretty close to eight years until Ger and I did the **Young Cerebus** stories in *Epic Illustrated* and *Cerebus Jam*. It took me a little longer to get used to Cerebus referring to himself in the third person, and you'll notice he refers to himself as "I" and "me" several times in the course of the story.

The story was intended for *Faerie Star* #2. *Faerie Star* #1 actually did come out in 1977.

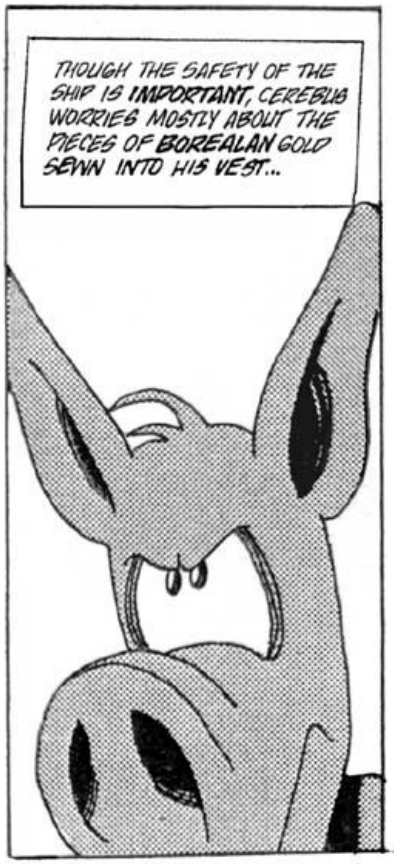
It's true that David Cothran disappeared without a trace and the original artwork with him. The quality of the photocopies can be attributed to the quality of the photocopier at the Kitchener Public Library at the time. This was back in the dark ages when photocopiers tended to print only thin lines. Solid black just tended to get burnt to a light gray with a patchy darker gray perimeter (which was all you needed for most library photocopies that consisted mostly of basic text).

As Fred mentions, I attempted to darken the pages manually and realized that it was an impossible task. The line-work only looked black by contrast with the areas that were supposed to be solid black. As you can see, where solid black was added in various areas (the cloud of smoke on Page One, Panel 2, the silhouette on Panel 4, half of Cerebus' vest on Page 2, Panel 1, the shadow under the arm, Page 2, Panel 2, the railing in Page 2, Panel 5) it was so much darker than the linework that the whole thing was irretrievably unbalanced.

The problems were compounded with the results I was getting on most of Page 3 and the bottom right panel of Page 4 where I attempted to re-ink the lines in question and realized how different my drawing style was from three or four years before. As you can see, the story looks like very early Cerebus, and suddenly that panel looks like it's from the Palnu Trilogy era. Which raised the question: am I destroying the only example of a given artifact by updating the style of it, and how far do I want to go in that direction? I decided to stop and leave bad enough alone. It would be interesting to see if computer technology has come far enough to darken all of the linework and fill in the gray areas that were meant to be black without adding or subtracting anything, and I welcome anyone who wants to take a try at it to give it their best shot from these reproductions here.



CEREBUS



PASSAGE

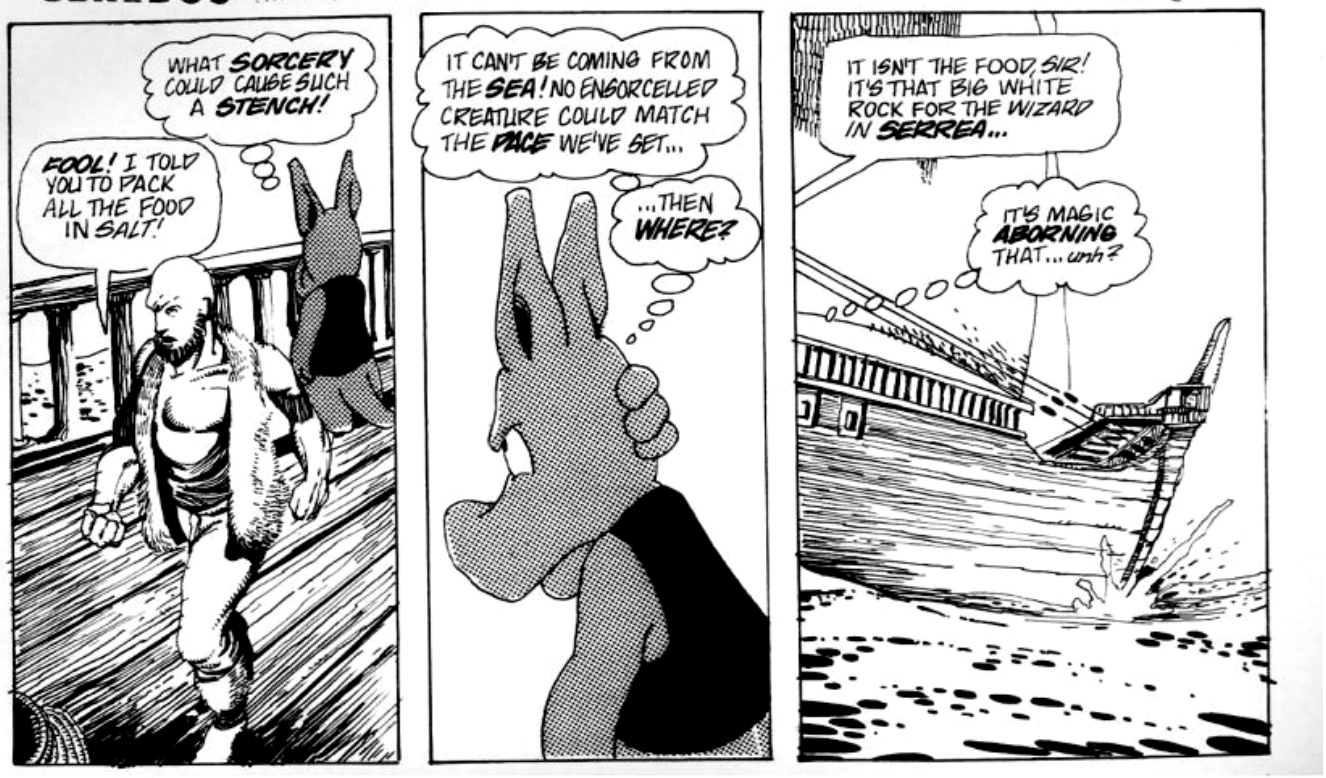
STORY & ART DAVE SIM '78

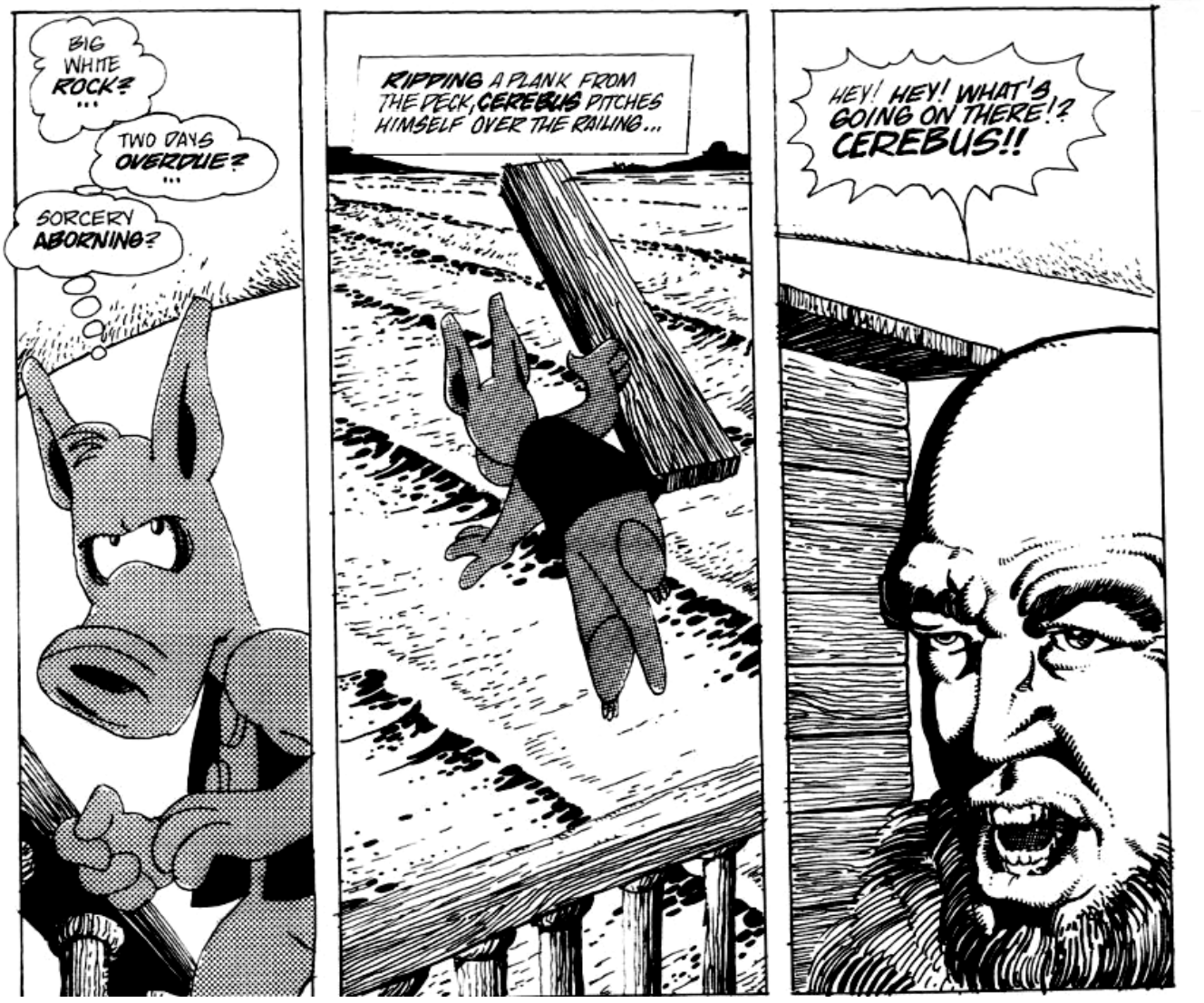
CEREBUS BACKS TO THE OPPOSITE RAILING WHERE, WITH GRIM DETERMINATION HE HACKS AND SLASHES AT HIS ASSAILANTS...
AND WHERE A SWORD DOES NOT SUFFICE...
THE EARTH-PIG SNOUT FLIP SERVES IN ITS STEAD!
NIGHT BEGINS TO FALL AS THE LAST OF THE INVADERS IS ROUTED....
TARIM! THERE'S NO MORE AVID A TEAM OF SWORDSMEN THAN MERCHANTS DEFENDING THEIR SILKS AND SPICES!
AT LAST, THE DECK RUNNING RED WITH BLOOD, IT IS OVER...

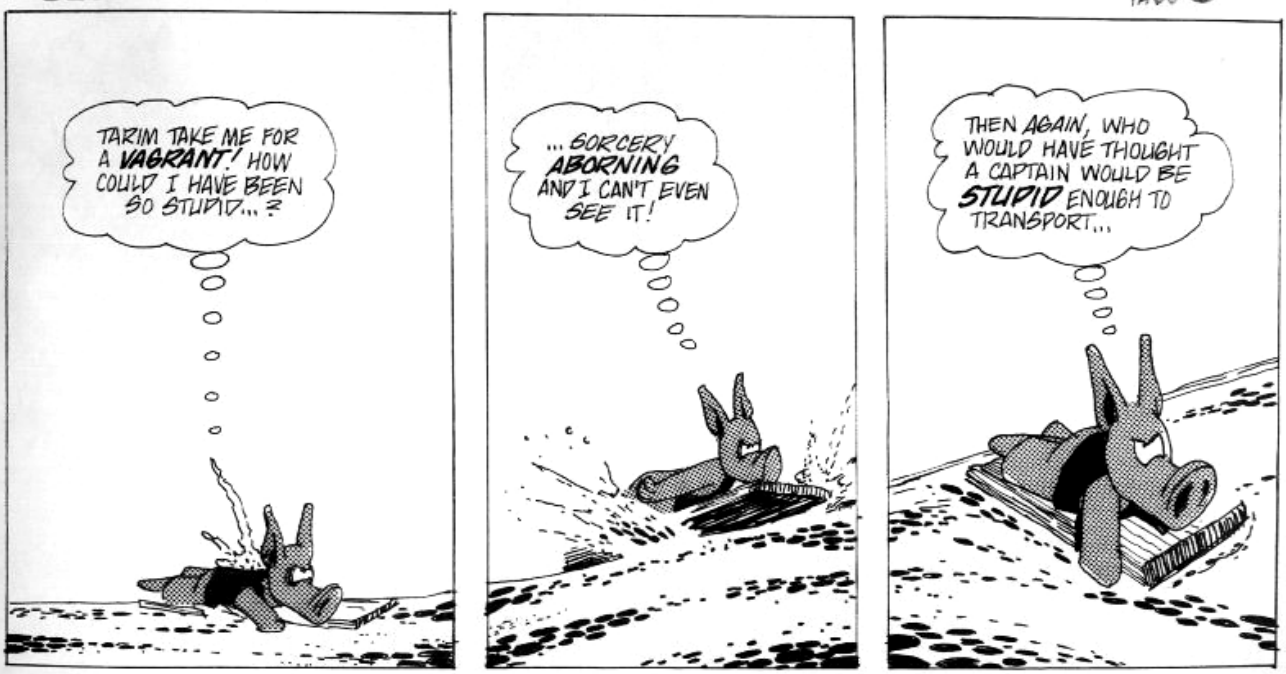
'MERCHANT' EH?
IF YOU'RE A MERCHANT I'M A DONKEY'S UNCLE!
IT WAS GOOD TO HAVE YOU ON OUR SIDE... TARIM WILLING NOTHING ELSE WILL...
WE'RE NOT OUT OF THE WOODS YET, CAPTAIN...

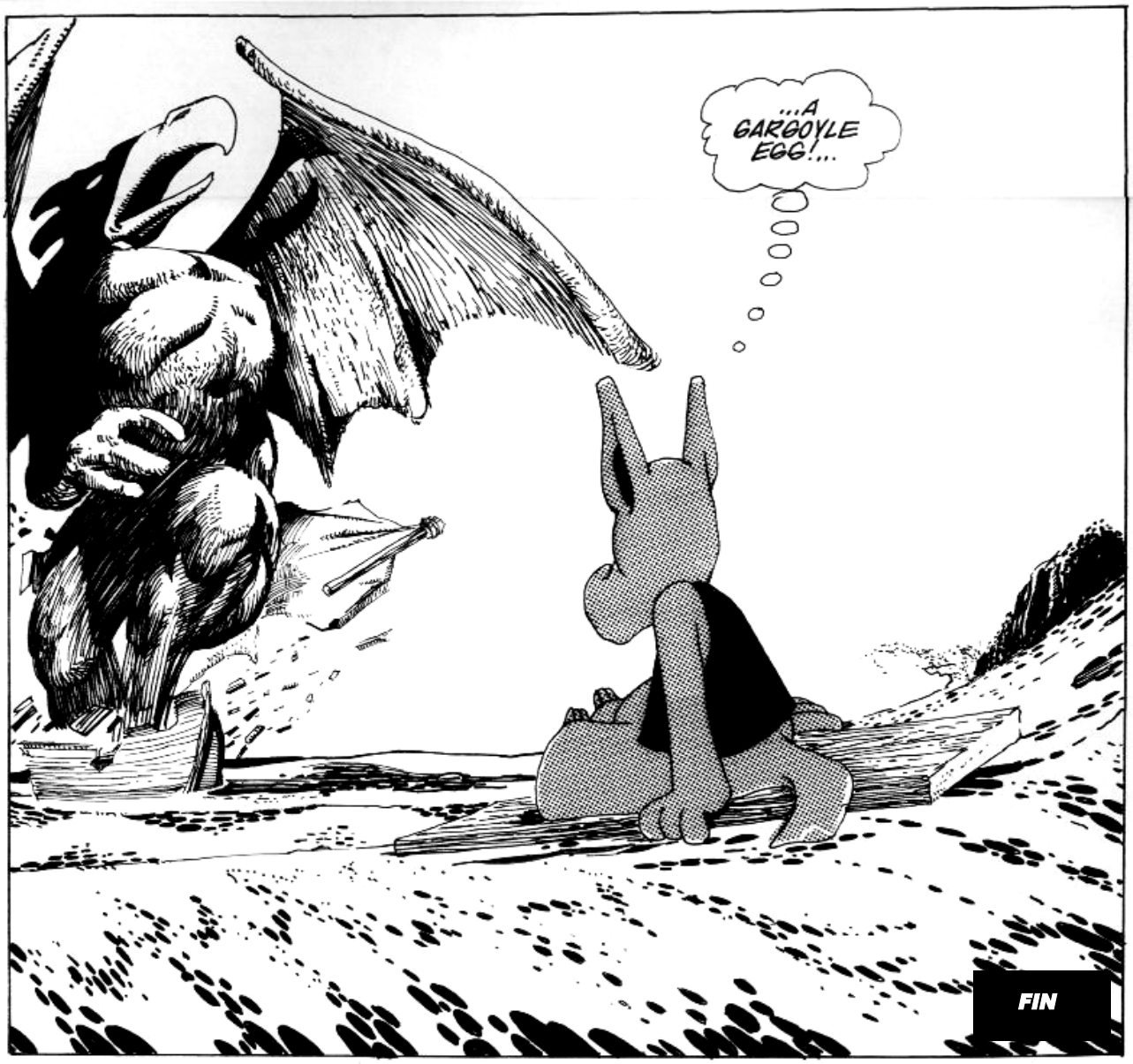
THERE'S SORCERY AFOOT IN THESE WATERS! MAGIC ABORNING! I'VE SMELLED IT RIPENING SINCE YESTERDAY...
I HAVEN'T SMELLED ANYTHING, YOU'RE PROBABLY JUST OVERTIRED FROM ALL THE FIGHTING TODAY. YOU SHOULD GET SOME SLEEP...
PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT, CAPTAIN...
GOOD NIGHT.

HOWEVER, NEXT MORNING...
TARIM'S TEETH!
THE SMELL IS ALMOST OVERPOWERING ....
GOOD MORROW, 'MERCHANT'
CAPTAIN! WE WERE SUPPOSED TO BE IN PORT YESTERDAY!
AYE! I ALWAYS TELL MY CUSTOMERS THE JOURNEY WILL TAKE TWO LESS DAYS. IT'S GOOD FOR BUSINESS.
ACH! YOU'RE STILL WORRIED ABOUT THIS SORCERY STUFF!
YOU CAN PUT YOUR MIND AT REST.... THE NEAREST SORCERER IS A CUSTOMER OF MINE IN SERREA...
CAPTAIN! THERE'S SOMETHING ROTTING BELOW!


WHAT SORCERY COULD CAUSE SUCH A STENCH!
FOOL! I TOLD YOU TO PACK ALL THE FOOD IN SALT!
IT CAN'T BE COMING FROM THE SEA! NO ENSORCELLED CREATURE COULD MATCH THE PACE WE'VE SET...
...THEN WHERE?
IT ISN'T THE FOOD, SIR! IT'S THAT BIG WHITE ROCK FOR THE WIZARD IN SERREA...
IT'S MAGIC ABORNING THAT... unh?


BIG WHITE ROCK? ...
TWO DAYS OVERDUE? ...
SORCERY ABORNING?
RIPPING A PLANK FROM THE DECK, CEREBUS PITCHES HIMSELF OVER THE RAILING...
HEY! HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON THERE!? CEREBUS!!


TARIM TAKE ME FOR A VAGRANT! HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SO STUPID... ?
... SORCERY ABORNING AND I CAN'T EVEN SEE IT!
THEN AGAIN, WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT A CAPTAIN WOULD BE STUPID ENOUGH TO TRANSPORT...


...A GARGOYLE EGG!...
FIN

DEMONHORN

From *Nucleus #1*

(May 1979)

Heiro-Graphic Publications

Short illustrated prose piece that takes place between *Cerebus* issues 5 and 6.

I met Tim Caldwell at one of Bill Paul's LAFF (London Annual Fantasymedia Festival) Conventions. At the time he was just beginning to plan Nucleus which was to be a new addition to the wave of anthology titles patterned after Mike Friedrich's *Star*Reach*. At the time, I had just finished the fourth issue of Cerebus, and was just flattered enough that he wanted a Cerebus story to do one for him at a rock bottom page rate.

This story points up the major flaw in relying on other people's opinions of a finished work. I showed it to a few people after I had it typed in script form and they all thought it was just fine.

The poetry is lousy.

The first time someone said that to my face, I felt like hitting him. This was to be a major experiment in comics story-telling, a tentative first step into the realm of the iambic pantameter (I don't know what it means, but don't it sound intellectual?).

I had visions of an epic poem in the near future that would rival Chaucer. Sensitive, moving, evocative. It would probably take up a dozen issues. The people would cry "Here is our saviour." Literary magazines would bid for the rights to reprint it in its entirety. I had visions of Honorary degrees in Literature from major universities, a college lecture tour.

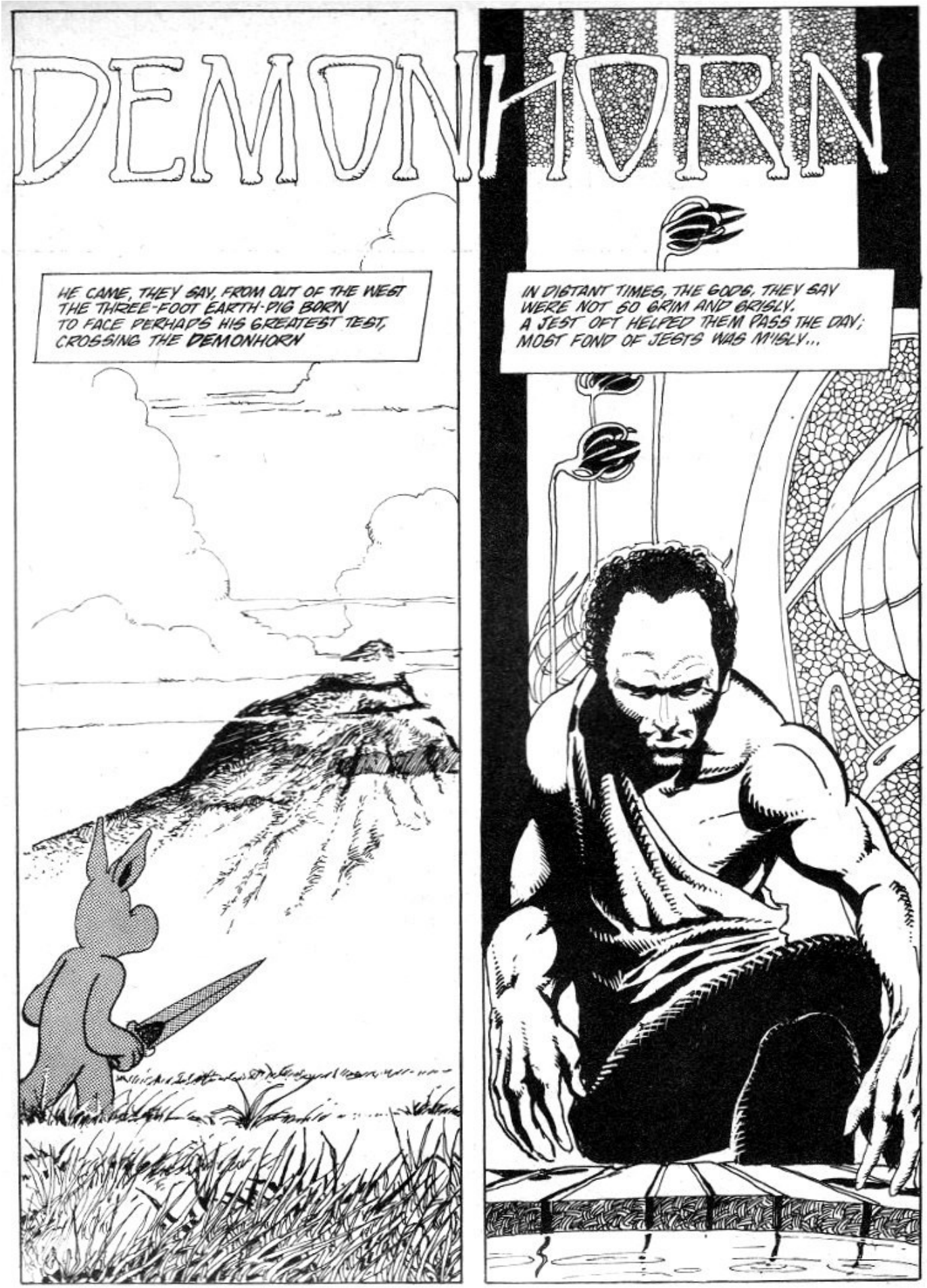
The first one had been short, of course, but true aficianados of rhyme would see the stirrings of a new and major talent. A whole new horizon of the English speaking world would open up for me.

Alas, the poetry was lousy.

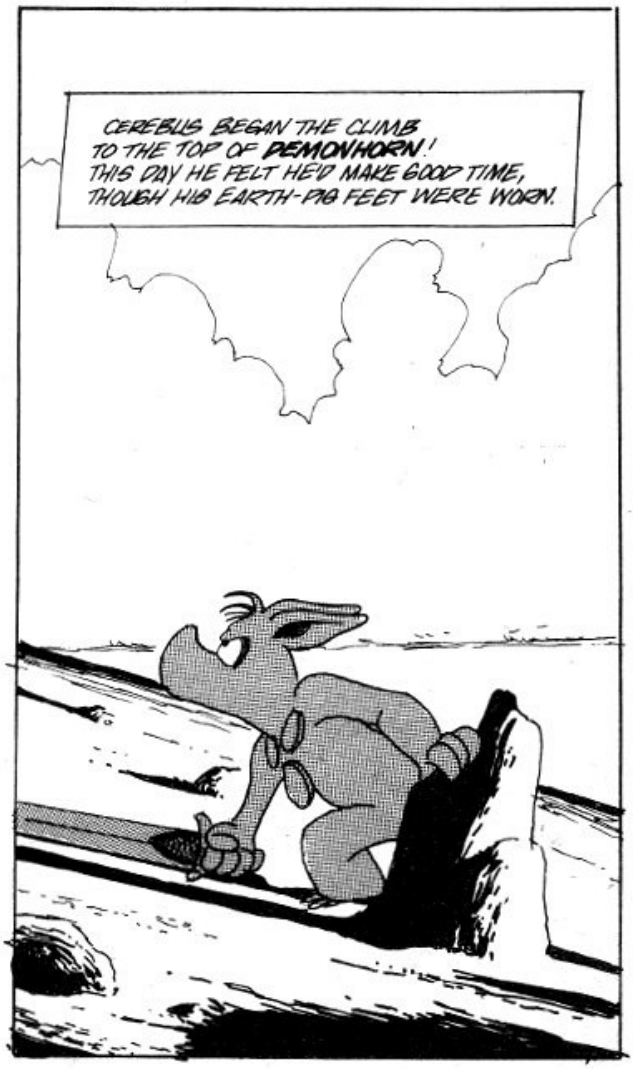
Sorry, Harvard.

Sorry, Yale.

They'll not see my like again.

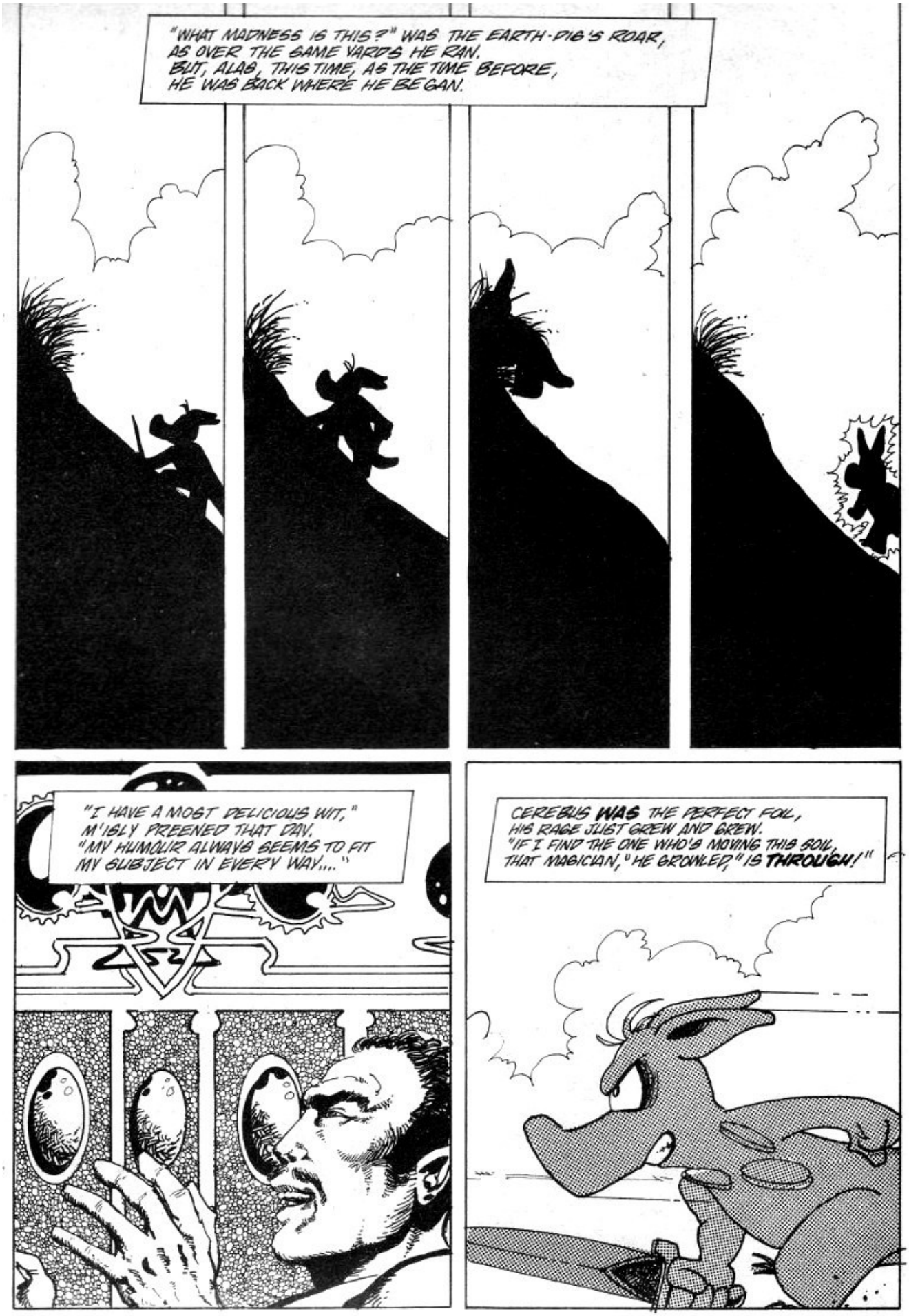

DEMONHORN
HE CAME, THEY SAY, FROM OUT OF THE WEST
THE THREE-FOOT EARTH-PIG BORN
TO FACE PERHAPS HIS GREATEST TEST,
CROSSING THE DEMONHORN
IN DISTANT TIMES, THE GODS, THEY SAY
WERE NOT SO GRIM AND GRISLY.
A JEST OFT HELPED THEM PASS THE DAY;
MOST FOND OF JESTS WAS M'IGLY...

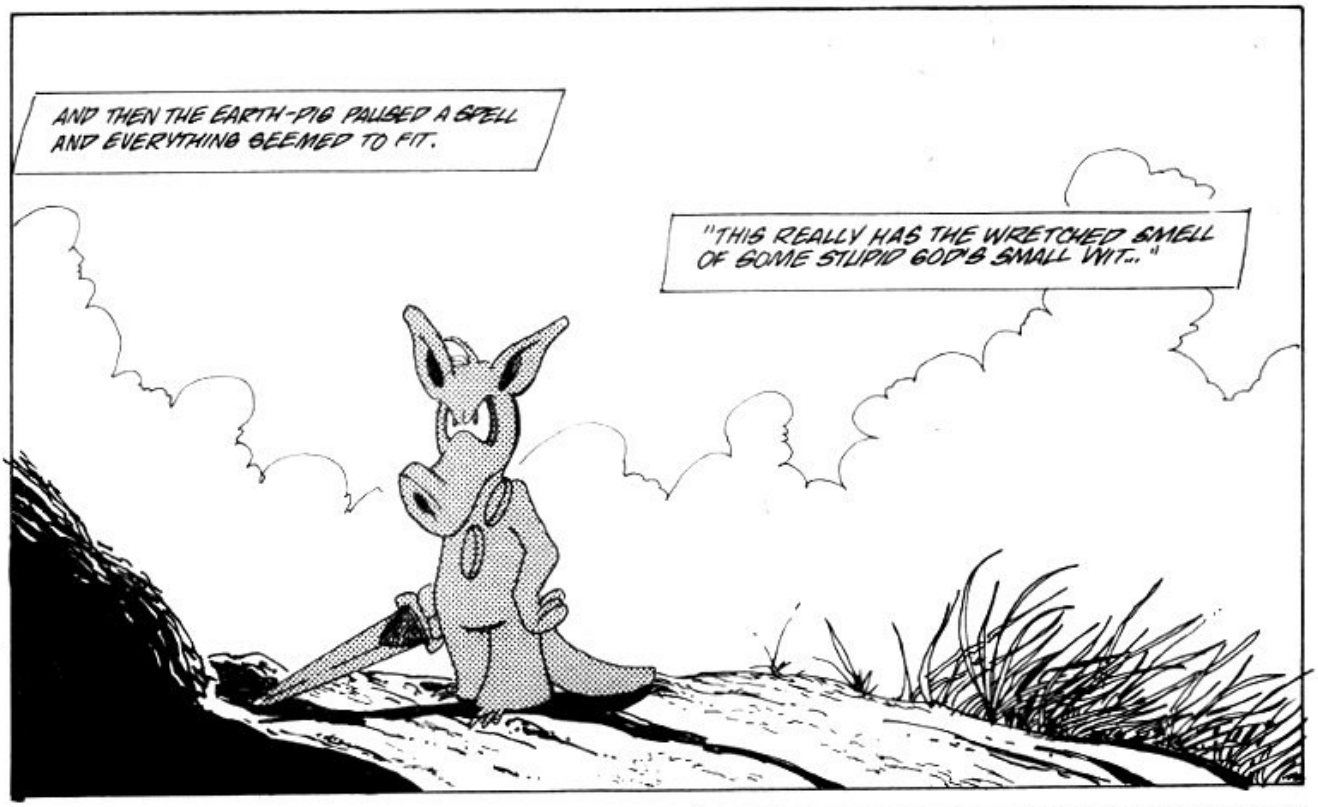
HE SAW THE AARDVARK ADVANCING
IN HIS MYSTIC CONJURING POOL.
HE MANAGED BARELY TO KEEP FROM DANCING
"AT LAST, ANOTHER FOOL!"

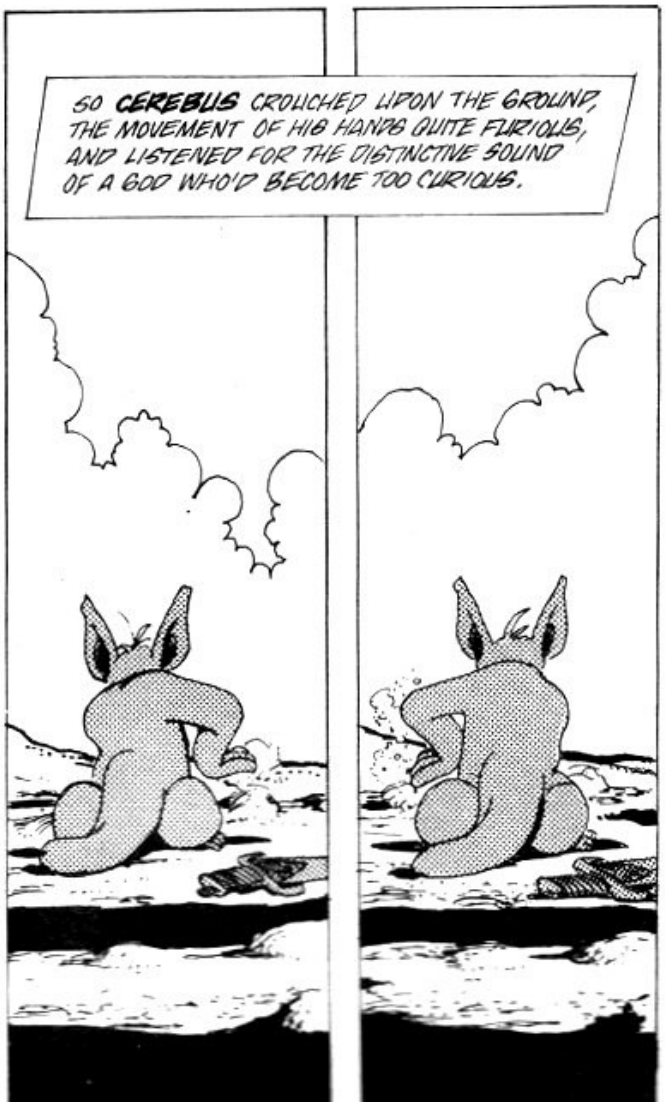

CEREBUS BEGAN THE CLIMB
TO THE TOP OF DEMONHORN!
THIS DAY HE FELT HE'D MAKE GOOD TIME,
THOUGH HIS EARTH-PIG FEET WERE WORN.

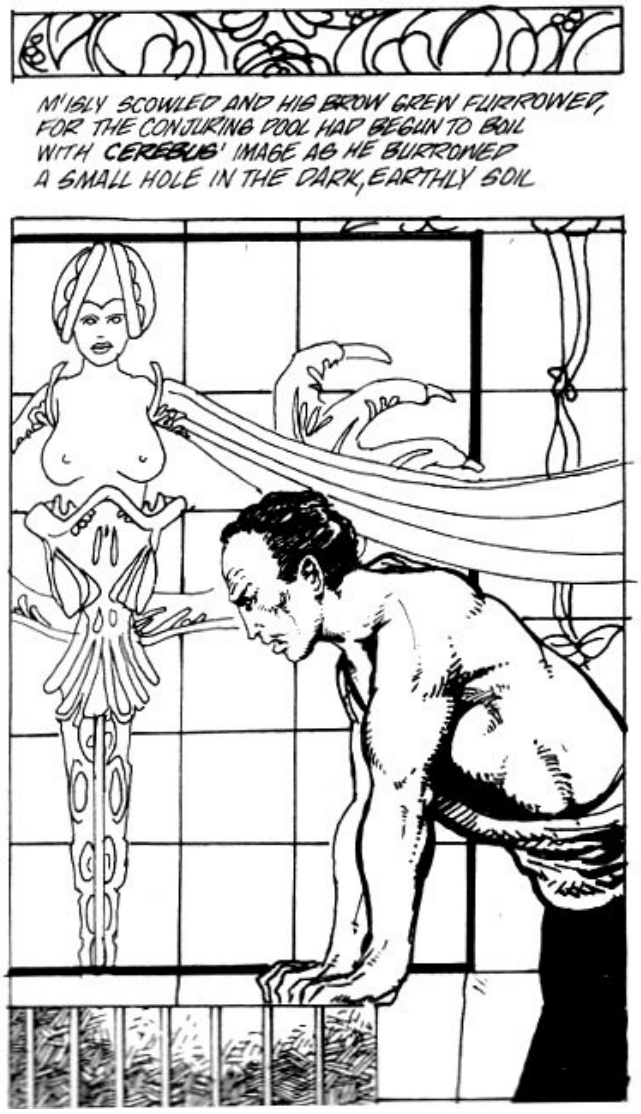
"A MOST AMUSING LITTLE BEAST,"
SNIFFED M'ISLY AS HE SMILED.
"YOU DON'T OFTEN SEE THEM THIS FAR EAST
--I WONDER WHAT GETS THEM RILED?"

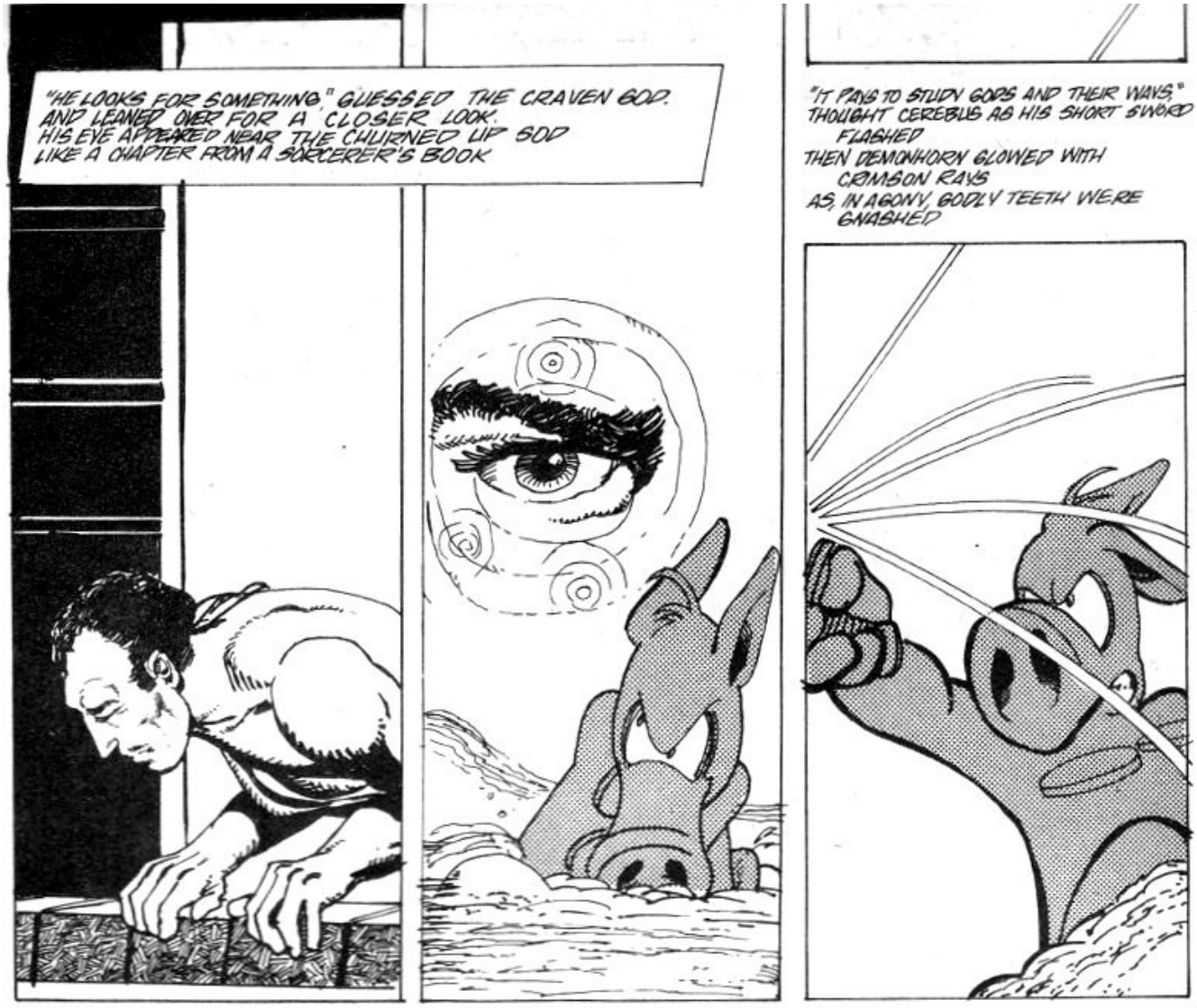
"TEST IS MAYBE AN HOUR FROM HERE,"
BEFORE HIS HANDS THE BUSHES PARTED.
HE CLIMBED, PERHAPS A HUNDRED YARDS
AND WAS BACK WHERE HE HAD STARTED.


"WHAT MADNESS IS THIS?" WAS THE EARTH-PIG'S ROAR,
AS OVER THE GAME YARDS HE RAN.
BUT, ALAS, THIS TIME, AS THE TIME BEFORE,
HE WAS BACK WHERE HE BEGAN.
"I HAVE A MOST DELICIOUS WIT,"
M'IGLY PREENED THAT DAY.
"MY HUMOUR ALWAYS SEEMS TO FIT
MY SUBJECT IN EVERY WAY...."
CEREBUS **WAS** THE PERFECT FOIL,
HIS RAGE JUST GREW AND GREW.
"IF I FIND THE ONE WHO'S MOVING THIS SOIL,
THAT MAGICIAN," HE GROWLED," IS **THROUGH!**"


AND THEN THE EARTH-PIG PAUSED A SPELL
AND EVERYTHING SEEMED TO FIT.
"THIS REALLY HAS THE WRETCHED SMELL
OF SOME STUPID GOD'S SMALL WIT.."


SO CEREBUS CROUCHED UPON THE GROUND,
THE MOVEMENT OF HIS HANDS QUITE FURIOUS,
AND LISTENED FOR THE DISTINCTIVE SOUND
OF A GOD WHO'D BECOME TOO CURIOUS.


M'ISBY SCOWLED AND HIS BROW GREW FURROWED,
FOR THE CONJURING POOL HAD BEGUN TO BOIL
WITH CEREBUS' IMAGE AS HE BURROWED
A SMALL HOLE IN THE DARK, EARTHLY SOIL


"HE LOOKS FOR SOMETHING," GUESSED THE CRAVEN GOD.
AND LEANED OVER FOR A CLOSER LOOK.
HIS EYE APPEARED NEAR THE CHURNED UP SOD
LIKE A CHAPTER FROM A SORCERER'S BOOK
"IT PAYS TO STUDY GODS AND THEIR WAYS," THOUGHT CEREBUS AS HIS SHORT SWORD FLASHED
THEN DEMONHORN GLOWED WITH CRIMSON RAYS
AS, IN AGONY, GODLY TEETH WERE GNASHED

HIS JOURNEY, THE EARTH-PIG BEGAN AGAIN.
HE WOULD REACH IEST BEFORE MORN
BUT HE HAD ADDED A TALE FOR THE LEGENDS OF MEN:
"THE ONE-EYED GOD OF DEMONHORN"
fin

AN UNTOLD TALE OF THE SECRET SACRED WARS

From *AARGH: Artists Against Rampant Government Homophobia #1*
(May 1988)

Mad Love Press

Alan Moore, in 1988, had just set up his publishing company, **Mad Love** (together with Phyllis Moore and Debbie Delano), and was working on its first release, a 72-page, magazine-sized benefit comic anthology of work donated by the world's top comic creators: *AARGH!: Artists Against Rampant Government Homophobia*.

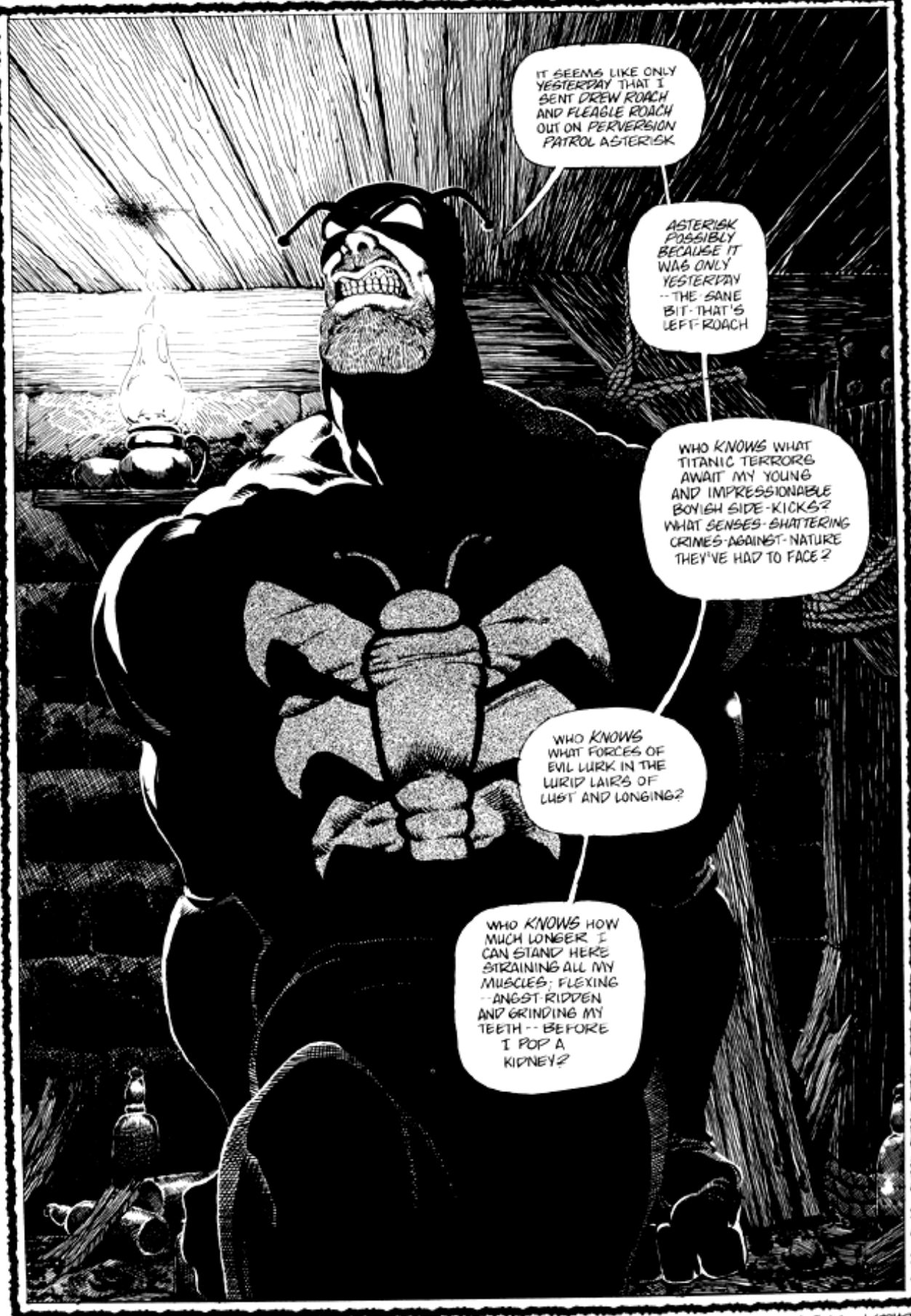
All the profits from *AARGH!* were donated to the Organisation For Lesbian And Gay Action to safeguard the legal rights of Gay people persecuted by Section 28 of the Local Government Act. This was a piece of legislation enacted in 1988 by the Thatcher Government which stated that a local government authority "shall not intentionally promote homosexuality or publish material with the intention of promoting homosexuality" or "promote the teaching in any maintained school of the acceptability of homosexuality as a pretended family relationship."

Dave Sim:

A lot of people probably don't remember that Alan was temporarily a self-publisher back in 1988 and it was me who designed the logo for his short-lived self-publishing company **Mad Love**, which so far as I know appeared only on the cover of *AARGH!* (which stood for *Artists Against Rampant Government Homophobia*...

We all have our bugs we like to boo... and it's way down here at the bottom of this gorgeous [Dave McKean] cover and as well on the covers of the only two issues that came out of *Big Numbers*.

AN UNTOLD TALE OF THE 'SECRET SACRED WARS'

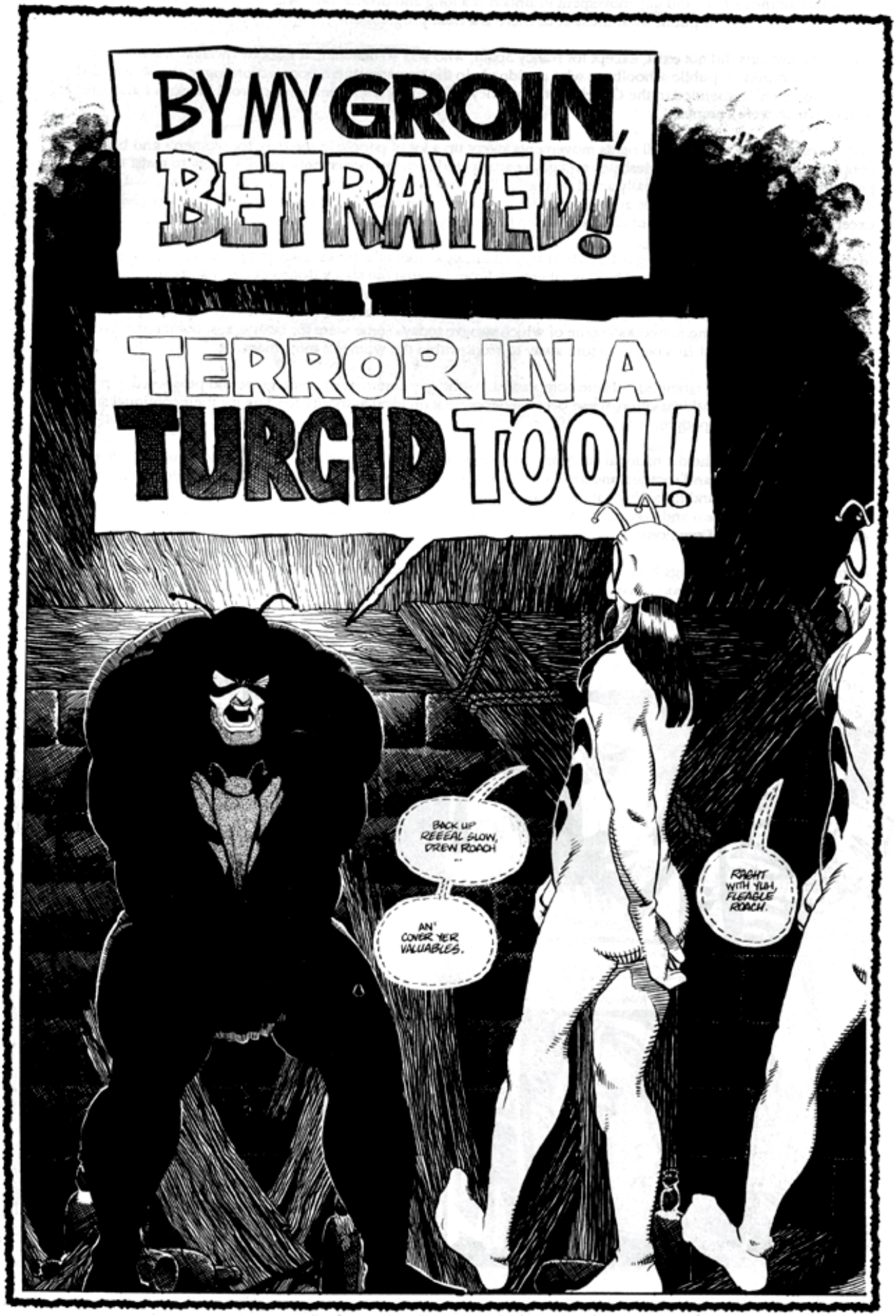


FOR DEBORAH DELANO, "THE SMITHS", PHYLLIS, ALAN and MOORE-LETS LEAH AND AMBER

©1990 DAVE SIM and GERHART

LOOKEE THAR, DREW ROACH--AS YOU KNOW, IT'S OUR BOSS-MAN, TH' SACRED WARS ROACH, TREMBLIN' IN ANTICIPATION OF OUR RE-PORT ON OUR PRE-VERSION PATROL WHICH WE HAVE--AS YOU WELL REMEMBER-JEST COMPLETED...
AYE, FLEAGLE ROACH IT SEEMS LAK ON'Y YESTIDDY THET HE GOT 'IS NEW BLACK COSTOOM AN' BEGAN OUR TRAININ' AS TH' FARST LINE OF DEFENCE IN THE SECRET SACRED WARS WHICH COULD (BUT MORE'N LAKLY WON'T) CHANGE CONT'NUITY IN TH' ROACH UNEE-VARSE FOR Y'ARS TUH CUM
HOW MANY TIMES IN THE PAST FEW HOURS HAVE I WONDERED IF I WOULD EVER AGAIN GIVE THEM THE ANTENNAE-WIGGLING ROACH-WELCOME-HOME SALUTE
NO TIME TO COUNT THEM NOW, FOR THE SECRET SACRED WARS ARE ABOUT TO ENTER THEIR DEADLIEST PHASE YET.
REPORT, DREW ROACH?
WAL, YER INQUISITIVENESS

WE HID ARESELFS IN THE BUSHES NEAR TH' PUBLIC WASHROOM, JEST LAK YOU SED AN' IT SEEMED LAK ON'Y MOMENTS AFORE A DANG POOF SHOWED UP WITH A YOUNG BOY...
WHILST WE WUZ WATCHIN', TH' DANG POOF COMMENCED T'UNDRESSIN' THE YOUNG BOY, ALLA TIME SAYIN' HOW 'IS SKIN WUZZA COLOUR O' FRESH CREAM AN' 'IS HA'R TH' COLOUR O' FRESH MOWED HAY...
THEN, HE COMMENCED TUH RUNNIN' 'IS FANGERS THROUGH THE LAGHT FUZZ, FRESHLY GROWED ON TH' BOY'S TAGHT YOUNG BELLY... 'IS HAND MOVIN' IN WIDER 'N' WIDER CIRCLES, UNTIL HE...
HE...!*


BY MY GROIN, BETRAYED!
TERROR IN A TURCID TOOL!
BACK UP REEEAL SLOW, DREW ROACH...
AN' COVER YER VALUABLES.
RIGHT WITH YUH, FLEAGLE ROACH.

MAGIKING

(Dave Sim, 1981)

Taking place between issues 12 and 13, this short, ten-page story was originally created for a 1981 comics annual which never saw print. It was first printed in the *Swords of Cerebus* Volume IV, followed by *Cerebus Bi-Weekly* #26, then the *Cerebus World Tour Book* 1995.

Dave's thoughts on the story:

I was contacted by a Hamilton cartoonist (Ian Carr) to do a ten to twelve page Cerebus story for The 1981 Comics Annual *(a project which was aborted, hence the first appearance of the story here). At the time I was still doing* Cerebus *on a bimonthly schedule, drawing the book one month and filling the rest of my time with mondo bizarro commercial shit ('shit' is a technical word used in the commercial art field to cover those 'fun' art jobs like, say, a tire ad or a flyer advertising a disco opening). Any chance to fill my time with more comic book (and especially Cerebus related) jobs was welcome indeed.*

It also rather neatly solved a problem I had been having with a major point I was trying to develop in the book - the stasis created in Estarcion by most of its major forces existing in opposition to one another. Be it politics, magic, wealth, religion, each force tends to have a major opposing force. I had planned 'Black Magiking' *to show that the Lower Feldan countryside had its fair share of magical forces and beings and situations, almost completely unheard of in the major metropolitan capitals. I was torn on the question of alluding to the good magician. Should I drag him in for a couple of panels, or split the story in two? Or just make a few pertinent footnotes?*

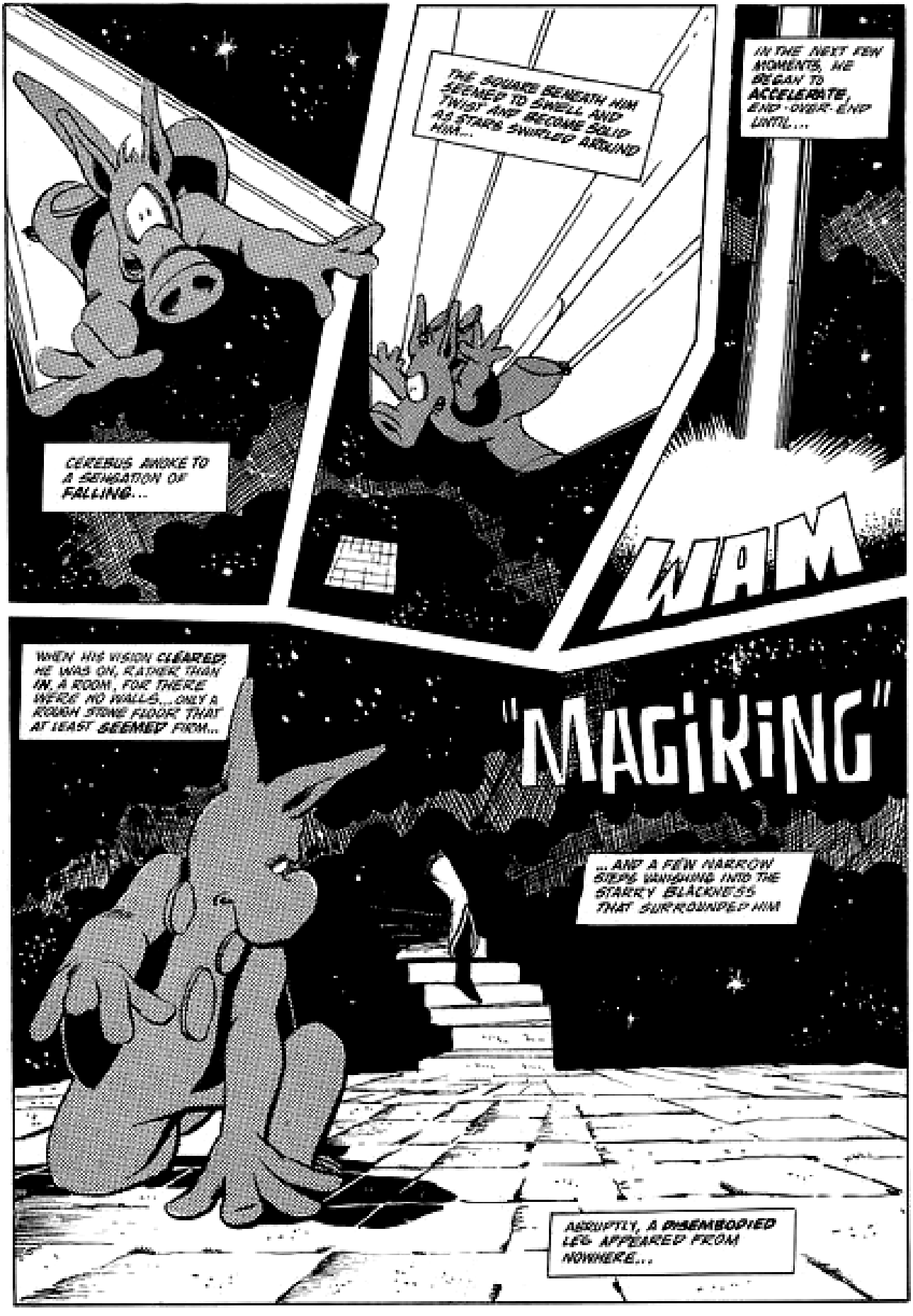
Now I had ten to twelve pages to develop a completely different story. The fact that I was asked to gear the story to the 'eleven to thirteen year olds' even allowed for a more vivid contrast in the two magician characters. The lightweight 'Magiking' *reads like a child's fable with a kind of cotton candy look."*

-Swords of Cerebus Volume IV, 1988

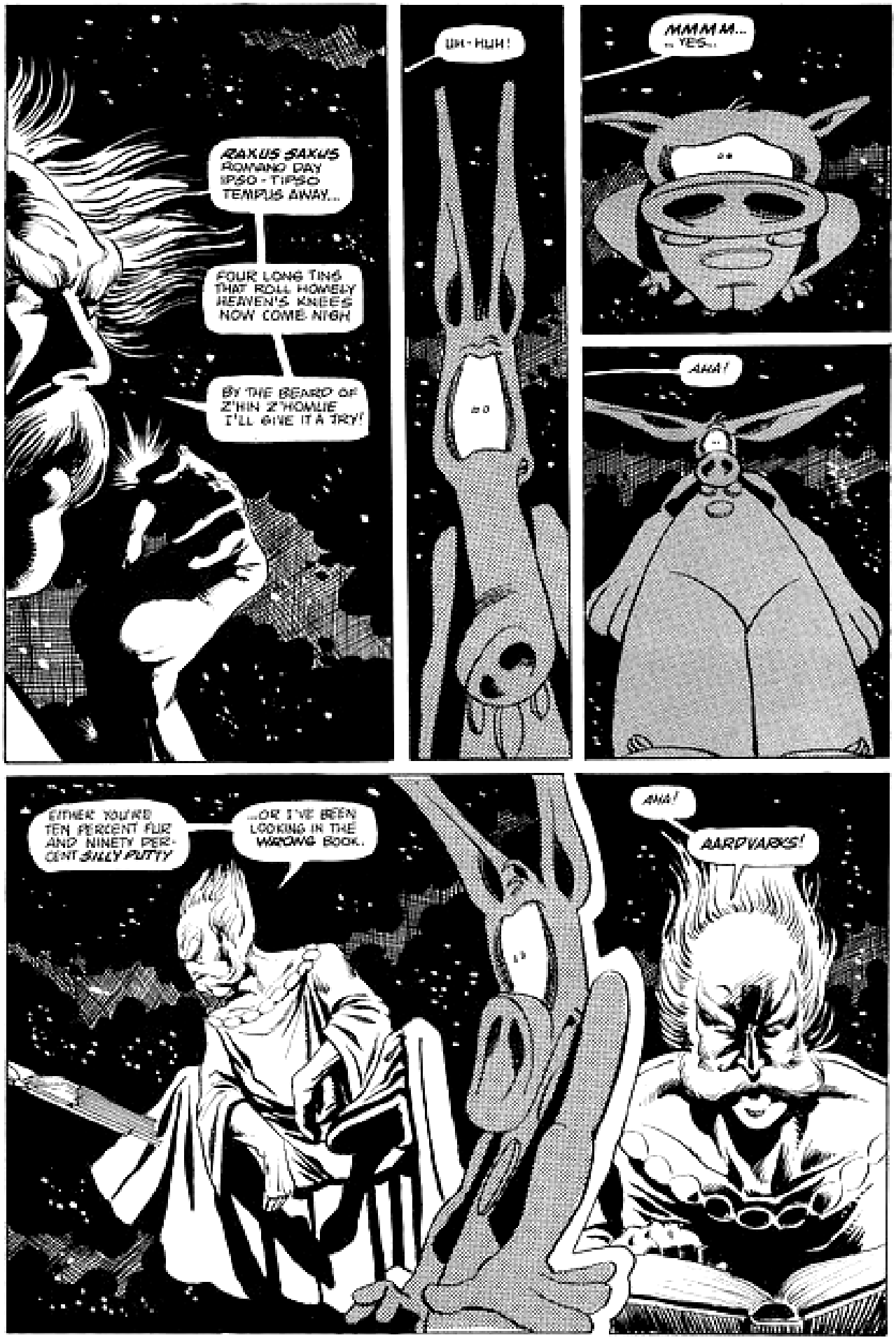
It is symptomatic of the starting self-publisher to want to see his character featured elsewhere. It takes some of the sting out of the realisation that the line of demarcation between self-publishing and 'vanity' press is not that clear in many cases. The 'Magiking' *story was originally intended for a Canadian comics annual which vanished as swiftly as it arrived. (I was amenable in those long-gone days to the idea of doing a Cerebus story for brainless adolescents).*

*Whatever sense of legitimacy these outside appearances granted me at the time has been more than outweighed by the inconvenience of contemplating how to get them back into print ('*Magiking' *takes place between issue 12 and issue 13), without further overstuffing the already overstuffed first volume in the 'phone book' series.*

-Cerebus World Tour Book, 1995


CEREBUS AWOKE TO A SENSATION OF FALLING...
THE SQUARE BENEATH HIM SEEMED TO SWELL AND TWIST AND BECOME SOLID AS STARS SWIRLED AROUND HIM...
IN THE NEXT FEW MOMENTS, HE BEGAN TO ACCELERATE, END-OVER-END UNTIL...
WAM
"MAGIKING"
WHEN HIS VISION CLEARED, HE WAS ON, RATHER THAN IN, A ROOM, FOR THERE WERE NO WALLS... ONLY A ROUGH STONE FLOOR THAT AT LEAST SEEMED FIRM...
...AND A FEW NARROW STEPS VANISHING INTO THE STARRY BLACKNESS THAT SURROUNDED HIM
ABRUPTLY, A DISEMBODIED LEG APPEARED FROM NOWHERE...

SO SOON JONES SPY A HUMAN FORM...
ANOTHER INTRUDER?
WHAT MANNER OF BEAST ARE YOU?
I AM CERBERUS THE AARDVARK... AN EARTH-PIG BORN... AND I WOULD KNOW WHAT PLACE THIS IS OR...
THE BOOK OF BEASTIES
YOU ARE QUITE DECIPELY NOT HUMAN... THOUGH YOU DO HAVE THE MANNERS OF A BARBARIAN...
ONCE I FIND WHAT AN AARDVARK IS, I WILL BE ABLE TO...
ZOUNDS! SUCH A THING CANNOT BE... THE BOOK HAS NO LISTING!
IF YOU'RE NOT A BEASTIE, A FEW TESTS WOULD SEEM TO BE IN ORDER...


ZAKUS SAKUS
ROMANO DAY
IPSO - TIPSO
TEMPUS AWAY...
FOUR LONG TING
THAT ROLL HOMEY
HEAVEN'S KNEES
NOW COME NIGH
BY THE BEARD OF
Z'HIN Z'HOMLIE
I'LL GIVE IT A TRY!
UH-HUH!
MMMM...
... YES...
AHA!
EITHER YOU'RE
TEN PERCENT FUR
AND NINETY PER-
CENT SILLY PUTTY
...OR I'VE BEEN
LOOKING IN THE
WRONG BOOK..
AHA!
AARDVARKS!

"AARDVARKS...SHOUT, TAIL, THREE CLAWS ...THREE FINGERS OPPOSABLE THUMB"
MM-HM MM-HM
"MONOLITH PEOPLES, AARDVARK FABLES OF...CONTRIBUTION TO FROZEN FOOD"
"AARDVARKS AND AELNAP, SILVERY COMARTY AND LATER..."
"CAUSES OF AARDVARK FAMINE"
DIAMONDBACK, APERCOT BRANDY..."
AH! MAGICAL PROPERTIES.
"THE AARDVARK IS THE MOST POWERFUL OF THE..."

DO...DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE?
YOU MEAN BESIDES BEING AWFULLY ANGRY?

OH.
THE SPELL... DREADFULLY SORRY
NOT AT ALL...
CERBERUS JUST WASN'T USED TO FEELING THAT WAY WITHOUT THE AID OF SEVERAL TANKARDS OF ALE...

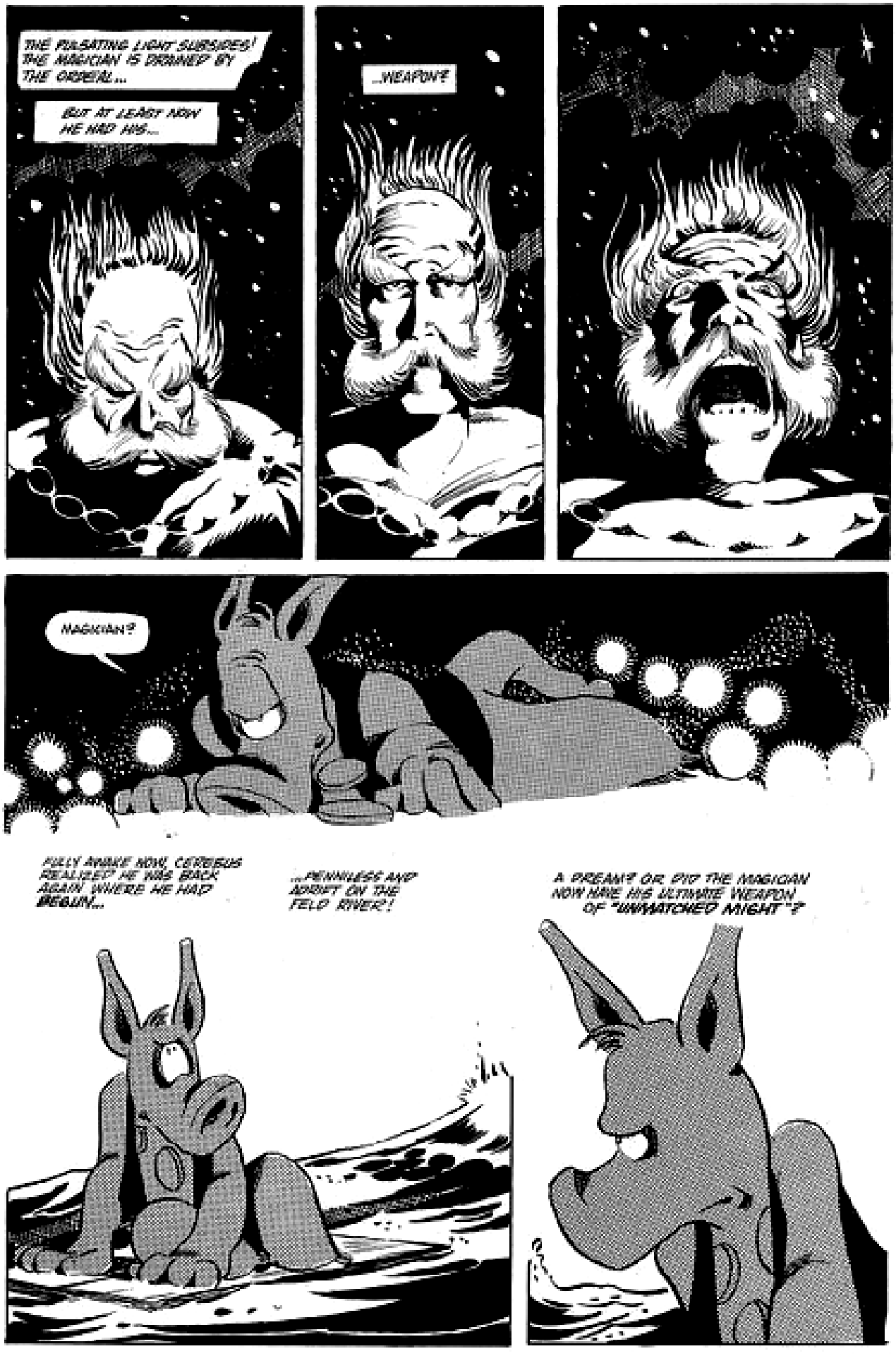
PERHAPS I SHOULD EXPLAIN...
"A FEW CENTURIES AGO, MAGIC FLOURISHED IN THE WORLD... DEVELOPMENTS CAME QUICKLY FOR SOME REASON... ANSWERS TO RIDDLES UNBELIEVED FOR MILLENIA BECAME READILY APPARENT! ABILITIES THAT HAD BEEN THE PROVINCE OF THE MOST PROFICIENT BECAME CHILD'S PLAY FOR THE HUMBLEST CONJUROR! FOR A TIME, MAGIC ENJOYED A RENAISSANCE...
"COMPETITION WAS FIERCE AS EACH MAGICIAN STRIVED TO OUTDO THE OTHER IN HIS MAGIC..."
"BUT, EVIL MAGICIANS, TOO, ENJOYED A GOLDEN AGE... AND, IN TIME, ONE OF THESE FOUND THE KEY TO UNLIMITED POWER! A WISER MAGICIAN WOULD HAVE EXERCISED CAUTION; BUT, DRUNK WITH POWER, HE UNLEASHED THE FULL FORCE OF HIS CREATION"
THE RESULTING INFERNO ERASED HIS POWERS! SO FAR-FLUNG WAS THE EFFECT THAT ONLY A HANDFUL OF MAGICIANS ESCAPED... OTHERS WERE REPLIED TO ABILITIES OF MASS HYPNOTISM AND CONJURE...
BY UNSPOKEN AGREEMENT, GOOD MAGICIANS WHO WERE UNAFFECTED LOCATED NEAR THEIR EVIL COUNTERPARTS TO PREVENT WIDE-SCALE ABUSE OF THE POWER THAT REMAINED...

WHICH BRINGS ME TO YOUR IMPORTANCE IN ALL THIS...
THAT'S GOOD...
CERBERUS WAS STARTING TO FALL ASLEEP
THE NATURE OF AN AARDVARK IN MAGIC IS THAT OF AN MAGNIFYING GLASS...
YOU CONCENTRATE AND MAGNIFY A SPELL MANY MANY TIMES
THE BALANCE OF GOOD AND EVIL IS DIFFICULT TO MAINTAIN ...WITH YOUR COOPERATION I CAN CREATE A MIGHTY MAGICAL WEAPON THAT WILL TIP THE BALANCE IN FAVOUR OF GOOD...
AND HOW DOES CERBERUS KNOW THAT YOU AREN'T EVIL...
TRYING TO TRICK HIM?
BECAUSE I AM IN TUNE WITH THE UNIVERSE
BECAUSE I SEEK GROWTH AND LIGHT
BECAUSE I ENDURE ALL...
IN MY PURSUIT OF A LONG AND FRUITFUL LIFE
SO DOES THE AVERAGE TREE

HMM!
THINK! THINK!
AHA! I'M GOOD BECAUSE THE MAGICIAN I'M GUARDING AGAINST IS EVIL!
BUT THAT'S ANOTHER QUESTION YOU CAN'T ANSWER...
...WHAT MAKES HIM EVIL?
WHAT MAKES HIM EVIL?!

HE WEARS BLACK ALL THE TIME
HE TALKS WITH HIS MOUTH FULL
HE NEVER BRUSHES HIS TEETH
HE STAYS OUT ALL NIGHT...
HE NEVER FINISHES HIS VEGETABLES
YOU DON'T NEED A MAGICAL WEAPON...
WHAT YOU NEED IS A BABY SITTER!
A MAGICIAN'S LIFE SPAN IS FIVE OR SIX THOUSAND YEARS...
EITHER YOU HELP ME...
...OR I'LL KEEP YOU HERE DEBATING GOOD AND EVIL UNTIL YOUR FUR TURNS WHITE

YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF AN AARDVARK, MAGICIAN...
LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH...
SO YOU CAN PUT ME BACK WHERE YOU FOUND ME
AGREED?
IN MINUTES, ALL IS IN READINESS AND A SOMEWHAT SULLEN EARTH-PIG BRACES HIMSELF...
ASHTOTH, CTHULU KIKI DEE! MUMBO JUMBO AARDVARK PLEA...
BRING ME A WEAPON OF UNMATCHED MIGHT...
THAT DARKNESS MIGHT KNOW THE LIGHT OF PURITY!
THAT DOESN'T RHYME!
I'M A MAGICIAN, AARDVARK... NOT A POET!


THE PULSATING LIGHT SUBSIDES! THE MAGICIAN IS DRAINED BY THE ORDEAL...
BUT AT LEAST NOW HE HAD HIS...
...WEAPON?
MAGICIAN?
FULLY AWAKE NOW, CERBERUS REALIZED HE WAS BACK AGAIN WHERE HE HAD BEGUN...
...PENNILESS AND ADRIFT ON THE FELD RIVER!
A DREAM? OR DID THE MAGICIAN NOW HAVE HIS ULTIMATE WEAPON OF "UNMATCHED MIGHT"?

ELSEWHERE, THE MAGICIAN WAS WONDERING WHAT HE WAS GOING TO DO...
...WITH A HUGE IRON CARRIAGE...
...AND NO HORSES.
207

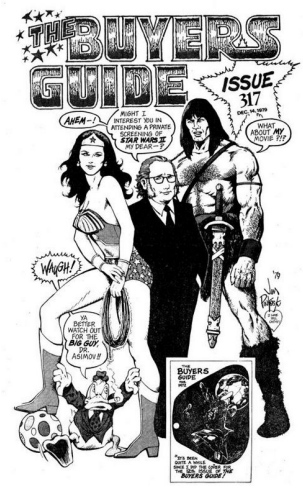
SILVERSPOON

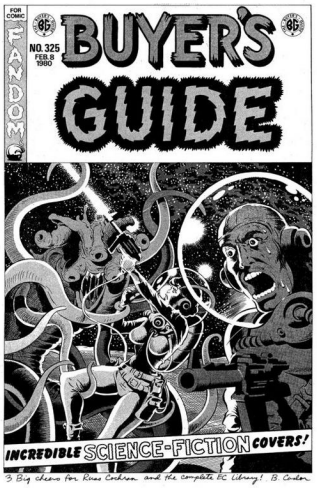
(Dave Sim, 1979-80)

Originally Published in *The Buyer's Guide to Comic Fandom*

#317 (12/14/79), **#319** (12/28/79, **#321** (01/11/80),
#325 (02/08/80), **#327** (02/22/80), **#329** (03/07/80),
#331 (03/21/80), **#335** (04/04/80), **#343** (06/13/80),
#345 (06/27/80), and **#349** (07/25/80)

Silverspoon was an 11 part serial that ran for six months in the pages of *The Buyer's Guide To Comic Fandom* (later the *Comic Buyers Guide*). The story took place between issues 13 and 14 and introduced the character of Lord Julius. (NOTE: *These scans came from the Buyer's Guide and are smudged and dirty. Since this story can be found in all later printings of the first Phonebook, I've presented the originals here for curiosity's sake*.)





Dave Sim on *Silverspoon*:

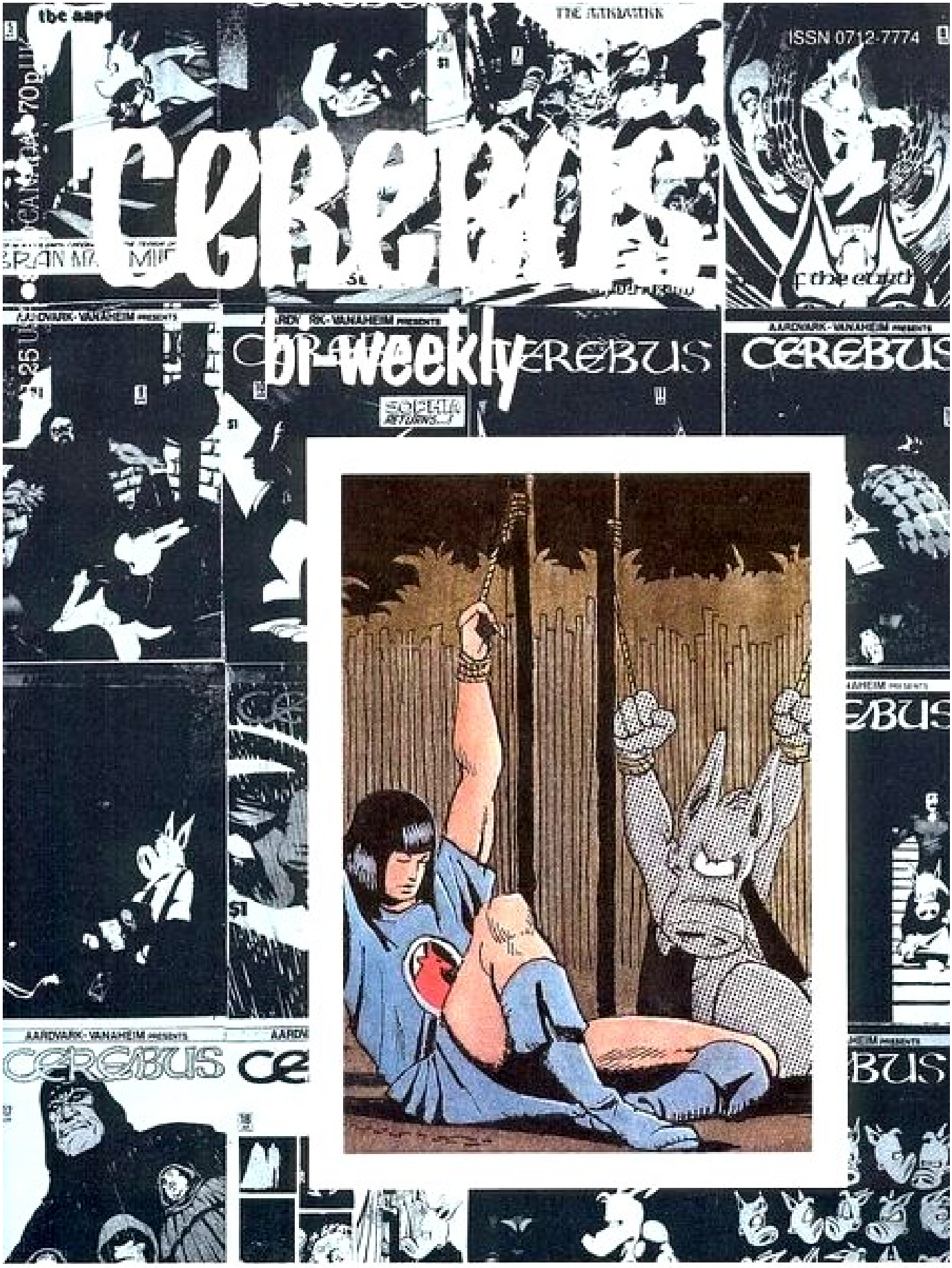
As I said in the last introduction, I was getting very tired of doing commercial art-work for milk and bread money. Dreaming up snappy slogans like "Femme Fit Jeans - They fit your Femme." Perfect J.B. I think it'll play in Tilsonburg. So I started scouting around for people to sell Cerebus *to as a regular feature. Which was when I thought of* The Buyer's Guide*, a comics ad newspaper with a large circulation. The way I figured it, I could sell a series of one-page strips to be published in TBG each week. I would make a few dollars, the book would have what amounted to a free full page ad in each issue of TBG and best of all it would be time for Dave Sim of Kitchener, Ontario to play "Hal Foster for a Day!"*

The time between Cerebus #13 and #14 *was very interesting. I was right royally sick of doing commercial art (did I mention that, yet?) generally, and working for people who wouldn't know a marketable idea or effective drawing if they tripped over it, specifically, it was a rare bit of insight indeed, coming as it did on a clear but icy cold January night. "Why not do the book monthly?"*

I now knew for certain that I could draw twenty-two pages in a month's time - actually more like a month and a few days. I decided to cut the page count to twenty pages just to be on the safe side. I couldn't sleep that night... I thought I had died and gone to comicbook heaven. To never have to draw another newspaper ad, pair of jeans, cartoon mascot, soccer ball, Buy! Buy! Buy!, 30% OFF or SALE!

I waxed enthusiastic to Deni about my idea and, of course, she was not crazy about it. She reminded me that less than a year before, I had had a nervous breakdown, ostensibly, from overwork. She reminded me that I had just started doing weekly strips for the Buyer's Guide *and how would I find the extra time to do them? I protested that I would just stop doing the strip. She reminded me that I couldn't stop the strip mid-story, I argued that the strip was part of the continuity, and would stand as a suitable transitions between issues 13 and 14 someday. I'll leave it to you to decide if it does. But I'm getting ahead of myself.*

I realized at the time I started the Prince Valiant parody that the key to Silverspoon would be a father who would come to rescue him no matter what kind of trouble he got into.


Cerebus
ISSN 0712-7774
bi-weekly CEREBUS
AARDVARK-VANAHEIM PRESENTS
CEREBUS

Cerebus THE AARDVARK

SYNOPSIS: HAVING DECIDED TO LEAVE LOWER FELDA BEHIND, CEREBUS MAKES HIS WAY TO THE PORT CITY OF PENEAU, WHERE HE BOOKS PASSAGE...

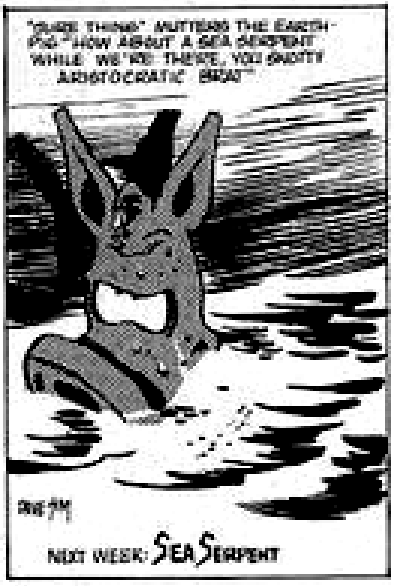
ON THE TRADING VESSEL *CUTTER* BOUND FOR HOME - THE CITY-STATE OF PALNU

"IT IS A RARE SUMMER'S DAY" CRIED THE SICKENINGLY CHEERFUL SON OF THE DIRECTOR OF TRADE AT PALNU.

"IT HAS THE SMELL OF NEW ADVENTURE TO IT." SMILES YOUNG LORD SILVERSPOON RAISING HIS FACE TO THE SUN

"AND A HOLD FILLED WITH WINE AND SPICES!" HE CHUCKLES. "FATHER WILL BE SO PROUD!"

"BUT NOW, WE SET SAIL FOR THE *BAY OF SUNSHINE*" - AND WHO KNOWS WHAT PIRATES AND BRIGANDS WE SHALL ENCOUNTER IN OUR TRAVELS?" HE BUBBLES FLINGING OUT HIS ARMS, CARELESSLY.



"QUITE THING," MUTTERS THE EARTH-PIG. "HOW ABOUT A SEA SERPENT WHILE WE'RE THERE, YOU SNOTTY ARISTOCRATIC BRAT"

NEXT WEEK: SEA SERPENT

Cerebus the Aardvark

"HEAVE HARIM" CRIES THE CREW IN UNISON, "IT IS A SEA SERPENT!"

"ONE SIPS, EARTH-PIG" CRIES SILVERSPOON, "THIS IS MY SPECIALTY"

"SOMEONE HELP ME GET THE ROWBOAT INTO THE WATER," HE ADDS, "AND BRING ME A SWORD"

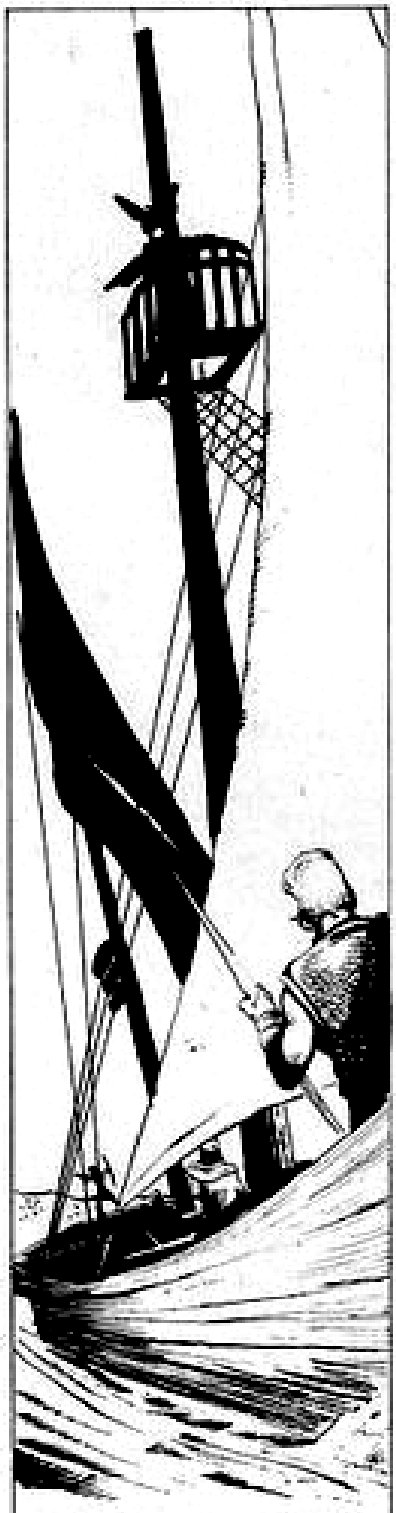
"WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT THING" QUERIES CEREBUS, "IT'S MOSTLY MADE OF ANIMAL FAT AND FEATHER AND ANIMAL SKIN" ANSWERS ONLULU, ONE OF THE MERCHANTS "HE MAKE A HABIT OF DROPPING IT INTO THE WATER AT LEAST ONCE PER VOYAGE, SO THAT HIS LORDSHIP HAS THE ADVENTURE HE SEEKS"
"BUT ISN'T THIS A RATHER TIME-CONSUMING WAY TO HONOUR HIM?" ASKS THE EARTH-PIG, AS SILVERSPOON HACKS A LARGE PIECE OUT OF THE 'SERPENT.'
"POSSIBLY, BUT IT'S EASIER TO LIVE WITH THAN HIS LORDSHIP'S OTHER INTEREST"
"WHICH IS WHAT?"

"ENGAGING ONLULU PIRATE VESSELS IN EXTENDED NAVAL BATTLES AND FIGHTING TO THE LAST MAN" COMES THE REPLY.

"YEAH" AGREED CEREBUS "I CAN SEE HOW THIS IS A LESS DANGEROUS HOBBY FOR A YOUNG NOBLE"

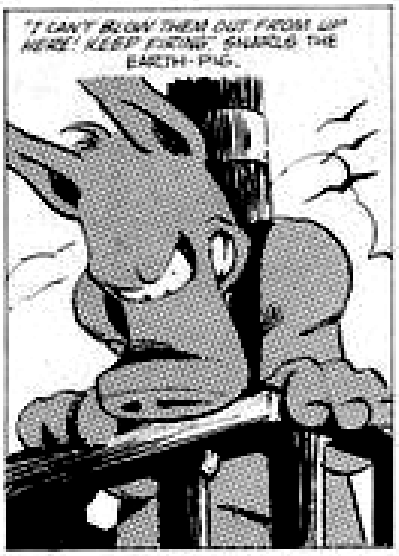
NEXT WEEK - ONLULU PIRATE VESSEL

Cerebus THE AARDVARK



SYNOPSIS: WITH BARELY A HALF DOZEN ARMED SOLDIERS, CEREBUS DIRECTS THE DEFENCE OF THE TRADING VESSEL CUTTER, UNDER ATTACK FROM ONLOO PIRATES.

ABRUPTLY, "THEY HAVE A CATAPULT! FIREBALLS COMING THIS WAY!"



"I CAN'T BLOW THEM OUT FROM UP HERE! KEEP FIGHTING" SNARLS THE EARTH-PIG.

THE ARROWS, HOWEVER, CONTINUE TO FALL FAR SHORT OF THEIR INTENDED TARGET

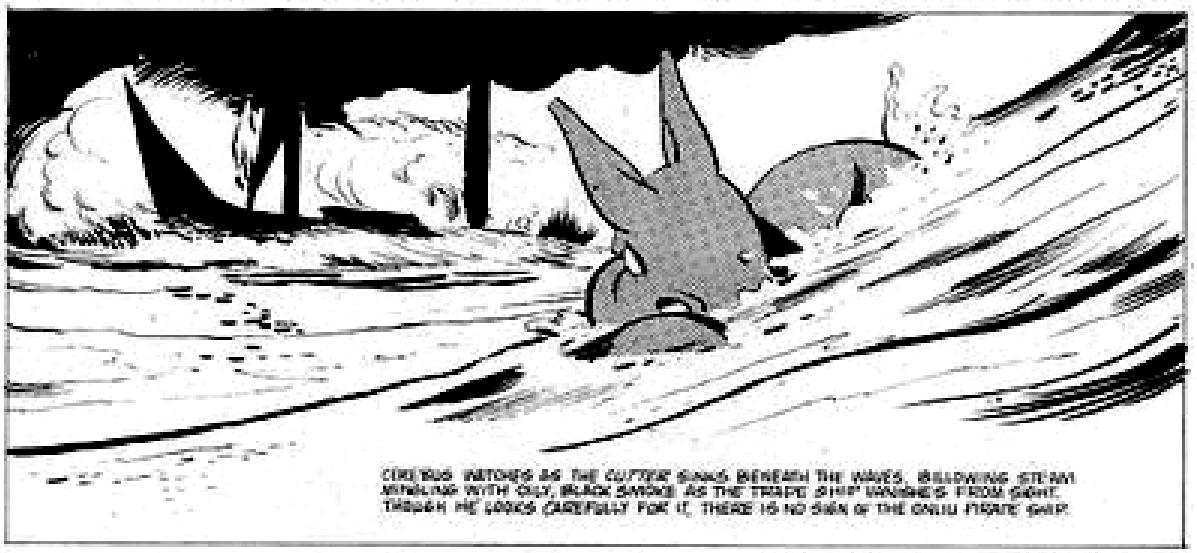
AND INSPITE OF AN HOUR, A MAKESHIFT BUCKET BRIGADE FIGHTS A LOSING BATTLE AGAINST THE INFERNO RAGING AMIDSHIPS

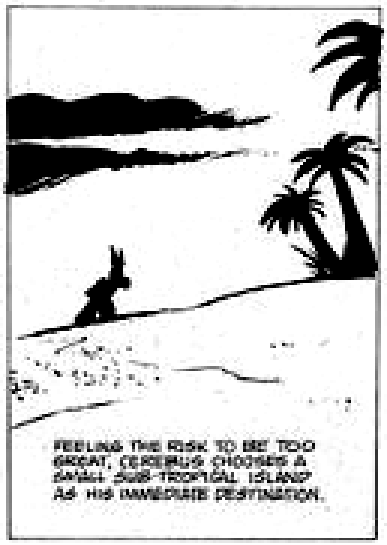
"ABANDON SHIP!" BELLOWS THE BARTENDER. "GRAB ALL NECESSARY PROVISIONS!"

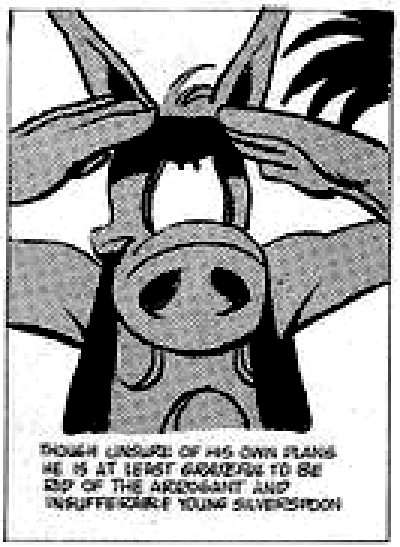
"YOU HEARD HIM" WARNS SILVERSPOON "SOMEONE GET MY CASE OF CHATEAU DEHRSON '26"

NEXT WEEK: SHIPWRECKED!

Cerebus the Aardvark







CEREBUS THE AARDVARK, #15 IS AVAILABLE FROM SAN CATE DISTRIBUTORS, BOX 177, CONEY ISLAND STN., BROOKLYN, N.Y. 11224, BUD PLANT, BOX 1886, GRASS VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, 95945 AND NOW & THEN BOOKS, 105 QUEEN ST. S., KITCHENER, ONTARIO -- ONE DOLLAR AND 25 POSTAGE

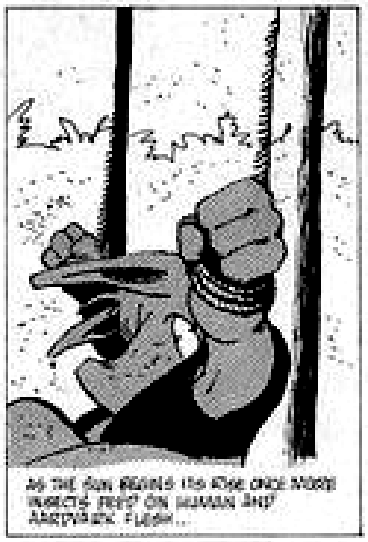
Cerebus the Aardvark

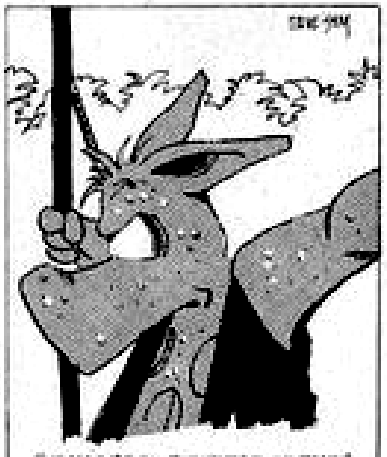
NEXT: FUN AND GAMES

JOIN THE CEREBUS THE AARDVARK FAN CLUB! SEND $1.00 TO CEREBUS RELIEF FUND % COMICOGRAPHICS, 97 KING ST. W. #LOW, KITCHENER ONTARIO FOR A HAND DRAWN MEMBERSHIP CARD THAT FITS ALL STANDARD PLASTIC CONVENTION BADGES. HELLO TO KEEP (NO BEARD) HEMBECK!

Cerebus the Aardvark
Silverspoon returns to consciousness over a period of several minutes, at last recognizing the buzzing in his ears as Cerebus' voice. "We've been taken captive, brat," growls the earth-pig, "try not to make them any angrier, okay"
suggests one of the natives.
disagrees his companion.
"Sha-booga sha-booga," opines a third member of the group.
"What are they doing?" asks Silverspoon. "They're betting on what will get us first -- exposure or starvation," answers Cerebus.
Next: A Sticky Wicket

Cerebus THE AARDVARK





NEXT: DADDY

Cerebus THE AARDVARK

OUR STORY: CEREBUS WAKES TO THE SOUND OF SPLINTERING BAMBOO. ARMED SOLDIERS ARE BREAKING INTO THE SMALL VILLAGE, THE BRONZE-SKINNED NATIVES DROPPING LIKE FLIES IN THE FACE OF SWORDS AND CROSSBOWS. "HE'S DEAD," GRUMBLES THE EARTH-PIG, "MASTERS." "DADDY" CRIES SILVERSPOON, HIS EYES SHINING WITH BRILLIANT.

"DADDY" QUERIES THE EARTH-PIG. "OF COURSE, SILLY" REPLIES THE YOUNG HEIR. "IT'S DADDY AND HIS TROOPS COME TO RESCUE ME."

"OVER HERE, DADDY," CRIES SILVERSPOON. CEREBUS CAN HARDLY BELIEVE HIS GOOD LUCK. SOON HE WOULD BE OUT OF THE IRONS AND HAVE HIS REWARD FOR SAVING THE BOY'S LIFE.

"HE'LL PROBABLY KILL YOU WHEN I TELL HIM HOW YOU KIDNAPPED ME." INTENSE SILVERSPOON AS A SLENDER MAN APPROACHES...

NEXT: OUT OF THE FRYING PAN

Cerebus THE AARDVARK

OUR STORY: SILVERSPOON'S FATHER ARRIVED WITH ARMED SOLDIERS TO RESCUE THE YOUNG HEIR. AS HIS BONDS ARE SEVERED, HE RELATES A GRIM (AND ENTIRELY FICTITIOUS) TALE OF HIS KIDNAPPING BY CEREBUS THE AARDVARK.

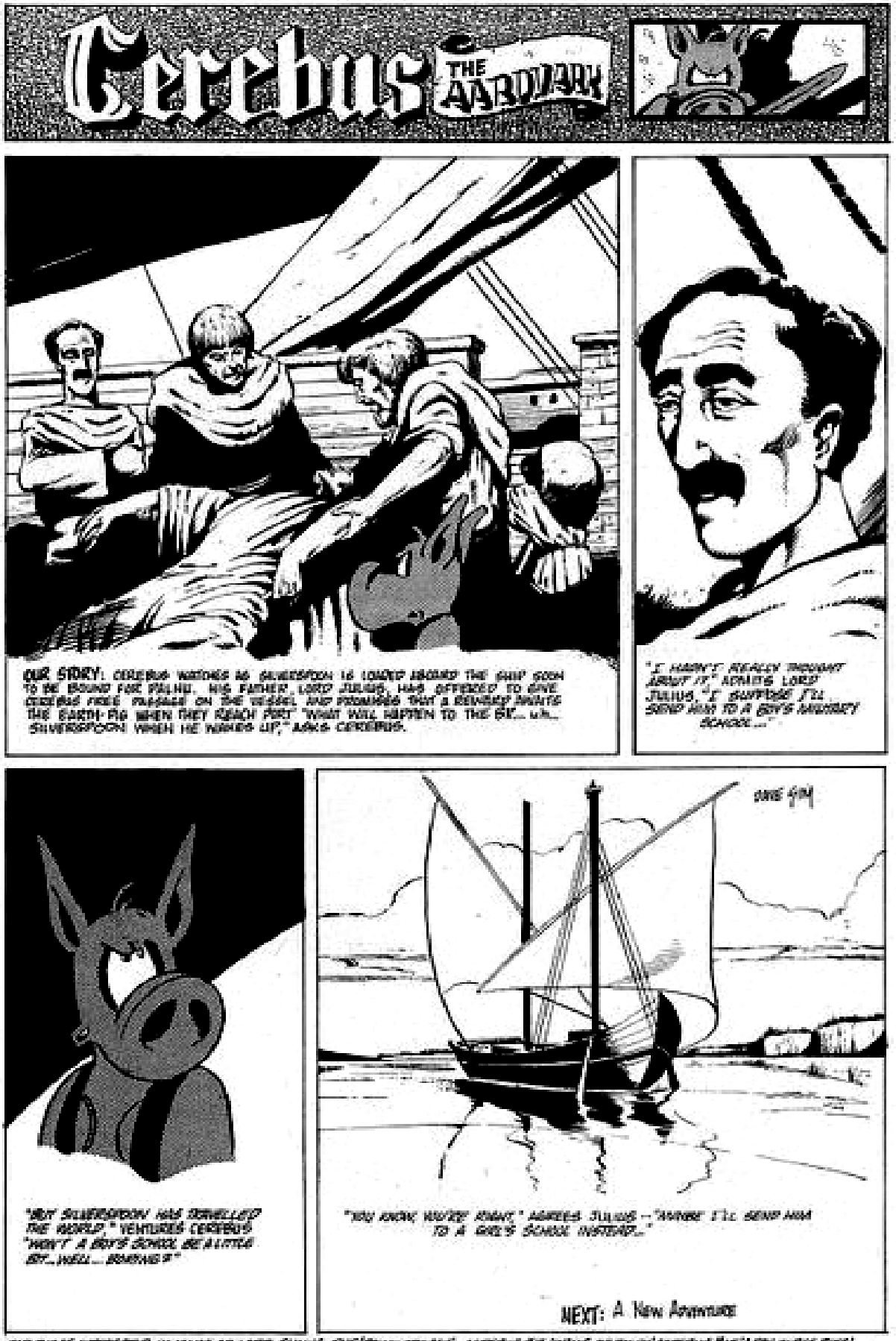
"WE REALLY DID ORDER, I PROMISE. REALLY! LET ME EXECUTE HIM, PLEASE! PLEASE! I HAVEN'T EXECUTED ANYONE IN WEEKS." WHINES YOUNG SILVERSPOON.

"OH... HOW ABOUT IF WE WAIT UNTIL THIS LITTLE SITUATION IS ALL CLEARED UP BEFORE WE..."

"NO NO NO!" SHRIEKS SILVERSPOON STAMPING AN ARISTOCRATIC BOOT ON THE GROUND. "YOU'RE JUST STALLING! YOU NEVER LET ME HAVE ANY FUN ANYMORE! IT'S NOT FAIR! IT'S NOT FAIR! IT'S NOT..."

"NICE THATCHWORK" SAYS LORD JULIUS TO ONE OF HIS MEN. "KLUNK" SAYS SILVERSPOON JUST BEFORE LAPSING INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS.

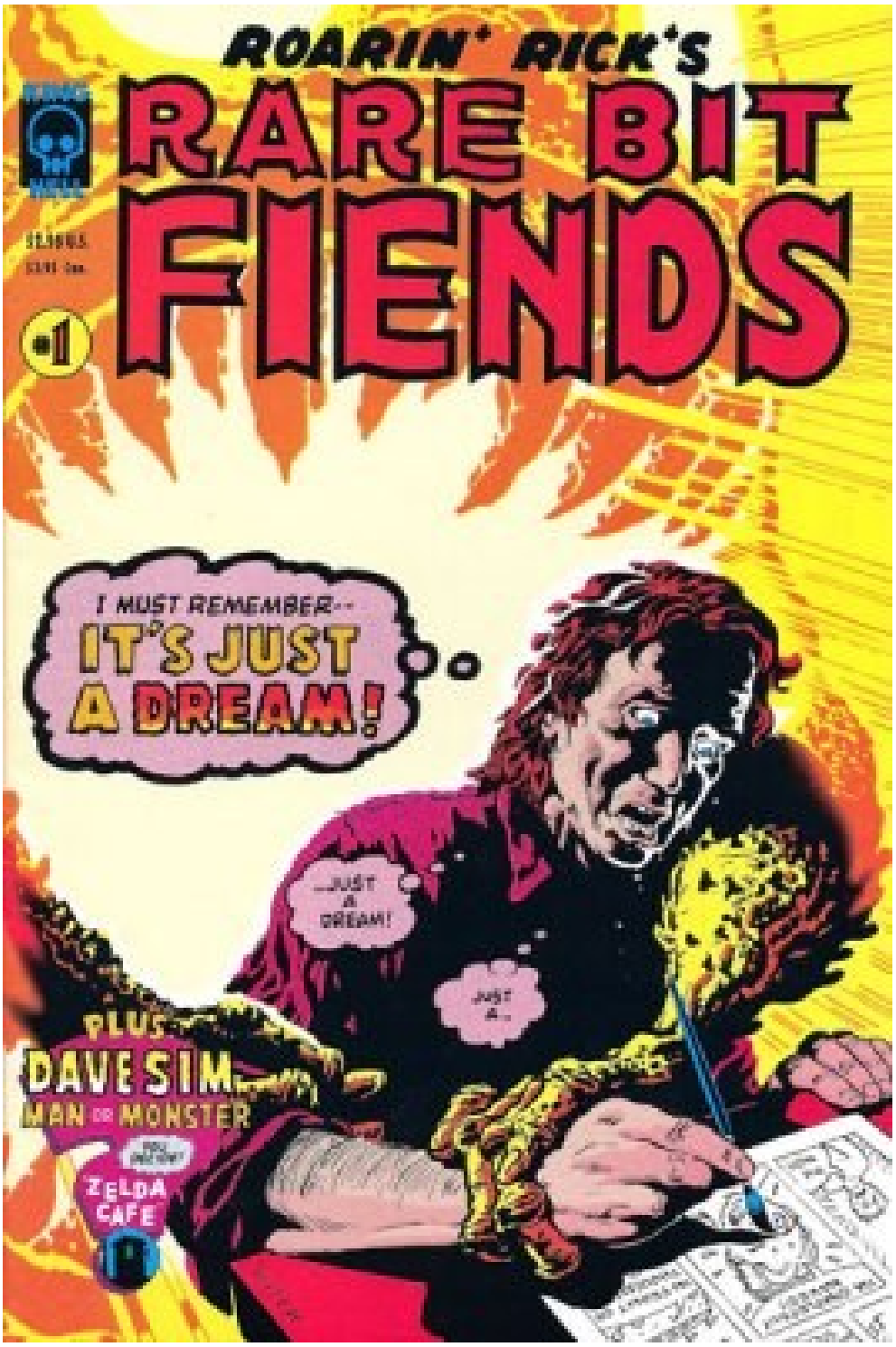
NEXT: PEACE and QUIET


Cerebus THE AARDVARK
OUR STORY: CEREBUS WATCHES AS SILVERSPOON IS LOADED ABOARD THE SHIP SOON TO BE BOUND FOR PALHU. HIS FATHER, LORD JULIUS, HAS OFFERED TO GIVE CEREBUS FREE PASSAGE ON THE VESSEL AND PROMISES THAT A REWARD AWAITS THE EARTH-PIG WHEN THEY REACH PORT. "WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THE BR... WH... SILVERSPOON WHEN HE WAKES UP," ASKS CEREBUS.
"I HADN'T REALLY THOUGHT ABOUT IT," ADMITS LORD JULIUS, "I SUPPOSE I'LL SEND HIM TO A BOY'S MILITARY SCHOOL..."
"BUT SILVERSPOON HAS TRAVELLED THE WORLD," VENTURES CEREBUS "WON'T A BOY'S SCHOOL BE A LITTLE BIT... WELL... BORING?"
"YOU KNOW, YOU'RE RIGHT," AGREES JULIUS -- "MAYBE I'LL SEND HIM TO A GIRL'S SCHOOL INSTEAD..."
NEXT: A NEW ADVENTURE
FOR THOSE INTERESTED IN MORE OF LORD JULIUS, THE 'PALHU TRILOGY': CEREBUS #19 'WALLS OF PALHU' CEREBUS #15 'A DAY IN THE PITS' AND CEREBUS #16 'A NIGHT AT THE MASQUE' ARE AVAILABLE FOR $1.25 EACH FROM YOU AND THEN BOUGS, 103 QUEEN ST. S., KITCHENER, ONTARIO, CANADA -- OR IN QUANTITY FROM SEA-GATE DISTRIBUTORS, BOX 177, CONEY ISLAND STN, BROOKLYN, N.Y., 11224 (INQUIRE FOR DISCOUNTS)

THE ZELDA CAFE

From *RARE BIT FIENDS #1*
(July 1994)

King Hell Press



Dave Sim:

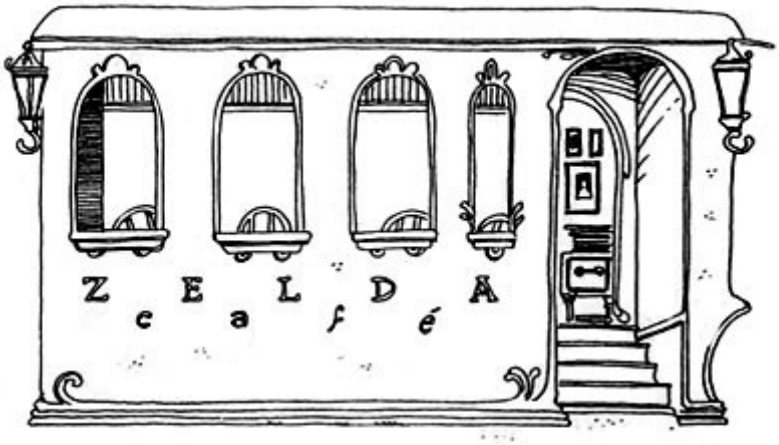
The only published Dave Sim Dreams *story is* "The Zelda Cafe" *in* ***Roarin' Rick's Rare Bit Fiends #1****... oddly enough a dream that I had before I knew anything about F. Scott Fitzgerald and Zelda. Impossible but True!*

I have about 25 mint copies that I've been trying to figure out how to get a) Rick to sign in the presence of a CGC rep and b) get slabbed by CGC. A couple of obvious problems: I'd be willing to bet the Veitchmonster hates the very idea of CGC slabbing and I'd be willing to bet the nearest CGC rep is probably no closer than Boston. Although I might be wrong. On both counts.

Also included (following *Zelda Café*) are the panels from the main story in Issue 1 that referenced Cerebus and/or Dave Sim.

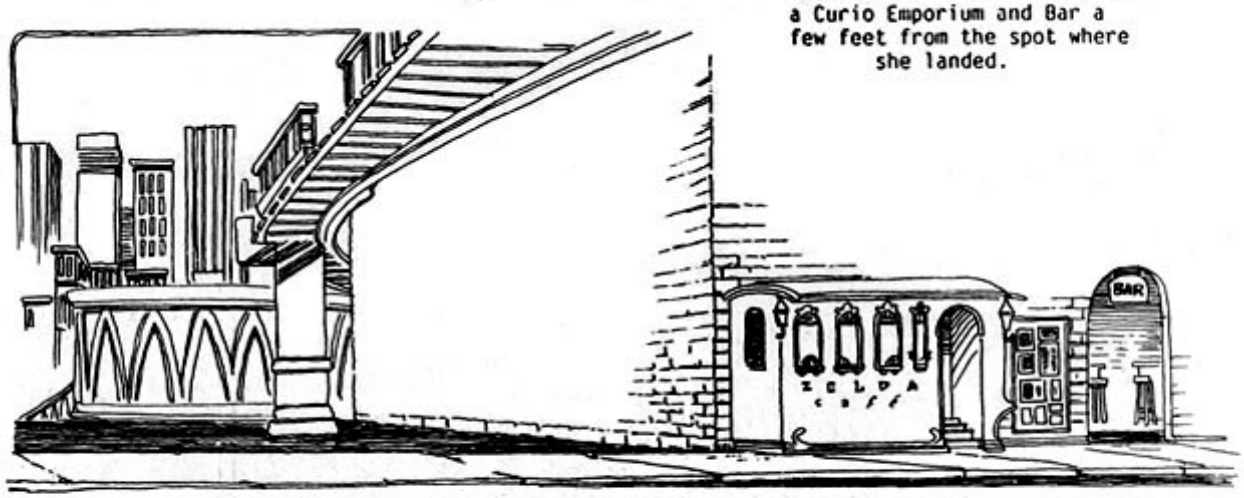
ZELDA CAFE

a dream - 9.4.93 10.30 am



It's a place just around the corner from Madison Square Garden and it's called the Zelda Cafe

It's made from the shell of a streetcar a woman hijacked in Toronto and flew all the way to New York City (most times the guide doesn't mention that it's from Toronto) back in 1920 or so. It's stuck onto a Curio Emporium and Bar a few feet from the spot where she landed.

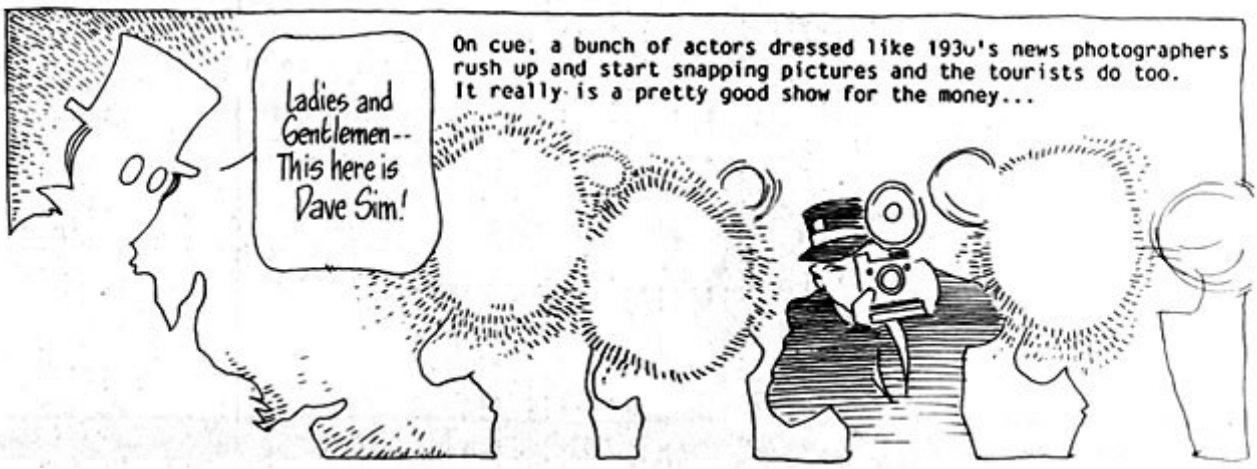


It's been there ever since and was named for Zelda Fitzgerald. It used to be a hang-out for all the swells.

This great old guy has been running the place for years. I went into his office and asked him if he wanted to join me and Diana for a drink before she had to leave. He was on the phone.

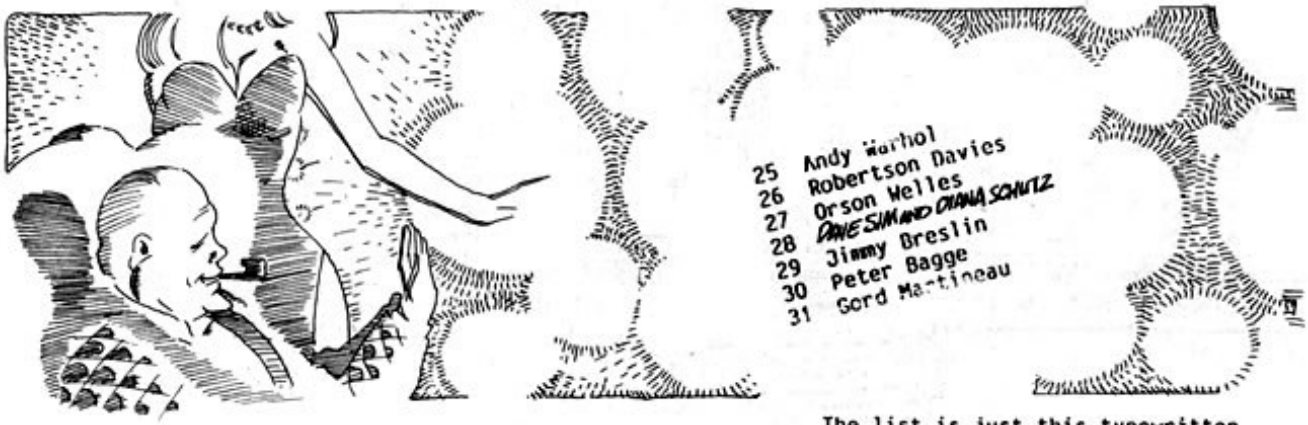
I told him the phone would still be there when he got back. He found that pretty funny. He told me he would come and join us...but I knew he wouldn't.

He has this little stage show where he introduces people on his list. He dresses up like a ringmaster.



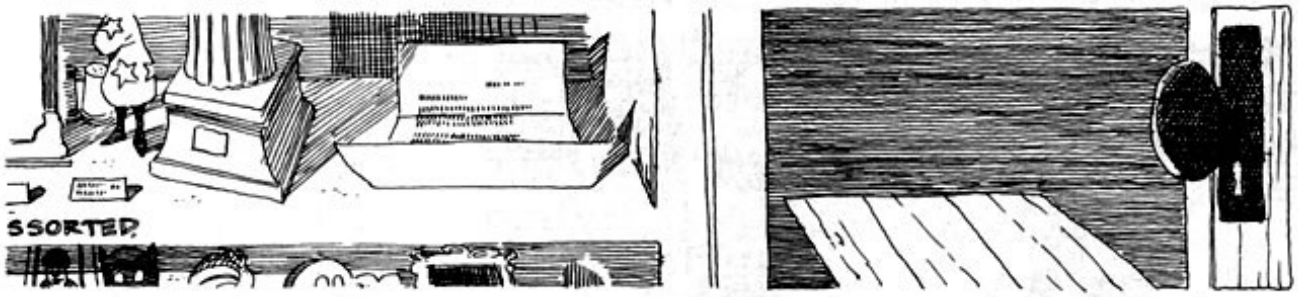
On cue, a bunch of actors dressed like 1930's news photographers rush up and start snapping pictures and the tourists do too. It really is a pretty good show for the money...

He doesn't really know any famous people, so most of the people he introduces are people you've never heard of whose work he admires (like me) or look-a-likes of famous people. 'Ladies and Gentlemen -- ORSON WELLES!' I yell, pointing to one of the look-a-likes. The owner is a bit peeved because it's his job to do the introductions. I feel bad about that, but I really hate applause.



The look-a-like is supposed to be Welles as Charles Foster Kane, but his chin is a little too pointy. A bimbo in a sequined dress stands next to his chair. The explosion of flash-bulbs is blinding and I manage to slip away.

The list is just this typewritten weekly flier on strangely-coloured paper. Outside, I find a pile of them. Picking up the latest one I see that he's whited-out one of the names and written in 'Dave Sim and Diana Schutz' by hand at the last minute. I used to be on the list just about every week, but, after he read in Cerebus that I had stayed across the street from Madison Square Garden on the '92 Tour's New York stop and never even came to see him, he got sore and thought I was 'high-hatting' him. Now, I was almost never on it.

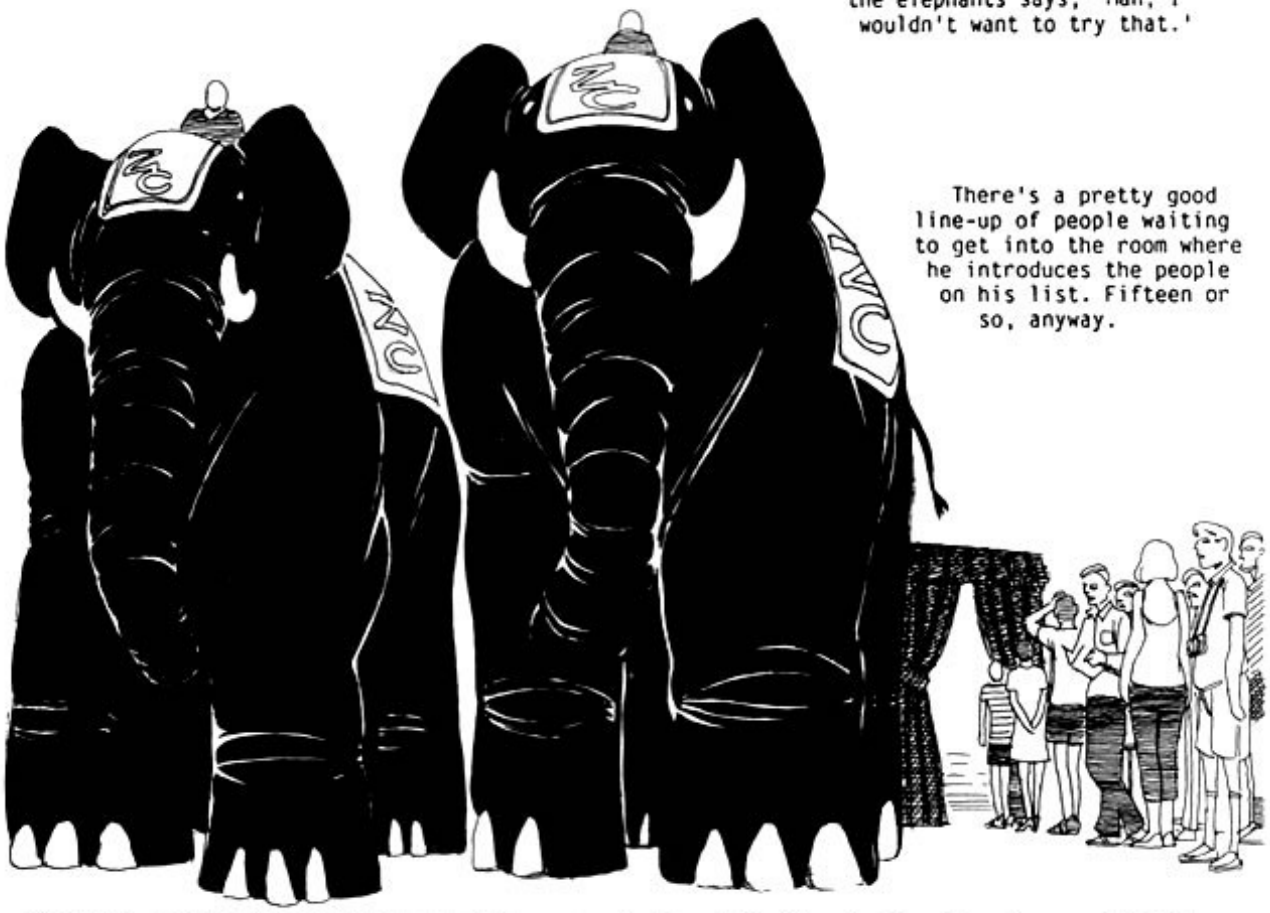


I was prowling through the warehouse-sized Curio Emporium looking at all the great stuff when I found a letter on one of the shelves. 'Dear Mr. Sim: Please don't send me no more money. The place don't make money anyhow. Why don't you come down and stay with me the next'. The letter was unfinished. There was no date on it, but it was covered by a fine layer of dust.

I found a photo he had taken earlier in the visit. I'm wearing a black pinstripe suit and a fedora. Diana is wearing an aviator helmet and goggles

'It's the berries,' I think to myself.

As I'm taking a last look around, I try walking between two black elephants which have just finished their part of the next show and realized I better go around them instead. The guy riding one of the elephants says, 'Man, I wouldn't want to try that.'



There's a pretty good line-up of people waiting to get into the room where he introduces the people on his list. Fifteen or so, anyway.

There's a woman lying on the loading dock, covering herself with adhesive rhinestones and glitter. She's wearing a flesh-coloured body stocking.

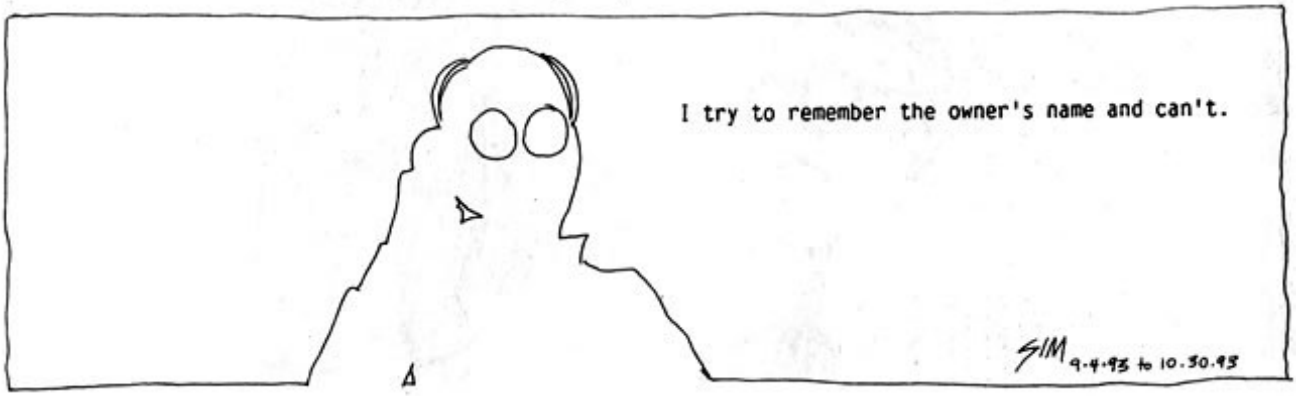
A female tourist is telling this little guy how much she's enjoyed his plays. I think he's supposed to be Tennessee Williams but he doesn't really look a bit like him.

I walk around to the front of the streetcar and the tour guide is telling people about the one ton compressed marijuana boulder that used to hang suspended over the entrance for years and years. I forget the details of the story, but some big Hollywood types had put it there in the thirties. Anyone who wanted to was welcome to break off a piece. There's a news photo from the 1940's that shows it.

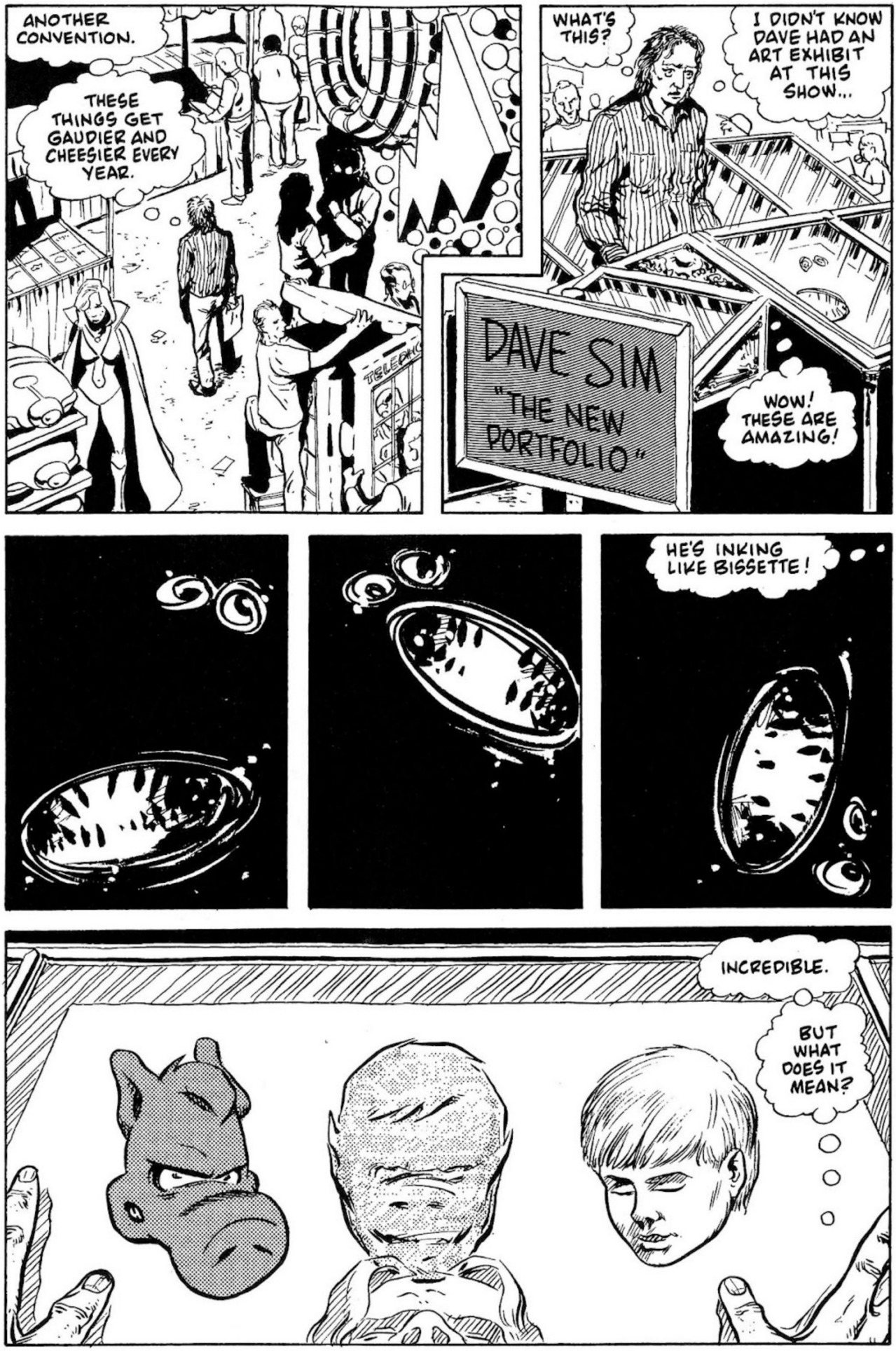
The police persuaded the owner to let them cut it down and carry it away in the 1960's after the neighbourhood went downhill, since it was just 'inviting trouble'. He resisted for a long time, but finally gave in.

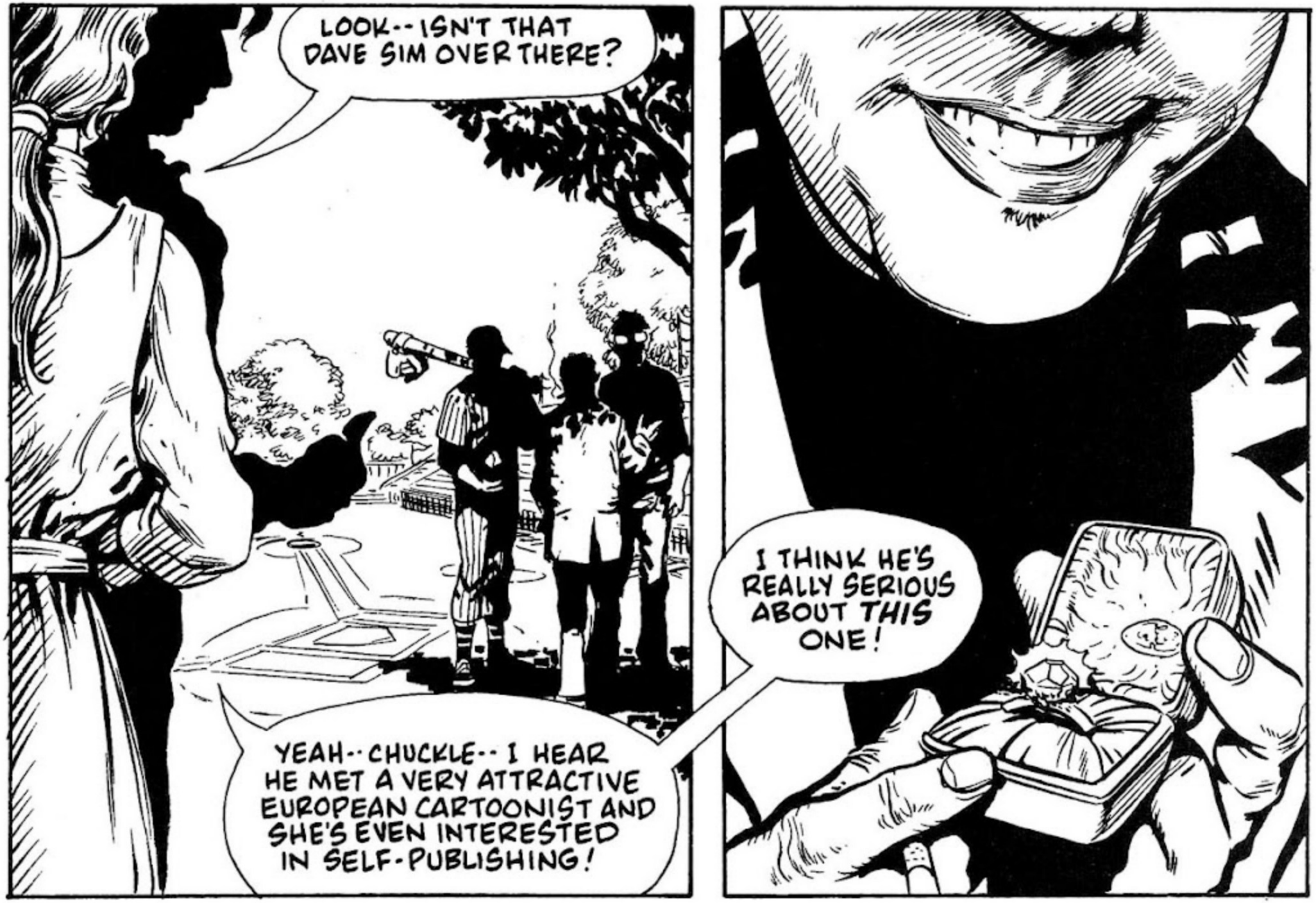
When they did cut it down, it rolled straight down 36th St. to the river and fell in. It was still down there somewhere, I guess.

I decided the Zelda Cafe was a swell place and I should've visited it a long time ago. I go into the bar looking for Diana so we can have a drink before her plane leaves.



ADDITIONAL MATERIAL FROM *RARE BIT FIENDS* #1


ANOTHER CONVENTION.
THESE THINGS GET GAUDIER AND CHEESIER EVERY YEAR.
WHAT'S THIS?
I DIDN'T KNOW DAVE HAD AN ART EXHIBIT AT THIS SHOW...
DAVE SIM "THE NEW PORTFOLIO"
WOW! THESE ARE AMAZING!
HE'S INKING LIKE BISSETTE!
INCREDIBLE.
BUT WHAT DOES IT MEAN?


LOOK--ISN'T THAT DAVE SIM OVER THERE?
YEAH--CHUCKLE--I HEAR HE MET A VERY ATTRACTIVE EUROPEAN CARTOONIST AND SHE'S EVEN INTERESTED IN SELF-PUBLISHING!
I THINK HE'S REALLY SERIOUS ABOUT THIS ONE!

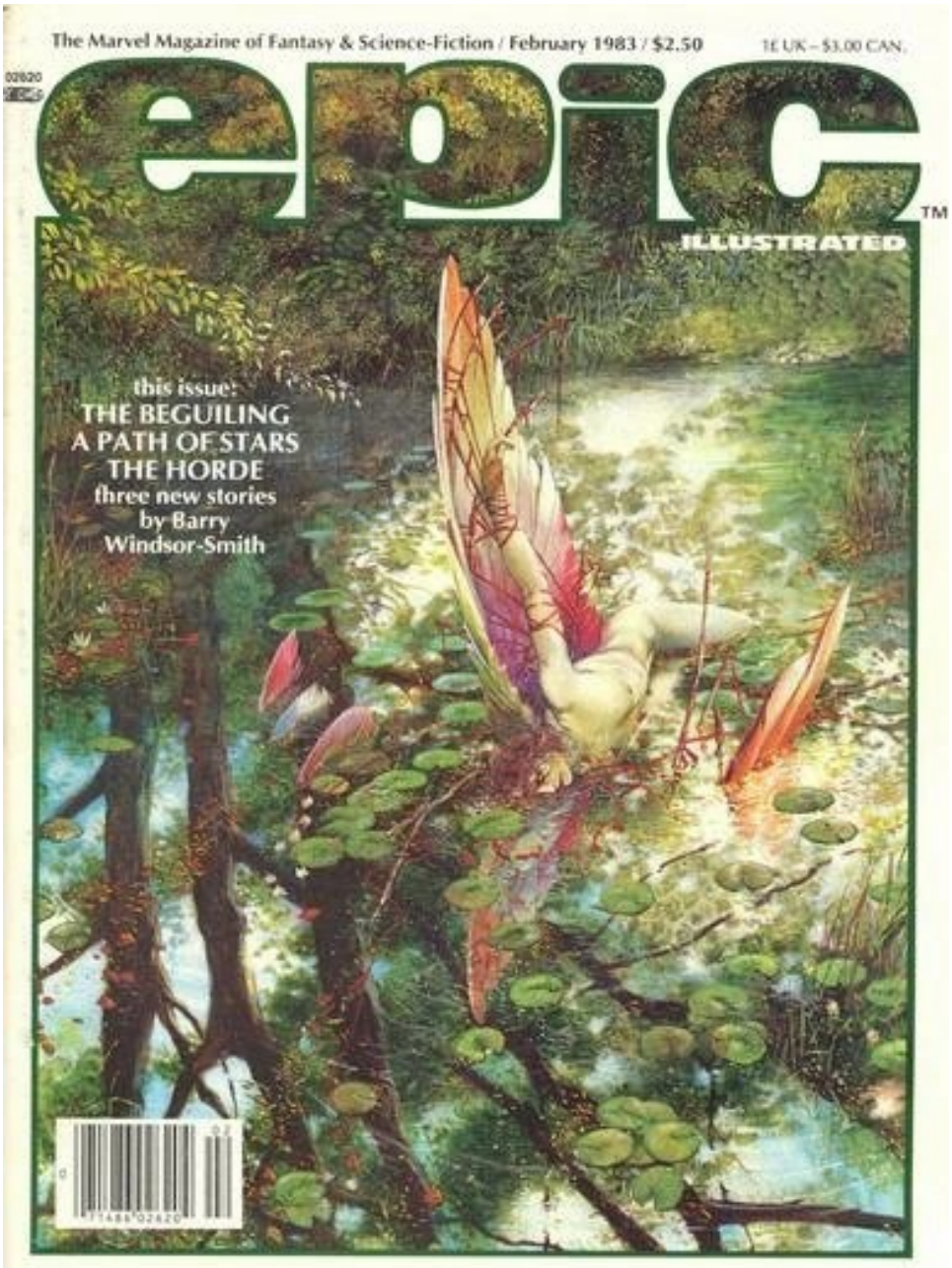
ARNOLD THE ISSHURIAN

From *EPIC ILLUSTRATED* #16
(February 1983)

Marvel Comics Group

A six panel cartoon for **Epic** which is set in the world of Estarcion and *High Society*. Sim originally envisioned it as a set of six individual cartoons, each done on its own board, but was ultimately printed as a two-page spread in **Epic**. It's presented here in both single-panel form and the two-page spread as originally published.

The character is a parody of Arnold Schwarzenegger and his portrayal of Conan, and it appears to be a dry run for the Arnold the Isshurian who appeared in *High Society*.



Description From the *Yahoo Cerebus Fan Group*:

"A parody of the *Chronicles of Nemedia*, substituting Arnold for Conan. No story relevance. Although the story takes place in Estarcion, it is an alternate Estarcion where Arnold conquers Serrea, Palnu and Iest. -580 BZ"

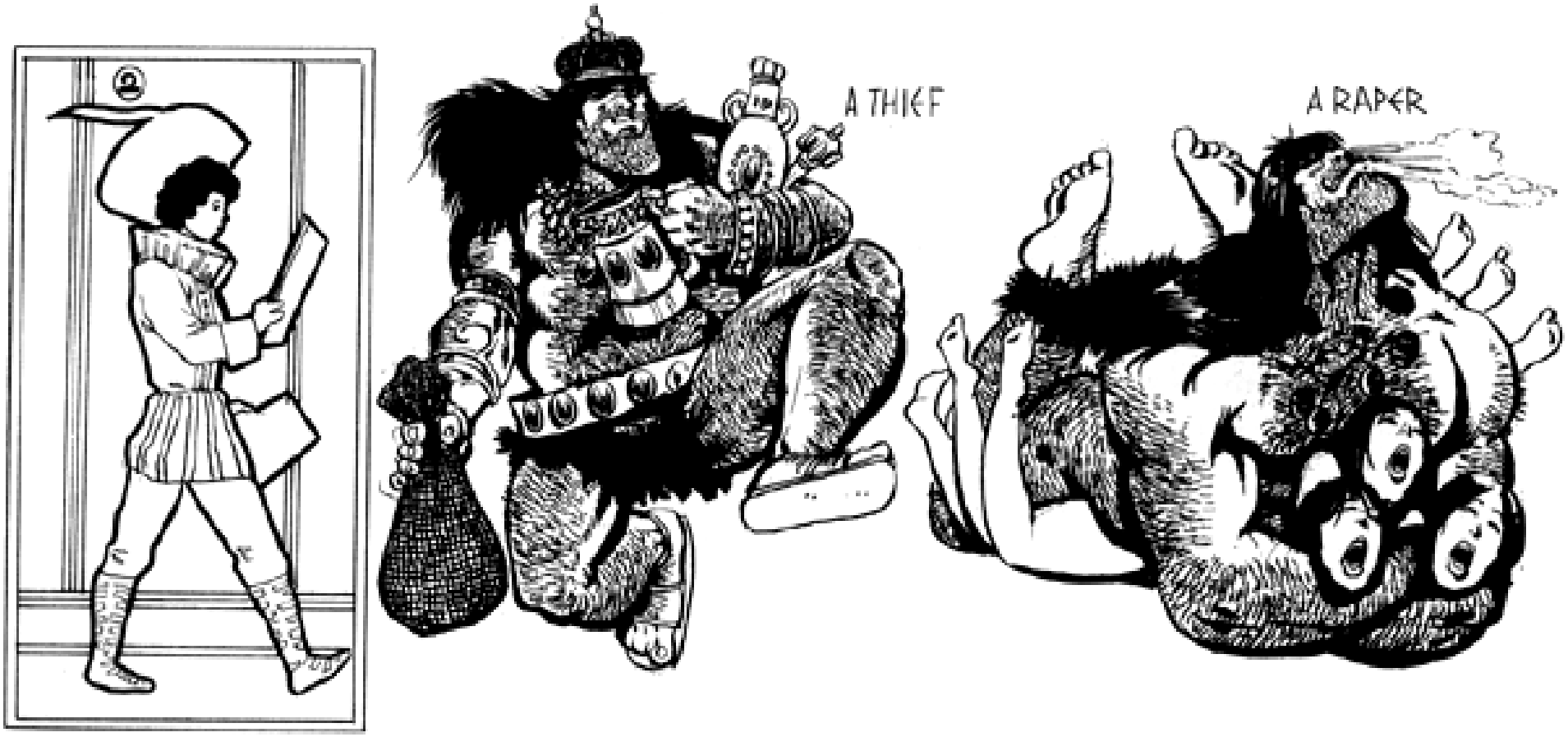
Response by Dave Sim:

It should still be included… with the qualifier that it is divorced from the back story of the Arnold the Isshurian who appeared in High Society, *but should be referenced in a footnote on the first page where Arnold appears in the* High Society *volume.*

KNOW YOU, O PRINCE, THAT BETWEEN THE YEARS WHEN THE BLACK TOWER CRUMBLED TO RUINS AND PRIOR TO THE INVENTION OF THE CONTINUOUS ACTION LOOM

THERE EXISTED A GREAT UNWASHED AGE

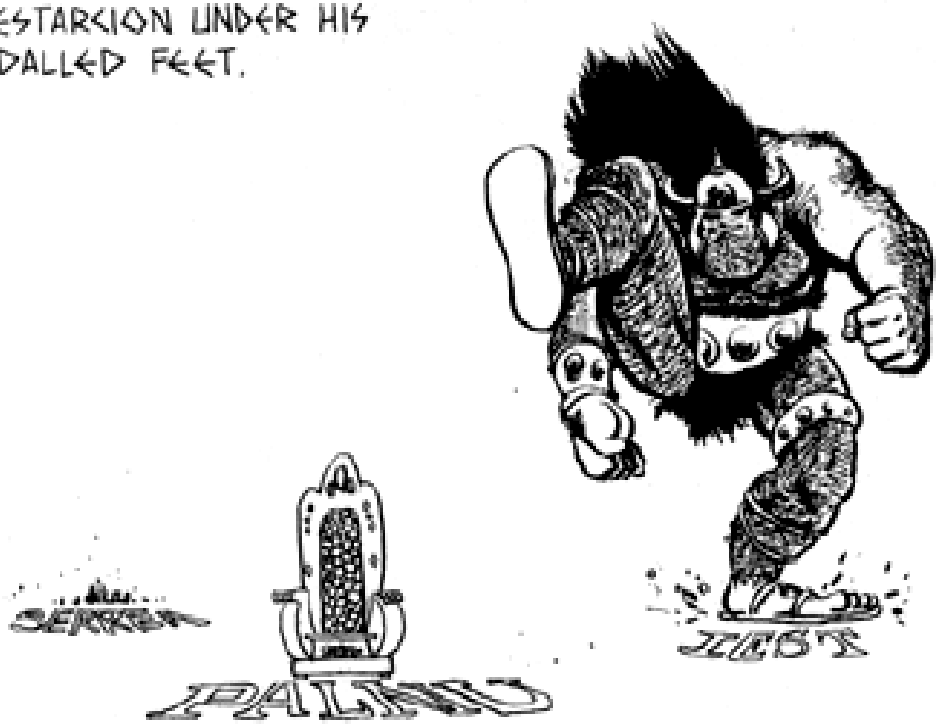
HITHER CAME ARNOLD THE ISSHURIAN BLACK-HAIRED, SULLEN-EYED, SWORD-IN-HAND, BRAIN-IN-NEUTRAL

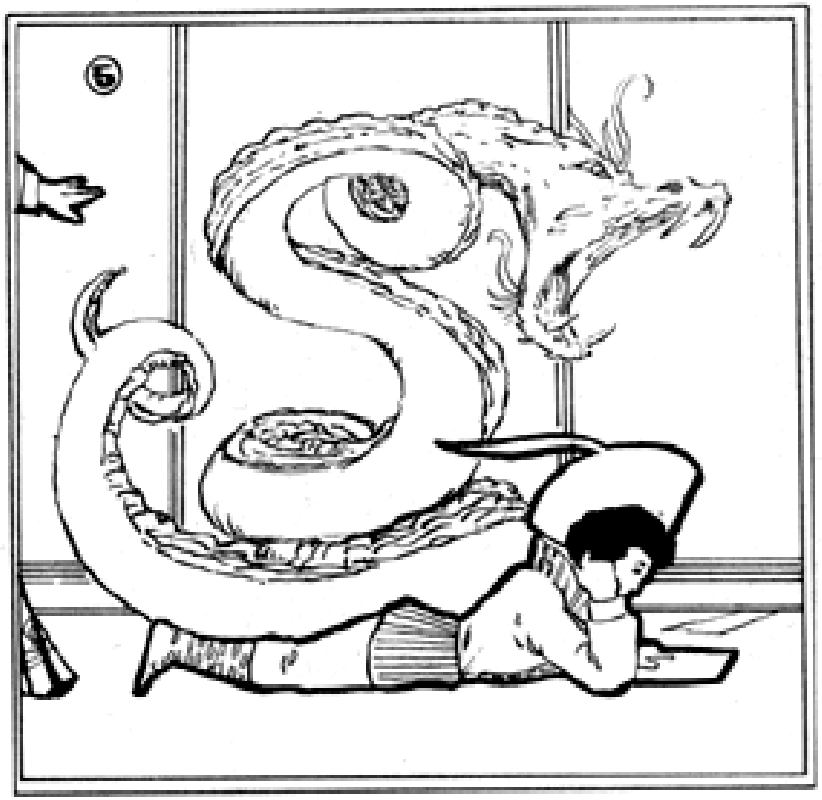

A THIEF
A RAPER

5
A SLAYER
A VENTRILIOQUIST
HI BOYS AND GIRLS

WITH GIGANTIC MELANCHOLIES
MOM
THE
ISSHURIAN
AND
GIGANTIC
MIRTH

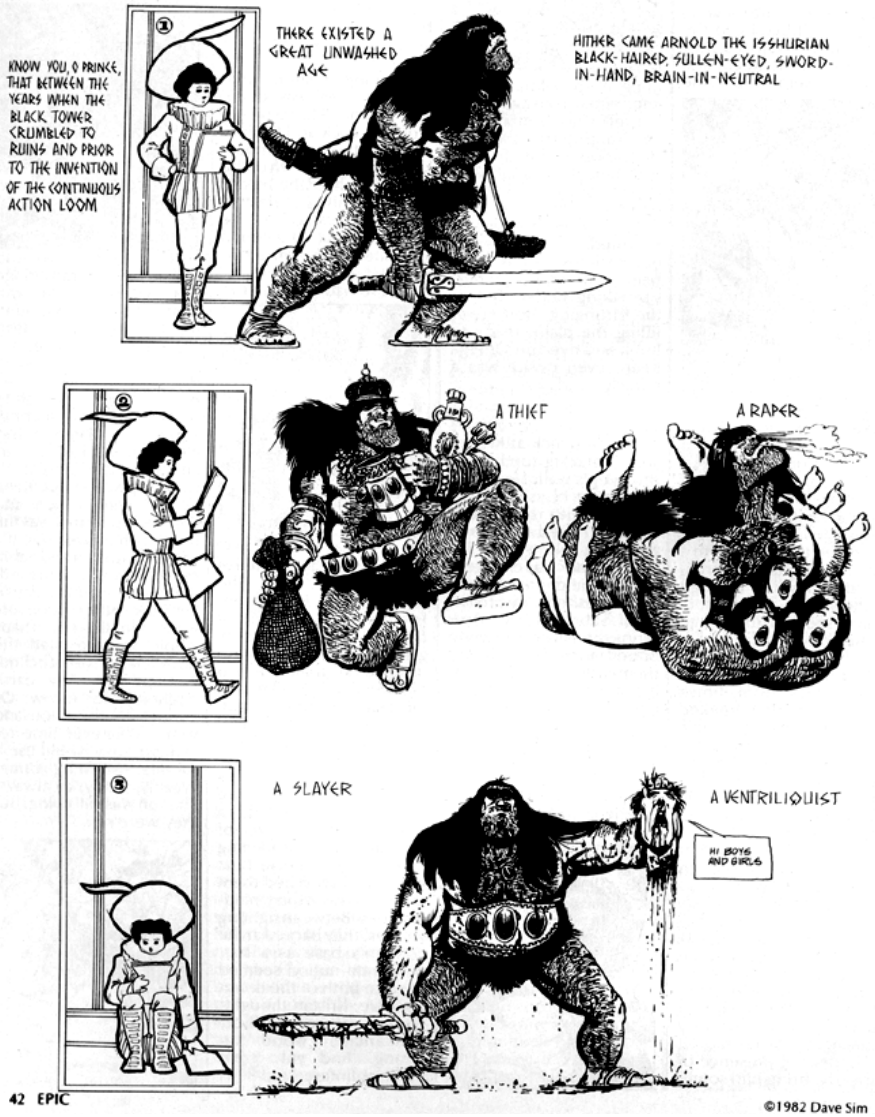
TO TREAD THE JEWELED THRONES
OF ESTARCION UNDER HIS
SANDALLED FEET.

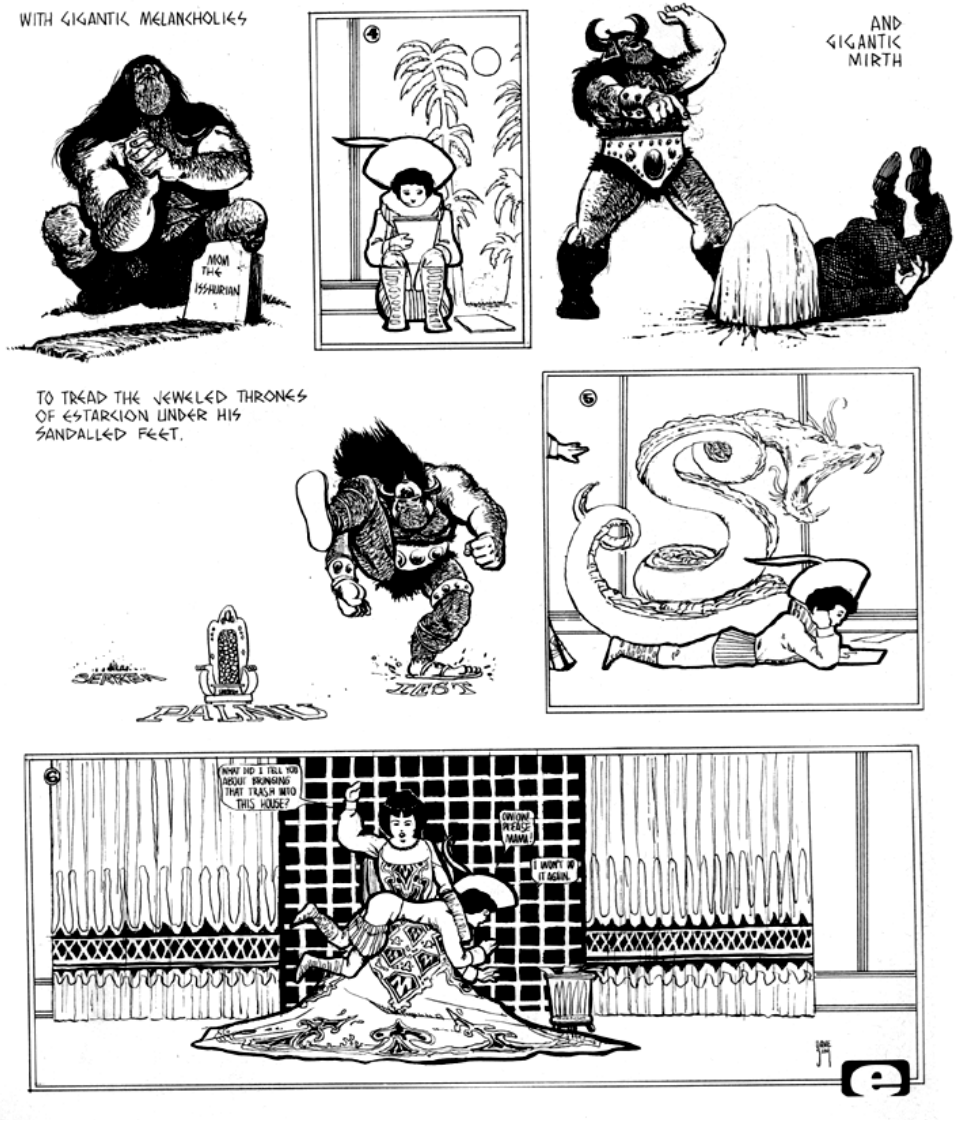




6
WHAT DID I TELL YOU ABOUT BRINGING THAT TRASH INTO THIS HOUSE?
OW! OW! PLEASE MAMA!
I WON'T DO IT AGAIN.

ARNOLD THE ISSHURIAN





©1982 Dave Sim

TALES OF THE SILVERFISH

Cerebus Story and Art: Dave Sim and Gerhard

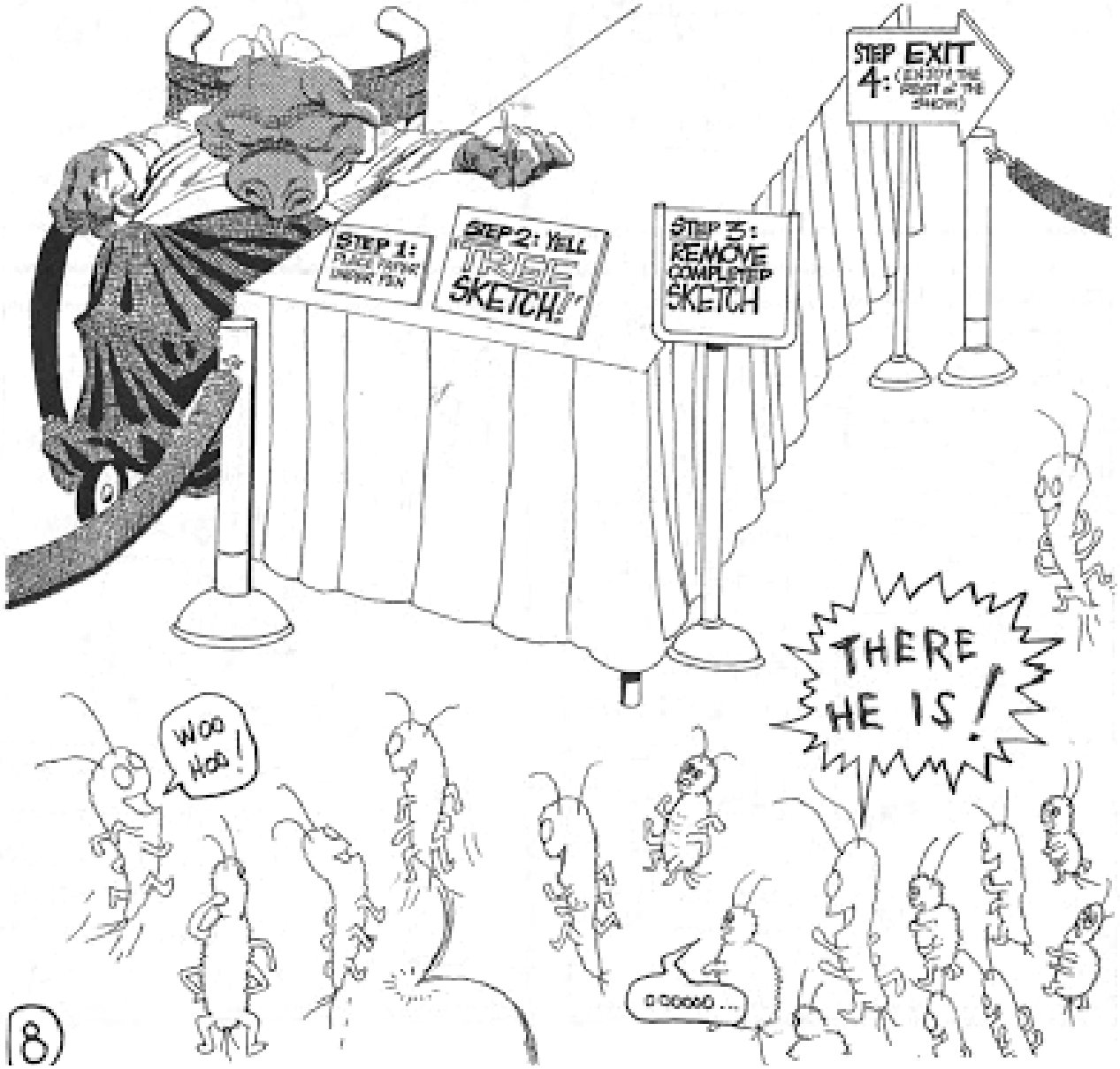
Non-Cerebus Story and Art: Bob Craig and John Q. Adams III

From *Silverfish* #4 (August 2006)

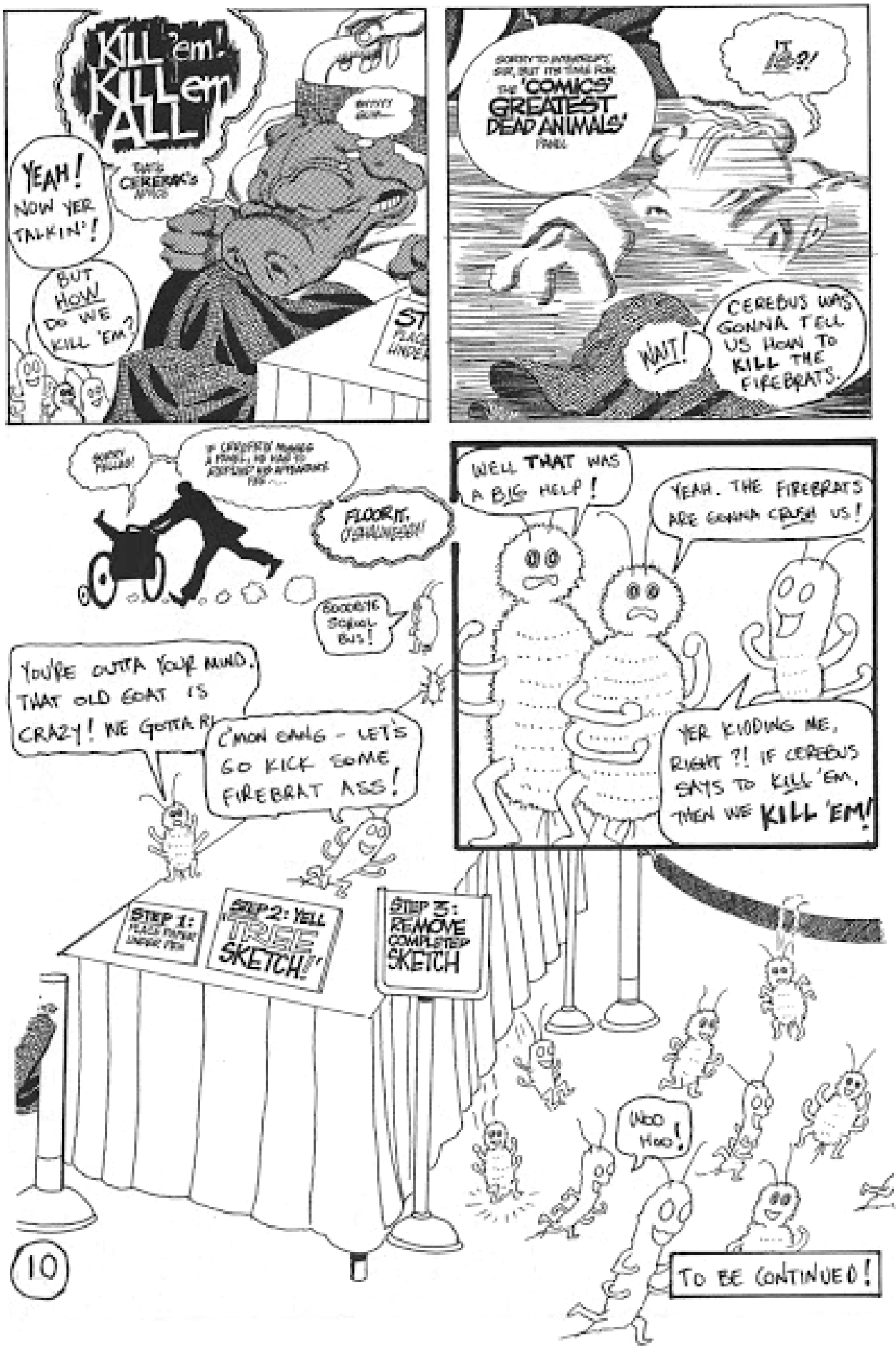
Cryin' Shark Studios

A three page story (which may or may not be canonical) that takes place after issue 300. *Silverfish* #4 was limited to 200 copies, and was unique for having a rare post-*Cerebus* collaboration between Sim and Gerhard.

THE SILVERFISH, ACCOMPANIED BY THE BRISTLETAILS, RETURN TO THE COMIC CONVENTION...
C'MON!
AWRIGHT, WHERE'S THIS MASTERMIND WHO'S GONNA HELP US BEAT THE FIREBRATS?
YEAH - THOSE GUYS ARE NO PUSHOVERS!
I KNOW I SAW HIM THE OTHER DAY. HE'S GOTTA BE AROUND HERE SOME...
WAIT!


STEP 1:
STEP 2: YELL "FREE SKETCH!"
STEP 3: REMOVE COMPLETED SKETCH
STEP 4: EXIT
WOO HOO!
THERE HE IS!
OOOOOO...

CELEBREX! THIS IS YOUR IDEA OF HELP?!
SUH
PAPER?
WHO'S GOT PAPER?
HE WAS THE KING OF A CONTINENT.
SNIFF SNIFF
SMELLS MORE LIKE THE KING OF THE INCONTINENT!
HE'S WAKING UP!
SNIX
TREE SKETCH!
SKTCH SKETCH SKETCH
HOWDY!
HEY - THAT'S PRETTY GOOD
I WANT ONE!
AHHHHH CRAP
WHAT PART OF CEREBREX IS FLUTRIFYING NOW?
HA! WHAT A GREAT KIDDER.
WE AIN'T RANGLOTS - WE'RE SNAKEFISH
TREE SKETCH!
SKTCH SKTCHA SKTCH
KNOCK IT OFF
WE'RE HERE FOR ADVICE, NOT SKETCHES
OKAY OKAY
JUST ONE MORE FOR EBAY
TREE SKETCH
SKTCH SKTCH SKTCH
GOT ANY ADVICE ON HOW TO HELP US BEAT THE FIREBRATS?
ADVICE?
(ADVICE)
OH MAN, THIS GUY IS WASTED. HE CAN'T HELP.
C'MON CEREBUS - THE FIREBRATS ARE TOO TOUGH. I KNOW YOU COULD THINK OF SOME WAY TO BEAT 'EM!
9


KILL 'em! KILL 'em ALL
YEAH! NOW YER TALKIN'!
BUT HOW DO WE KILL 'EM?
SORRY TO INTERRUPT, SIR, BUT IT'S TIME FOR THE 'COMICS' GREATEST DEAD ANIMALS' PANEL
IT HAS?!
WAIT!
CEREBUS WAS GONNA TELL US HOW TO KILL THE FIREBRATS.
FLOOR IT, CHAUNCEY!
GOODBYE School Bus!
WELL THAT WAS A BIG HELP!
YEAH. THE FIREBRATS ARE GONNA CRUSH US!
YER KIDDING ME, RIGHT?! IF CEREBUS SAYS TO KILL 'EM, THEN WE KILL 'EM!
YOU'RE OUTTA YOUR MIND. THAT OLD GOAT IS CRAZY! WE GOTTA R
C'MON GANG - LET'S GO KICK SOME FIREBRAT ASS!
STEP 1:
STEP 2: YELL FREE SKETCH!
STEP 3: REMOVE COMPLETED SKETCH
HOO HOO!
TO BE CONTINUED!
10

CEREBUS DREAMS

Story and Art: Barry Windsor-Smith

Ink Tones: Dave Sim

First Published in *Swords of Cerebus* Volume V, 1982

UNTITLED CHESTER BROWN/ DAVE SIM JAM PIECE

First Published in *Cerebus World Tour Book 1995*

CELEBRATE DIVERSITY

Published in the *Celebrate Diversity Sampler Collector's Edition*

By Previews Catalog, October 1994

Diamond Distribution

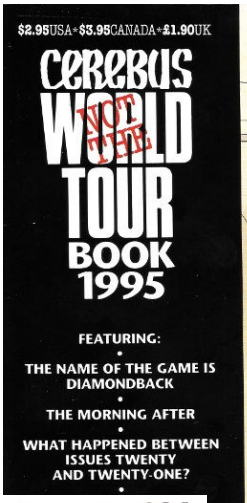
Cerebus Dreams is a six page story by Barry Windsor-Smith that takes place sometime around issue #6.

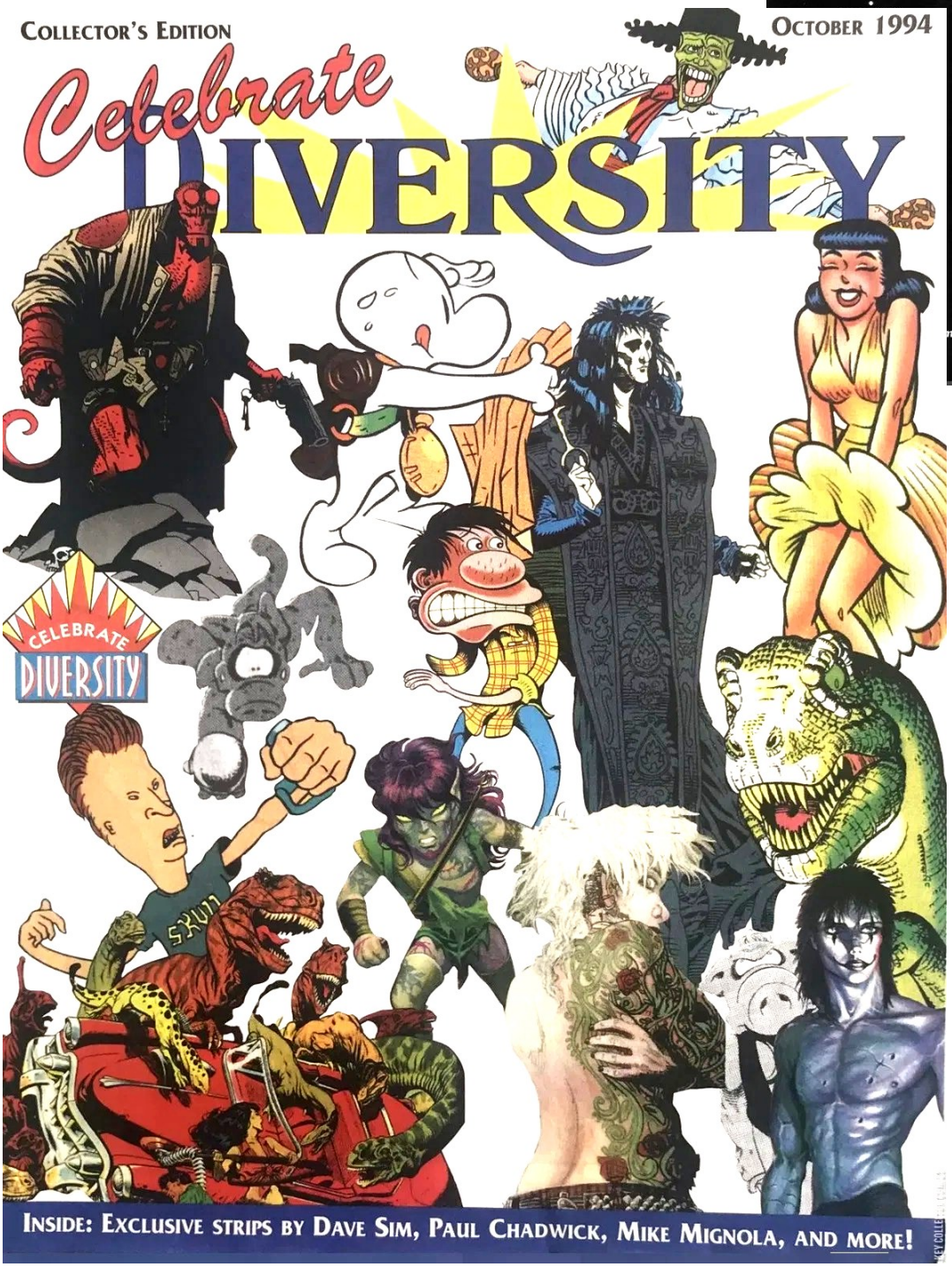
When the story was reprinted in *Cerebus World Tour Book 1995*, Dave added a one-panel Cerebus cameo as a segueway between *Cerebus Dreams* and an untitled jam piece with Chester Brown. Since the jam piece has nothing to do with Cerebus, I've included the one panel "Intermission" in which Cerebus cameos. If you really want to read the whole (unfinished) story, you can find it in the *Tour Book*.

Just prior to the publication of the jam piece, Sim teased it with a one-page recap/advertisement of the *Cerebus* monthly in a special edition of the Previews Catalog entitled *Celebrate Diversity Sampler: Collector's Edition*. The strange fish creature in the final panel was illustrated by Chester Brown, and it makes another appearance in the aforementioned jam piece.

Dave Sim on *Cerebus Dreams*:

Barry Windsor-Smith still has the distinction of being the only writer/artist to produce a Cerebus story I had nothing to do with: 'Cerebus Dreams*'. I swiped a lot of his approach to inking* Cerebus *and I still get fan drawings copied from his* Swords 5 *cover. The second most popular Cerebus style is Kevin Eastman's from the cover of the* First Comics Turtles *reprint volume. I run a distant third. I've also done a number of 'Cerebus* Dreams*' stories since Barry came up with the idea. I'll send him a cheque, but you can be sure -- whatever it's made out for -- it won't be enough.*





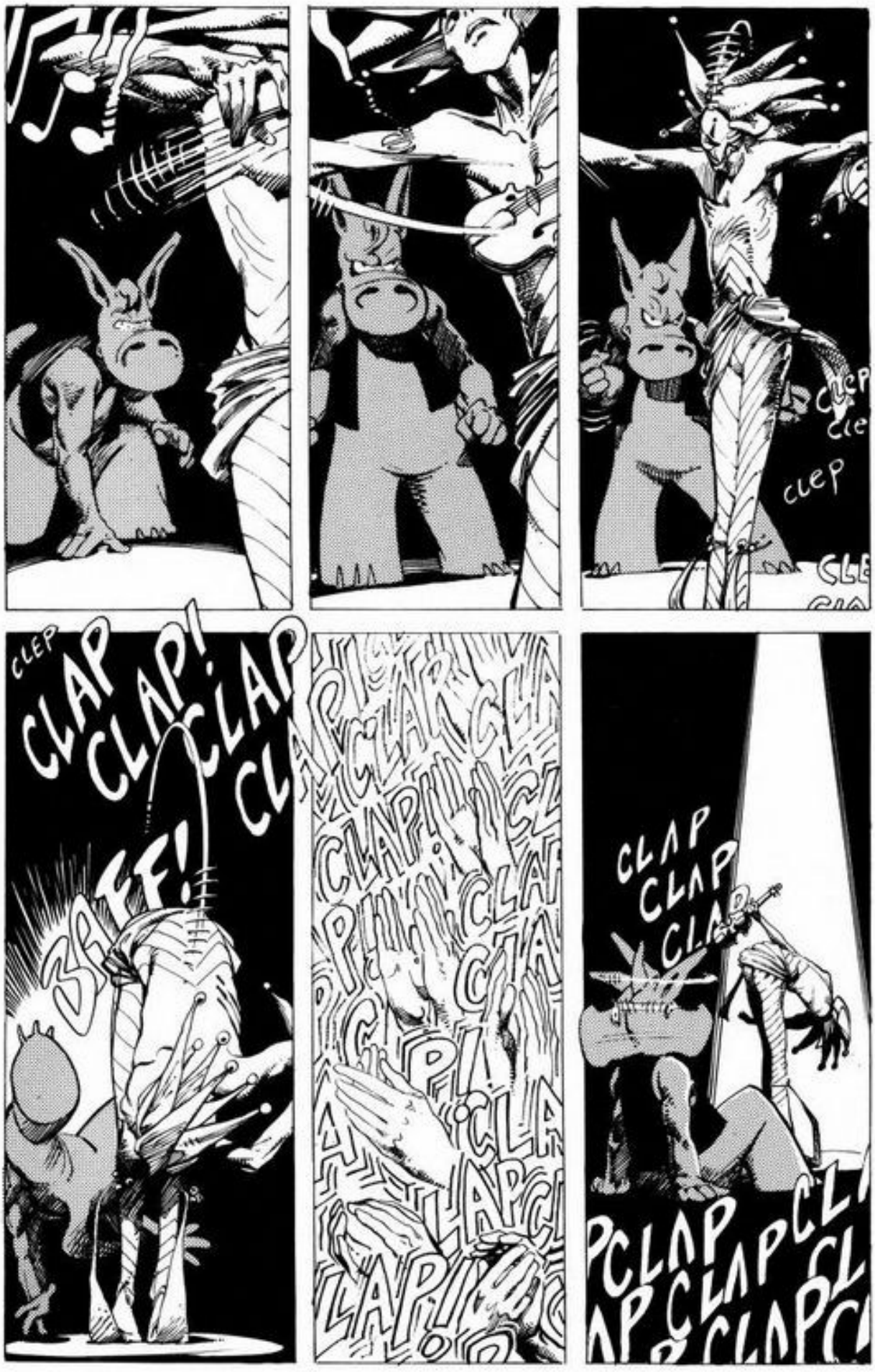
Dave Sim on the* Celebrate Diversity *Recap:

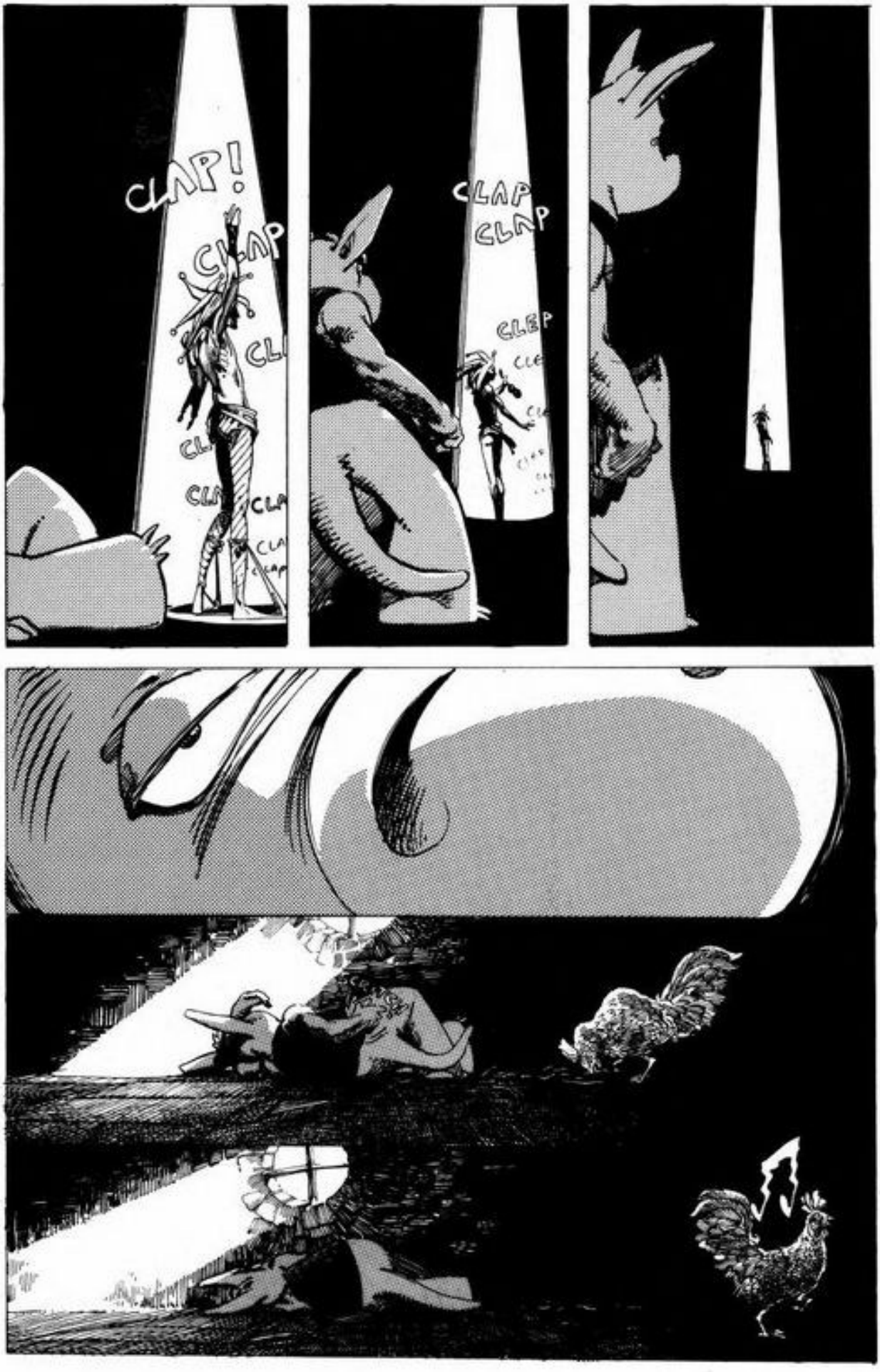
I don't remember doing this.

At all.

CEREBUS DREAMS
PAP!
BWS

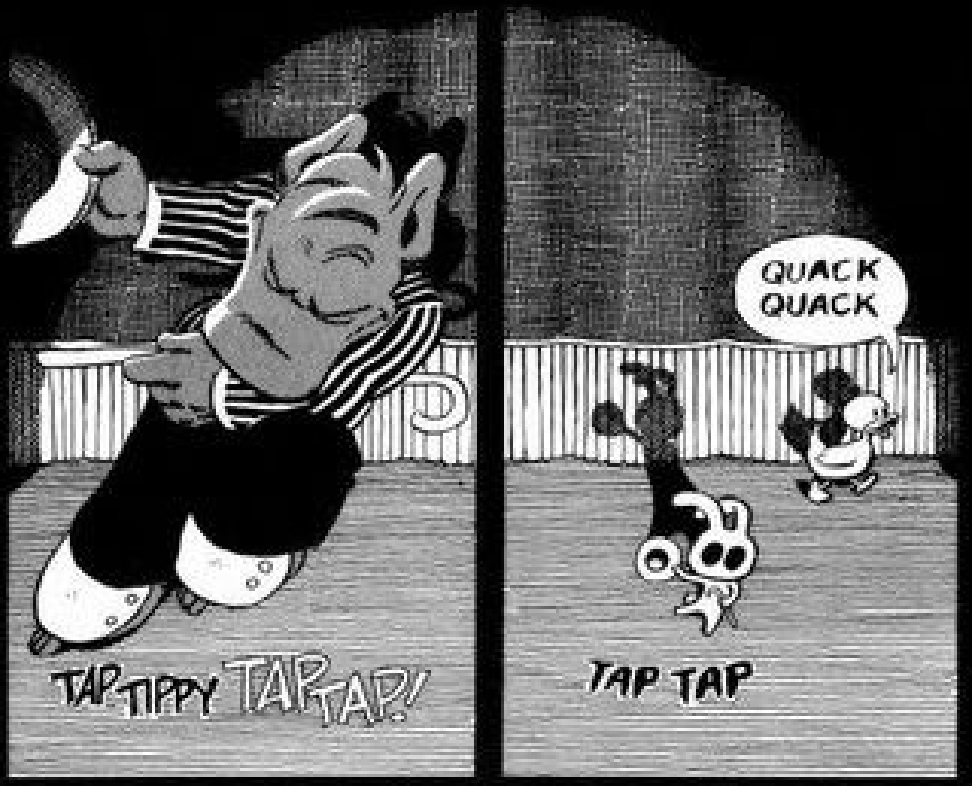
BA-A-AWK!
BUK!
BUK!
!
GOBBLE!
GOLP!
GOBBLE
GOBBLE
CRUNCH
CRUNCH


CLEP
CLEP
CLEP
CLAP
CLAP!
CLAP
BAFF!
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP


CLAP!
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
CLEP

END of PART ONE

intermission



CEREBUS IS THE HEART-WARMING SIX- THOUSAND-PAGE TALE OF A 'BARBARIAN AARDVARK IN THE WORLD OF HUMANS'. CLOSE TO FOUR THOUSAND PAGES ARE IN PRINT, CHARTING CEREBUS' RISE FROM BARBARIAN TO BUREAUCRAT, FROM BUREAUCRAT TO PRIME MINISTER, FROM PRIME MINISTER TO POPE OF THE EASTERN CHURCH OF...
FLAP FLAP FLAP
ER... OF TARIM. POWER GRAVITATES TO CEREBUS, BUT HE ALWAYS SEEMS TO FIND THAT HE'S HIS OWN WORST ENEMY UNABLE EVEN TO...
FLAP FLAP FLAP
'TO... UH... MAKE THINGS 'WORK' WITH JAKA, THE 'ARISTOCRAT-TURNED-DANCER' WHO IS THE 'CREAM IN HIS COFFEE'. THE CEREBUS STORY-LINE IS AN EXAMINATION OF POWER, FAITH, LOVE, DEATH. IT...
FLAP FLAP FLAP
IT EXAMINES THE--uh-WAR BETWEEN THE--uh--SEXES...
IT FEATURES A LARGE AND VARIED SUPPORTING CAST AND--SAY!
FLAP FLAP FLAP
WHAT THE HECK IS THAT THING?
ANSWER IN NEXT MONTH'S CATALOGUE!

TMNT MEETS CEREBUS

Story and Art: Kevin Eastman, Peter Laird & Dave Sim

From *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* #8, July 1986

Mirage Studios

(Postscript notes by Eastman and Laird taken from the **TMNT Compendium**)

MIAMI MICE #4

Story & Art: Mark Bodé

Ripoff Press, 1986

CEREBUS CAMEOS IN *TMNT*

Published in *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles* issues #2 and #15

(June 1984 & June 1988)

Mirage Studios

TURTLEMANIA SPECIAL

Art: Bob Burden

Metropolis Publishing, 1986

MATISSE, THE UNKNOWN TURTLE

Dave Sim Sketch From *Pieces of Turtles* #8.2 (2022)

Aardvark-Vanaheim Publishing/Waverly Press

ASHCAN COVERS

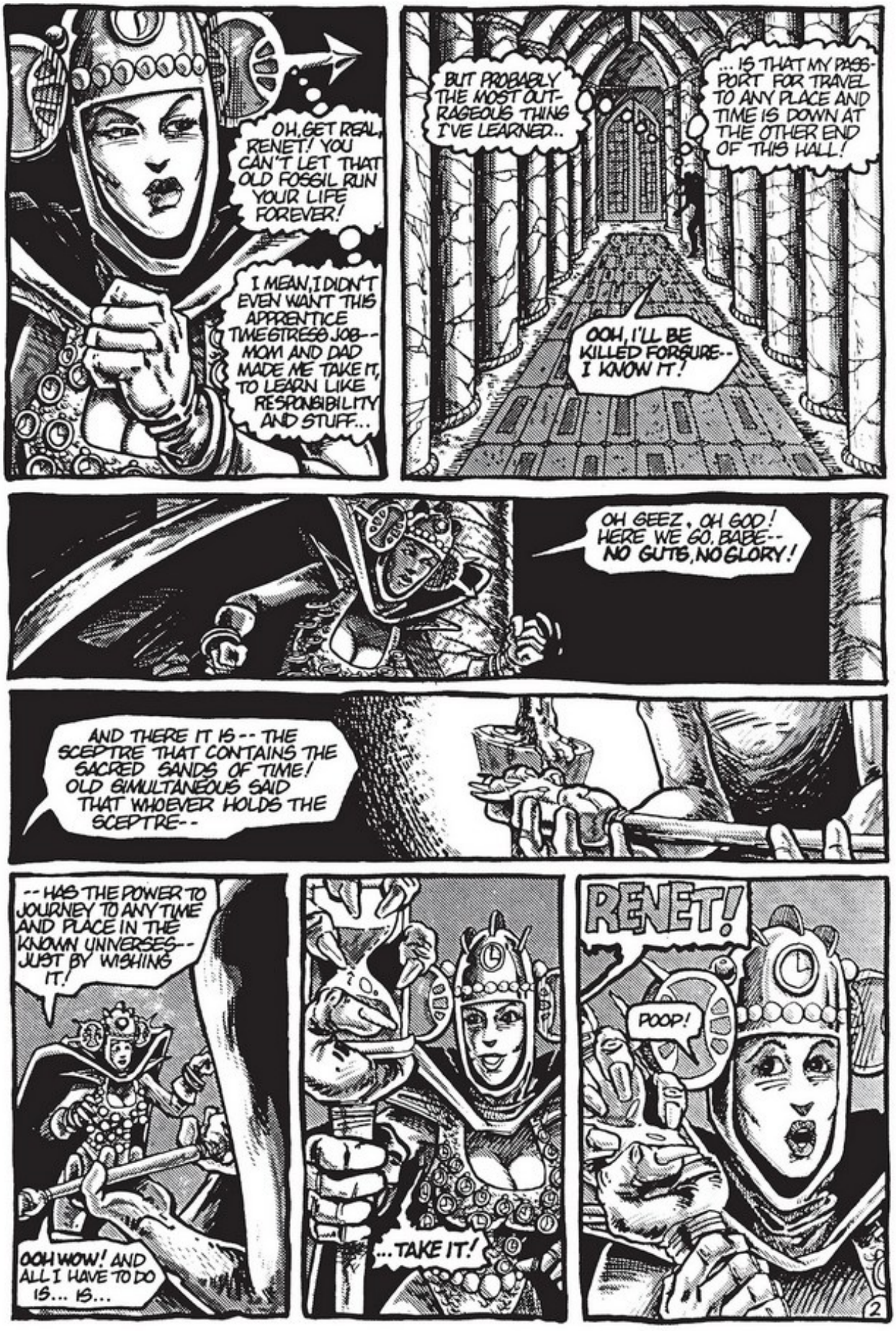
Dave Sim Covers From *Pieces of Turtles* #8.1 & 8.2 (2022)

Aardvark-Vanaheim Publishing/Waverly Press

VARIOUS TMNT/CEREBUS PROMOTIONAL & COVER ART

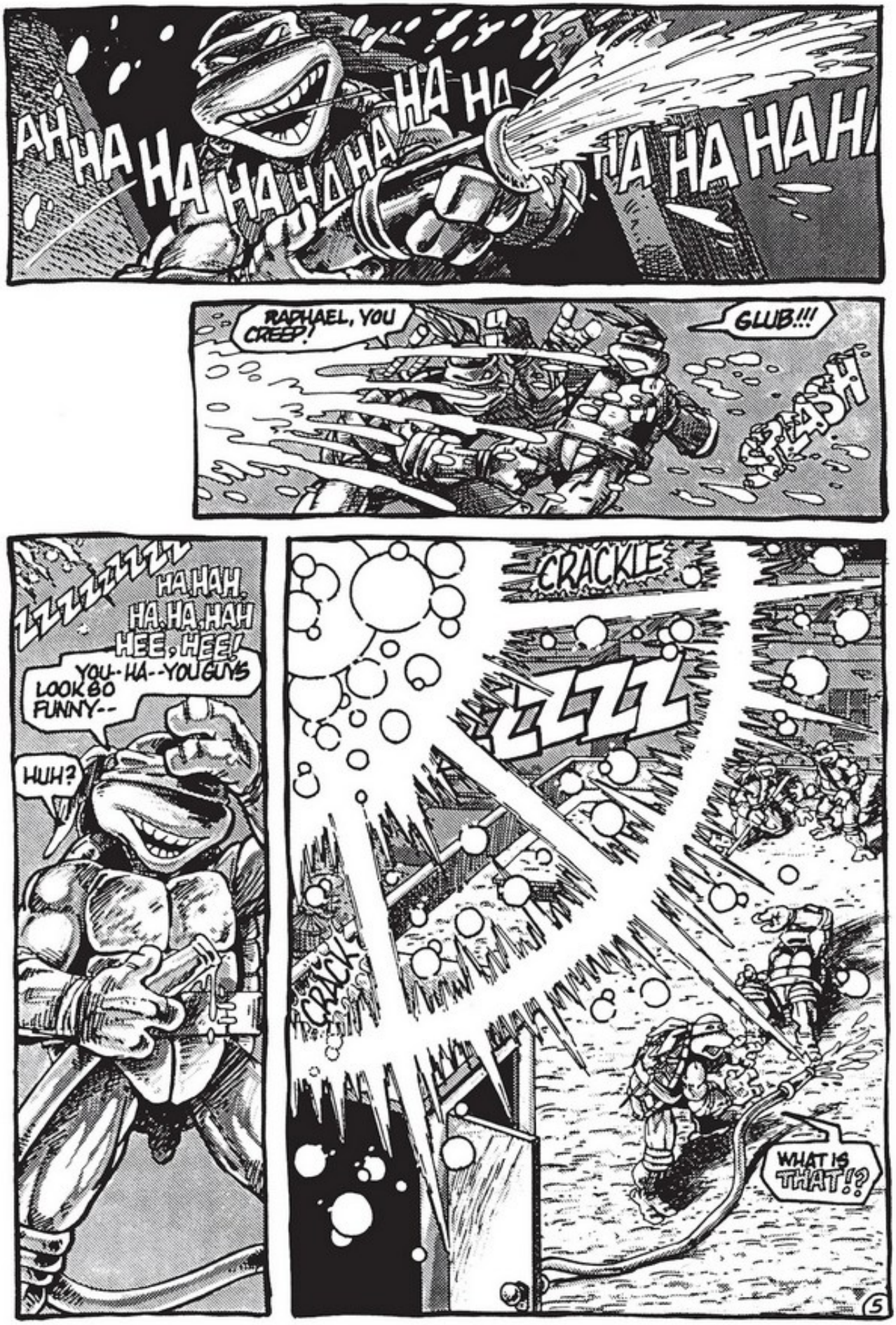
EASTMAN AND LAIRD'S
TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA
TURTLES
GUEST STARRING
CEREBUS
NO. 8
$1.50
$2.10 IN
CANADA

TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES
AND CEREBUS THE AARDVARK
STORY AND ART
KEVIN EASTMAN PETER LAIRD
DAVE SIM AND GERHARD
LETTERING AND
PRODUCTION ASSISTANT
STEVE LAVIGNE
OOH, I'M GONNA BE IN TROUBLE -- I JUST KNOW IT! OH GEEZ!
IF HE CATCHES ME IN HIS PRIVATE CHAMBERS, HE'LL KILL ME... LIKE DEAD!
OOH, I CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT!
NO, WAIT--I'VE GOT IT! IF HE COMES IN RIGHT NOW, I'LL JUST SAY "FORGIVE ME, LORD SIMULTANEOUS, I HEARD A STRANGE NOISE, AND--" ... NO ... THAT WON'T WORK ... HOW ABOUT, "I SAW THIS HUGE GROSS ICKY DEMON RUN IN HERE, AND I THOUGHT ONLY TO PROTECT YOU, YOUR HIGHNESS." YEAH, THATS THE TICKET!


OH, GET REAL, RENET! YOU CAN'T LET THAT OLD FOSSIL RUN YOUR LIFE FOREVER!
I MEAN, I DIDN'T EVEN WANT THIS APPRENTICE TIME STRESS JOB-- MOM AND DAD MADE ME TAKE IT, TO LEARN LIKE RESPONSIBILITY AND STUFF...
BUT PROBABLY THE MOST OUT-RAGEOUS THING I'VE LEARNED..
... IS THAT MY PASS-PORT FOR TRAVEL TO ANY PLACE AND TIME IS DOWN AT THE OTHER END OF THIS HALL!
OOH, I'LL BE KILLED FORSURE-- I KNOW IT!
OH GEEZ, OH GOD! HERE WE GO, BABE-- NO GUTS, NO GLORY!
AND THERE IT IS -- THE SCEPTRE THAT CONTAINS THE SACRED SANDS OF TIME! OLD SIMULTANEOUS SAID THAT WHOEVER HOLDS THE SCEPTRE--
-- HAS THE POWER TO JOURNEY TO ANY TIME AND PLACE IN THE KNOWN UNIVERSES-- JUST BY WISHING IT!
OOH WOW! AND ALL I HAVE TO DO IS... IS...
...TAKE IT!
RENET!
POOP!
2

OH WOW OH GOD OH GEEZ--! L-L-LORD S-SIMULTANEOUS--!!
REPLACE MY SCEPTRE, YOU BRAT!!!
W-WAIT, MASTER-- P-PLEASE! I-IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK! S-SEE, I SAW A BIG DEMON, AN-- WHOOPS!
OOHoo!
BOMP
HUMPH! A LIAR, A THIEF-- AND A KLUTZ! I'LL HAVE YOUR HEAD, YOU VIXEN!
N-NO! PLEASE--! PLEASE, SCEPTRE-- --TAKE ME AWAY, ANYWHERE, NOW!
FIZZZT
PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE!
I NEED A PLACE...
OH! UMM... AH, NEW YORK? I LOVE NEW YORK! THAT'S WHERE I WANT TO GO!
STOP! I, SIMULTANEOUS, LORD OF TIME, COMMAND YOU TO STOP!
I NEED A DATE...
HUH? WELL, I COULD PROBABLY FIX YOU UP WITH A CUTE WALKING STICK--
A YEAR, STUPID!
OH! UH,-- UM OH, GEEZ--
19--AH--
3

--1986
BUP!
DRIP
DOINK
HUNRRRAH EH?
NAPTIME'S OVER, BUDDY--!
OH, NO...
SPLASH
AARRGH! I'LL GETCHA FOR THAT MIKE! GRRR--
AH, HAH, HAH, HAH
C'MON, RAPH-- EXERCISE TIME! LEO WANTS YOU ON THE ROOF IN FIVE MINUTES!
GRUMBLE GRUMBLE
TEN MINUTES LATER
WHERE'S RAPHAEL?
LATE AS USUAL!
I TOLD HIM TO GET UP HERE, LEO--
MIKE! HEY, COME HELP ME WITH THIS EQUIPMENT--!
EQUIPMENT?
WHAT KIND OF EQUIP-- OHH, NOOO--!
MIKE, O'L PAL-- GLAD TA SEE YA! HA, HA, HA HA HA HA!
GLOOB!!!
FOOSSSHH!

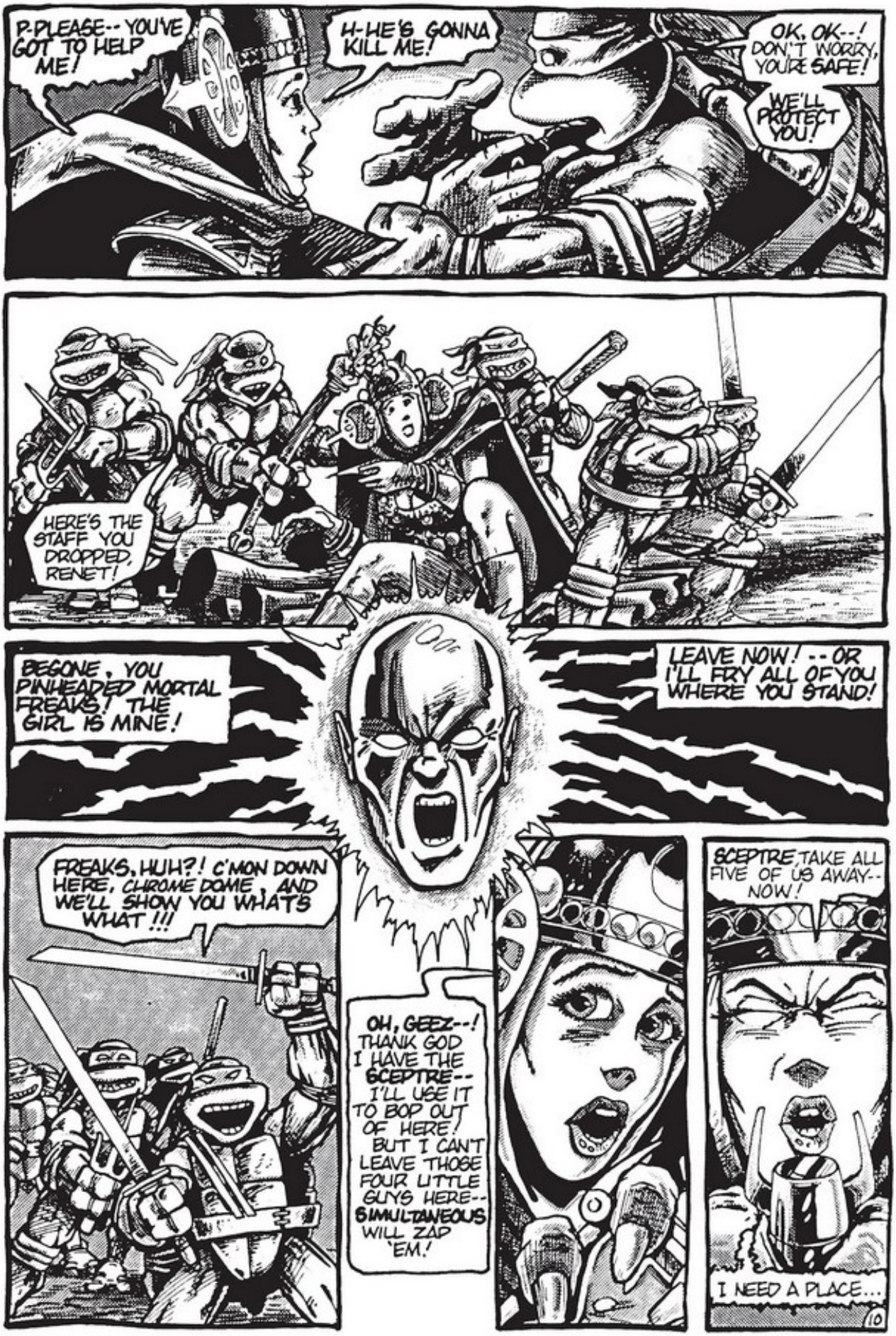

AH HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
RAPHAEL, YOU CREEP!
GLUB!!!
SPLASH
ZZZZZZZZZ
HA.HA.H. HA.HA.HAH HEE, HEE!
YOU--HA--YOU GUYS LOOK SO FUNNY--
HUH?
CRACKLE
ZZZZ
CRACK
WHAT IS THAT!?
5

OH, WOW!
6

OW!
BLIP
LOOKOUT!
OOF!
UGH!
AAAAH!
W-WHAT ARE-Y-YOU?!
AH, DONATELLO--AH--I'M A--AH NINJA TURTLE. WHO ARE YOU--?!
OH,--NICE TA MEET CHA!
UM--I'M RENET!
UMFP! LET ME UP!
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! ISN'T THIS SUPPOSED TO BE NEW YORK IN THE YEAR, 1986?
AH... YEAH--
--IT IS!
GO?
7

OOH, I HATE THIS HAT--!
OKAY, BUT I DON'T GET IT-- AREN'T THERE SUPPOSED TO BE, LIKE, REAL... UM... PEOPLE-- Y'KNOW, LIKE ME-- AT THIS TIME? I MEAN-- DOES EVERYONE ELSE HERE LOOK LIKE YOU?
OH, NO-- MOST EVERYBODY HERE LOOKS LIKE YOU... SORT OF. WE'RE KIND OF... AH... SPECIAL!
YEAH, SPECIAL!
WHATTA BABE!
NO KIDDING? LIKE, THIS REALLY IS THE "BIG APPLE" CIRCA 1986? SWEAR TO GOD? FORSURE?
YOU BET!
OOH, WICKED COOL! I'VE GOT TO HAVE A CLOSER LOOK!
OH, YEAH!
THIS IS TOO WILD! LIKE, THIS IS REALLY IT! THE CITY OF LIGHTS AND LOVE! SUBWAYS AND SUSHI BARS!
I'M REALLY GONNA LOVE IT HERE!
8

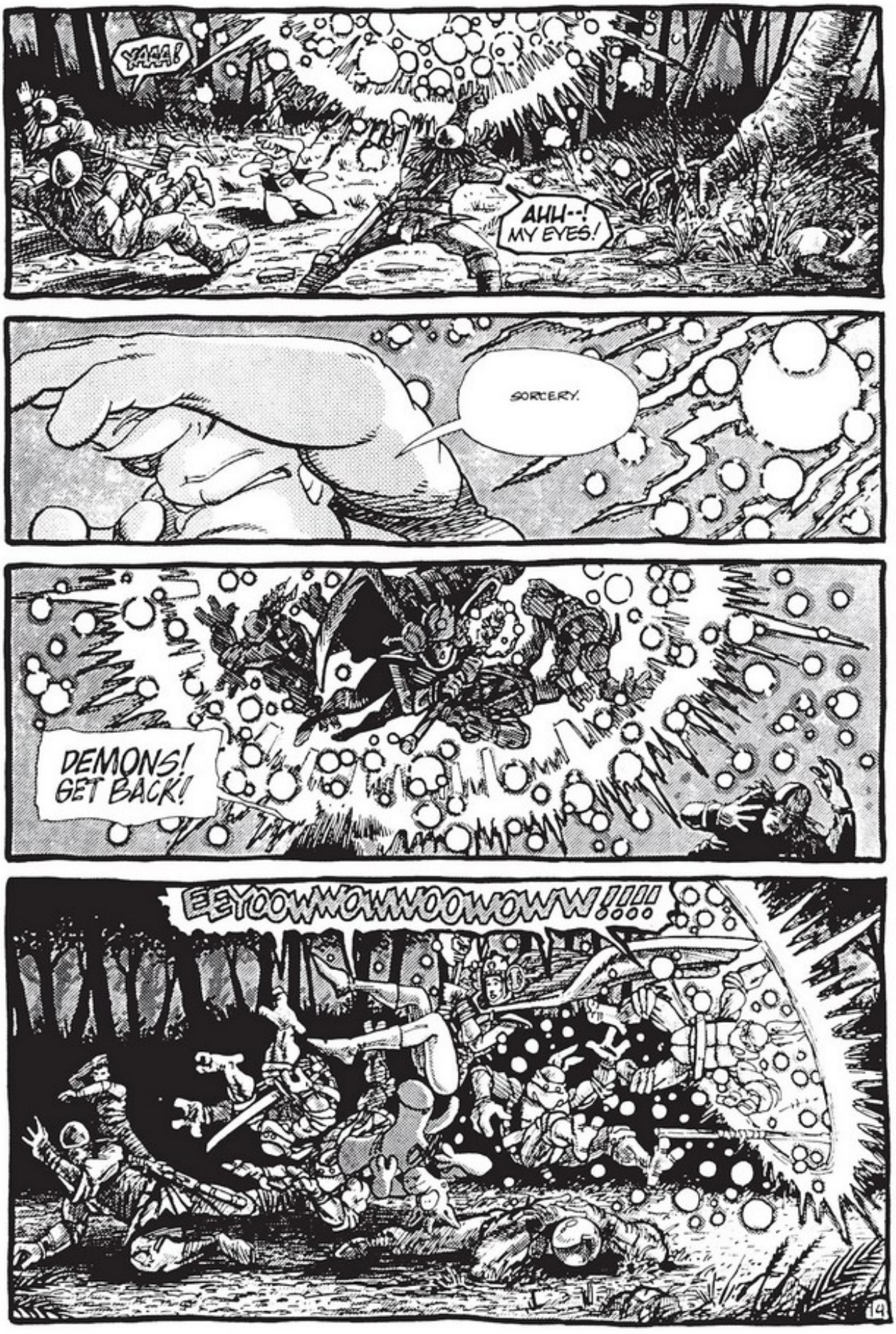
HEY--WHAT'S WITH THE SKY?
IT'S LIGHTING UP AGAIN-- RIGHT ABOVE US!
OOH, NOO! HE'S FOUND ME!
WHAT'S GOING ON?
WHO'S FOUND YOU, RENET? A FRIEND OF YOURS?
NO--NOT A FRIEND-- MY MASTER--
--LORD SIMULTANEOUS!
RENET!!!
THE SCEPTRE--! IT'S MY ONLY HOPE--!
GURK!
OMPF!
BOING
9


P-PLEASE-- YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME!
H-HE'S GONNA KILL ME!
OK, OK--! DON'T WORRY, YOU'RE SAFE!
WE'LL PROTECT YOU!
HERE'S THE STAFF YOU DROPPED, RENET!
BEGONE, YOU PINHEADED MORTAL FREAKS! THE GIRL IS MINE!
LEAVE NOW! -- OR I'LL FRY ALL OF YOU WHERE YOU STAND!
FREAKS, HUH?! C'MON DOWN HERE, CHROME DOME, AND WE'LL SHOW YOU WHAT'S WHAT!!!
OH, GEEZ--! THANK GOD I HAVE THE SCEPTRE-- I'LL USE IT TO BOP OUT OF HERE! BUT I CAN'T LEAVE THOSE FOUR LITTLE GUYS HERE-- SIMULTANEOUS WILL ZAP 'EM!
SCEPTRE, TAKE ALL FIVE OF US AWAY-- NOW!
I NEED A PLACE...
10

STOP! DESIST!
DO NOT USE THE... SCEPTRE...
OH, DAMN!
TAKE US TO A PLACE-- ANYPLACE ON THIS EARTH BEFORE HUMANS RECORDED TIME!
11

UH... AHEM!
OKAY, NOW I KNOW TODAY IS TUESDAY, BUT WHAT YEAR IS IT?
HMM... I DON'T THINK WE RECORD THAT YET.*
* YES WE DO -- IT'S 1406 - Tarim
AHEM!
COUGH! COUGH!
GOTTA HAVE AH WORD WORD WITH YA, SIR!
THAT'S ONE BAD-LOOKING FORTRESS, EH?
GIVES ME GOOSE BUMPS!
CEREBUS DISTINCTLY REMEMBERS TELLING YOU NOT TO WAKE HIM UP UNTIL SUNDOWN ...
THIS BETTER BE GOOD ...
12

EH, WELL... AH... TH' LADS AN', I 'AVE BEEN... AH... THINKIN OVER THE WHOLE BLOODY... AH... DEAL... AN'... AH...
GO ON.
I MEAN, WHEN YOU SAID "IT'LL BE LIKE STEALIN' THE NOSE OFF A LEPER", WE... AH... DIDN'T EXPECT TO... AH... ENCOUNTER A FORTRESS OF SUCH... ER... MAGNITUDE!
UH HUH
ANY 'OW... AH... WHAT I'M TRYIN' TA SAY IS... UM... WELL... WE'RE HITTIN' THE ROAD... TAKIN' A POWDER... LEAVIN, YA KNOW?
CEREBUS THINKS THAT MIGHT PROVE DIFFICULT...
WITH NOTHING BUT BONE FRAGMENTS HOLDING YOUR KNEES AND ANKLES TOGETHER
YA KNOW?
SUNDOWN
DON'T FORGET OR CEREBUS WILL...
13

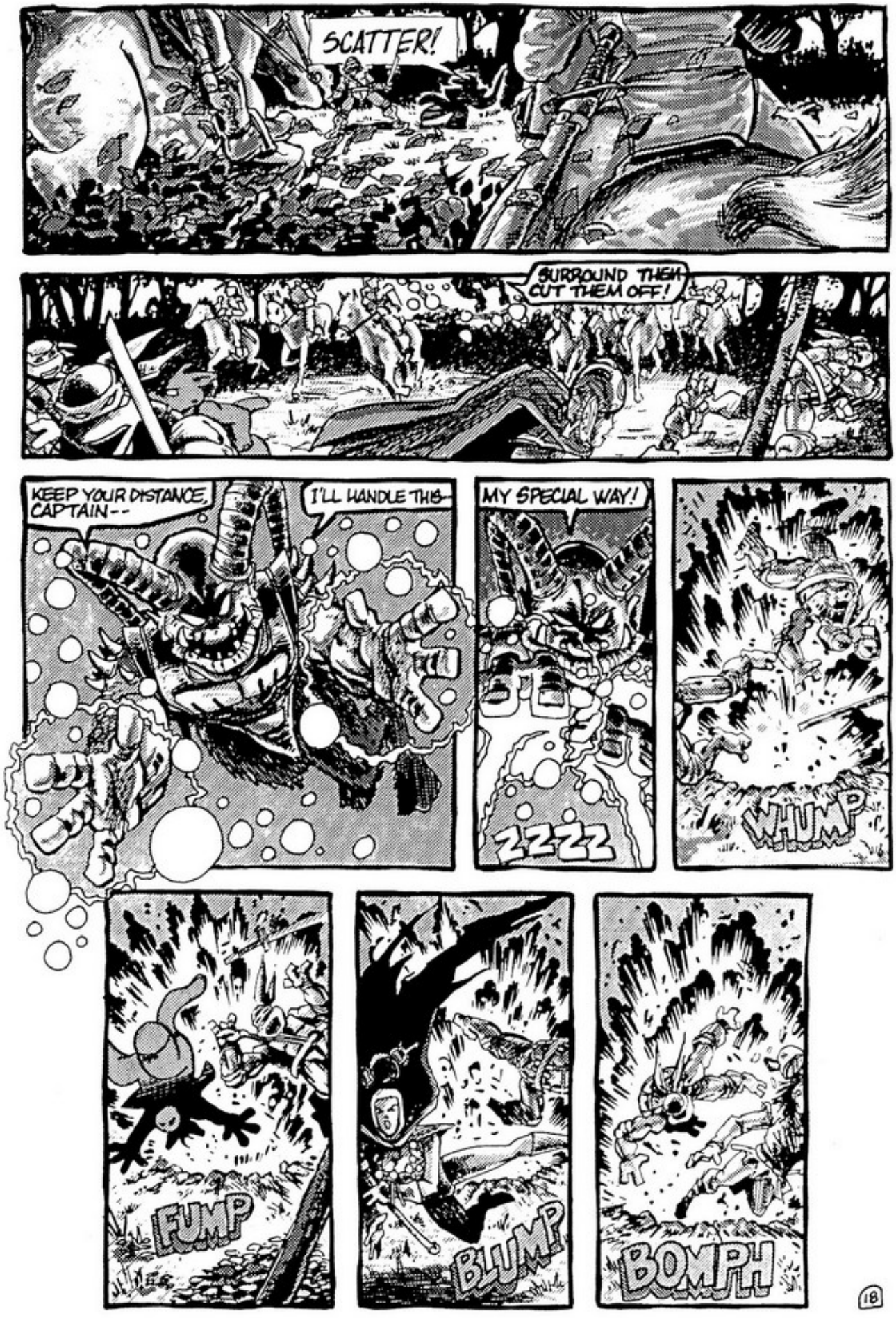

YAAAA!
AHH--! MY EYES!
SORCERY.
DEMONS! GET BACK!
EEYOOWWOWWOOWOWW!!!!
14

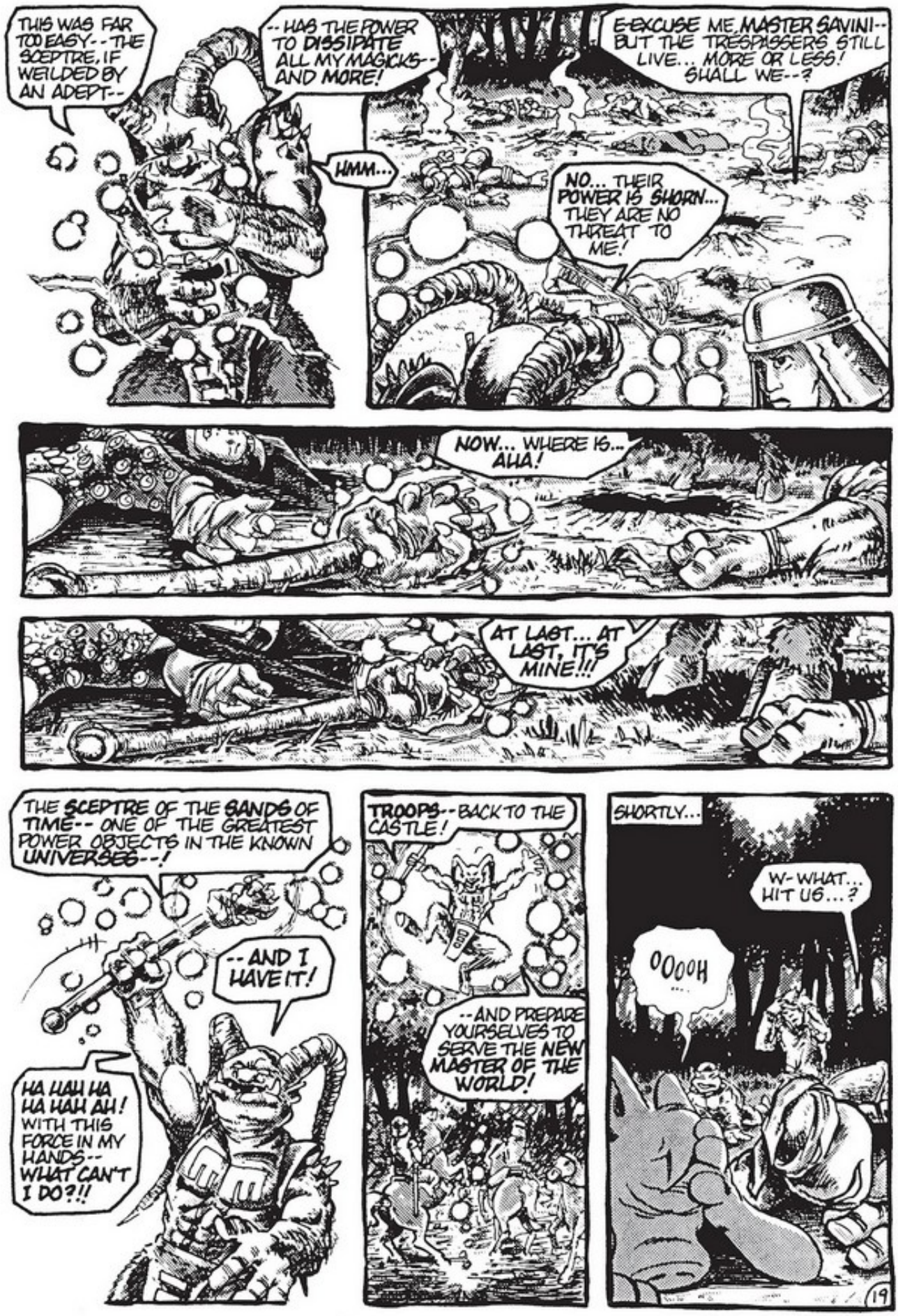
WITHIN THE CASTLE...
IT'S HERE! IT'S HERE!
URRNNK...
WHAT HAPPENED?!
WHERE ARE WE?
EEEKKK!!! A DEMON!
OH, GEEZ--!
THE SCEPTRE--! IT'S HERE!!
GURR...? WHAT!?!
OH, WOW-- MORE "SPECIAL CREATURES! I HOPE WE DIDN'T HURT YOU!
DEMONS AND A WITCH!!
UH OH, ONE OF THOSE GUYS WE LANDED ON IS GOING FOR HIS SWORD-- COULD BE TROUBLE!
15

ARE YOU CRAZY?! "THE SCEPTRE"-- THE ONE THAT CONTAINS THE SACRED BANDS OF TIME? IT'S HERE, IN THIS DIMENSION-- NOW?!
YES! IT IS TRUE-- SEARCH YOUR MIND... FEEL THE POWER... THE FORCE...
TAKE IT EASY, FRIEND! WE'RE SORRY WE FELL ON TOP OF YOU-- BUT IT WASN'T ON PURPOSE, BELIEVE ME!
IT'S A LITTLE LATE FOR APOLOGIES ASPARAGUS-FACE...
LET'S SEE IF YOU KNOW HOW TO USE THAT THING...
YYESSSSS-- I FEEL ITS PRESENCE SO STRONG!
IT MUST BE HERE, AND CLOSE BY! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
AFTER ALL THESE AGES-- IT'S WITHIN MY REACH!
RIGHT OVER--
TINK
--THERE!
AT THE EDGE OF THE WOODS!
CAPTAIN! HAVE TWENTY OF YOUR BEST MEN MOUNTED AT ATTACK READY IN FOUR SECONDS! MOVE IT!
16

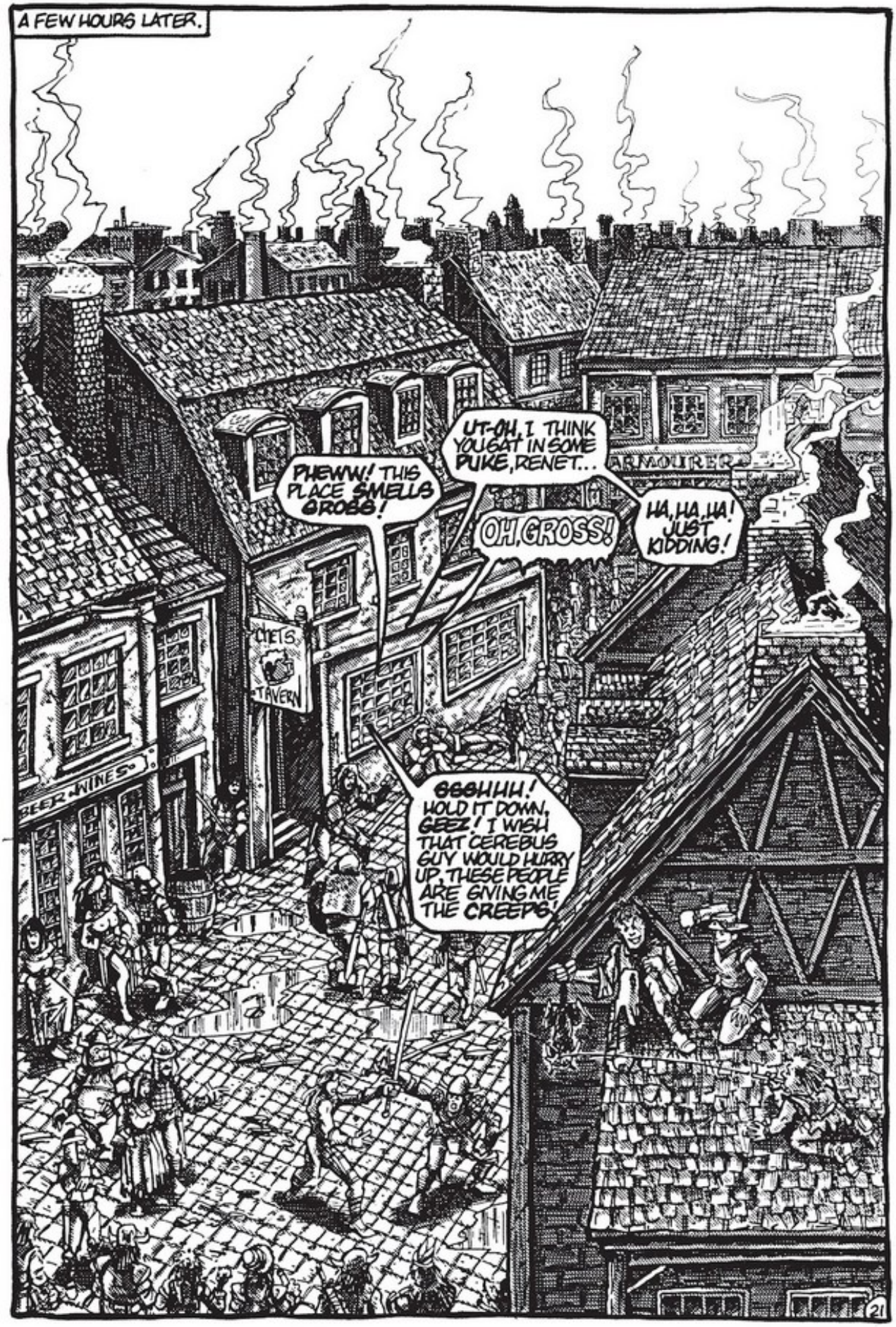
HEY, YOU GUYS-- CHILL OUT! NO NEED TO FIGHT-- I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!
Y'SEE, BACK IN THE 79TH LEVEL OF THE DIMENSION OF NULL-TIME, I WAS, LIKE TOTALLY TIRED OF MY DULL, BORING, LIFE AS APPRENTICE TO LORD SIMULTANEOUS, MASTER OF TIME... SO I DECIDED TO BLAH, BLAH BLAH...
RIDE HARD, WARRIORS-- RIDE FAST! HEAD STRAIGHT FOR THE TREELINE TO THE NORTH... AND MAY YOUR GODS HAVE MERCY ON ANY STRAGGLERS-- FOR I WILL NOT!
SO WHEN OLD LORD SIMULTANEOUS APPEARED IN NEW YORK, I WAS JUST SO SURE HE'D KILL US ALL, REAL SLOW AND HORRIBLE-- SO I USED THIS SCEPTRE TO POP US OFF TO HERE!
ANYWAY, THIS PLACE IS PRETTY GROSS... SO I'LL JUST HAVE THE SCEPTRE TAKE US AWAY TO SOME NICE PLACE, REAL SOON! OKAY?
LOOK-- CEREBUS HAS A FORTRESS TO BREAK INTO, SO WHY DON'T YOU TAKE YOUR FRIENDS HERE AND GET WHEREVER YOU ...
...HORSES.

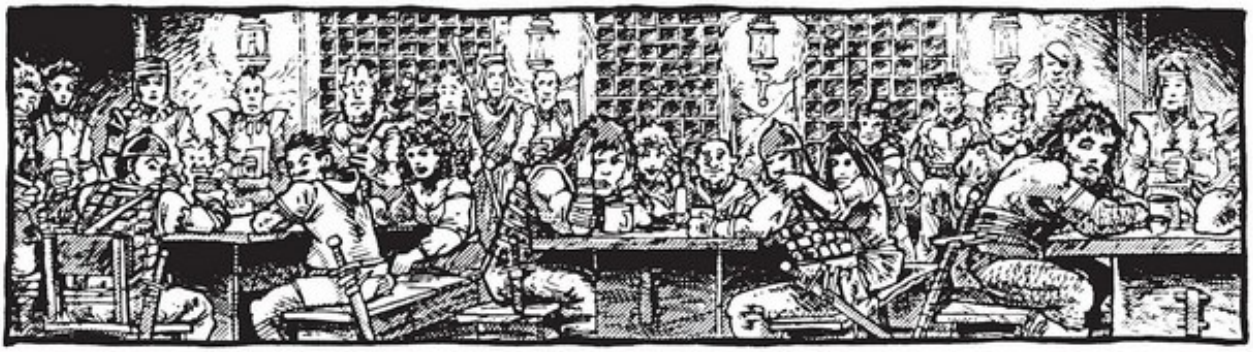
17

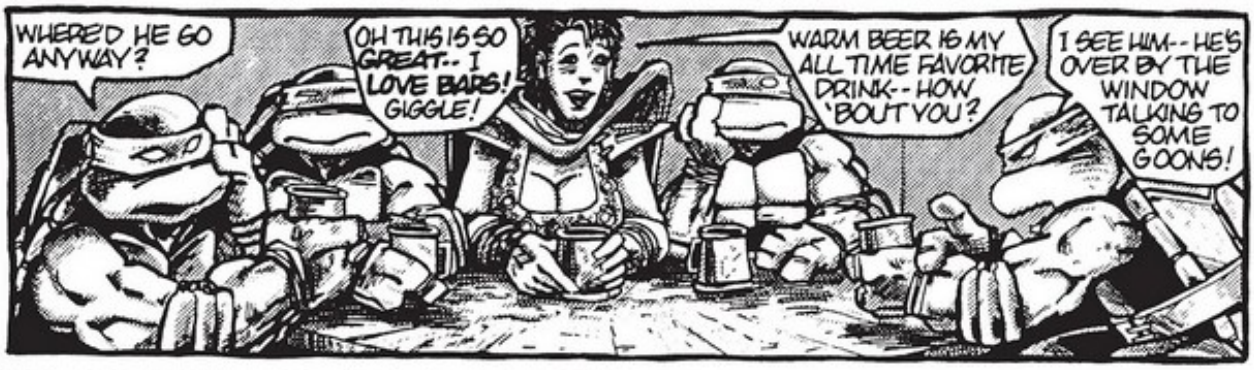

SCATTER!
SURROUND THEM CUT THEM OFF!
KEEP YOUR DISTANCE, CAPTAIN--
I'LL HANDLE THIS
MY SPECIAL WAY!
ZZZZ
WHUMP
FUMP
BLUMP
BOMPH
18


THIS WAS FAR TOO EASY--THE SCEPTRE, IF WIELDED BY AN ADEPT--
--HAS THE POWER TO DISSIPATE ALL MY MAGICKS--AND MORE!
HMM...
E-EXCUSE ME, MASTER SAVINI--BUT THE TRESPASSERS STILL LIVE... MORE OR LESS! SHALL WE--?
NO... THEIR POWER IS SHORN... THEY ARE NO THREAT TO ME!
NOW... WHERE IS... AHA!
AT LAST... AT LAST, IT'S MINE!!!
THE SCEPTRE OF THE SANDS OF TIME--ONE OF THE GREATEST POWER OBJECTS IN THE KNOWN UNIVERSES--!
--AND I HAVE IT!
HA HAH HA HA HAH AH! WITH THIS FORCE IN MY HANDS--WHAT CAN'T I DO?!!
TROOPS--BACK TO THE CASTLE!
--AND PREPARE YOURSELVES TO SERVE THE NEW MASTER OF THE WORLD!
SHORTLY...
W-WHAT... HIT US...?
OOOOH...
19

MUTHER--
IS EVERYONE OKAY?
OH, NO!
--THE SCEPTRE!
THE SCEPTRE IS GONE!
THAT GROSS HAIRY GUY MUST HAVE TAKEN IT!
A-AND... WITHOUT THE SANDS OF TIME, WE'LL BE STUCK HERE-- LIKE, FOREVER!!!
WHAT--!? ARE YOU SERIOUS!!? WITHOUT YOUR MAGIC WAND WE CAN'T GO HOME?!
LOOK-- I'M REALLY SORRY--
OH, GREAT!
--JUST GREAT! GREAT! JUST FINE AND DANDY! URR... HOW DO WE GET INTO THESE THINGS?! WHAT A MESS!
SORRY, SORRY, SORRY--
WELL, WE HAVE NO CHOICE-- WE'LL HAVE TO GET THE SCEPTRE BACK...
OR STAY HERE FOREVER! GACK!
BUT JUST LOOK AT THAT PLACE, LEO-- WE'D NEED AN ARMY TO PUT A DENT IN IT!
A-HEM.
CEREBUS KNOWS WHERE WE CAN TRADE SOME OF THE WITCH'S JEWELRY FOR MERCENARIES
YOU GET YOUR SCEPTRE
AND CEREBUS GETS HIS TREASURE ...
DEAL?
20


A FEW HOURS LATER.
PHEWW! THIS PLACE SMELLS GROSS!
UH-OH, I THINK YOU GOT IN SOME PUKE, RENET...
OH, GROSS!
HA, HA, HA! JUST KIDDING!
CHET'S TAVERN
BEER WINES
ARMOURER
GGGHHH! HOLD IT DOWN, GEEZ! I WISH THAT CEREBUS GUY WOULD HURRY UP. THESE PEOPLE ARE GIVING ME THE CREEPS!
21




WHERE'D HE GO ANYWAY?
OH THIS IS SO GREAT-- I LOVE BARS! GIGGLE!
WARM BEER IS MY ALL TIME FAVORITE DRINK-- HOW 'BOUT YOU?
I SEE HIM-- HE'S OVER BY THE WINDOW TALKING TO SOME GOONS!

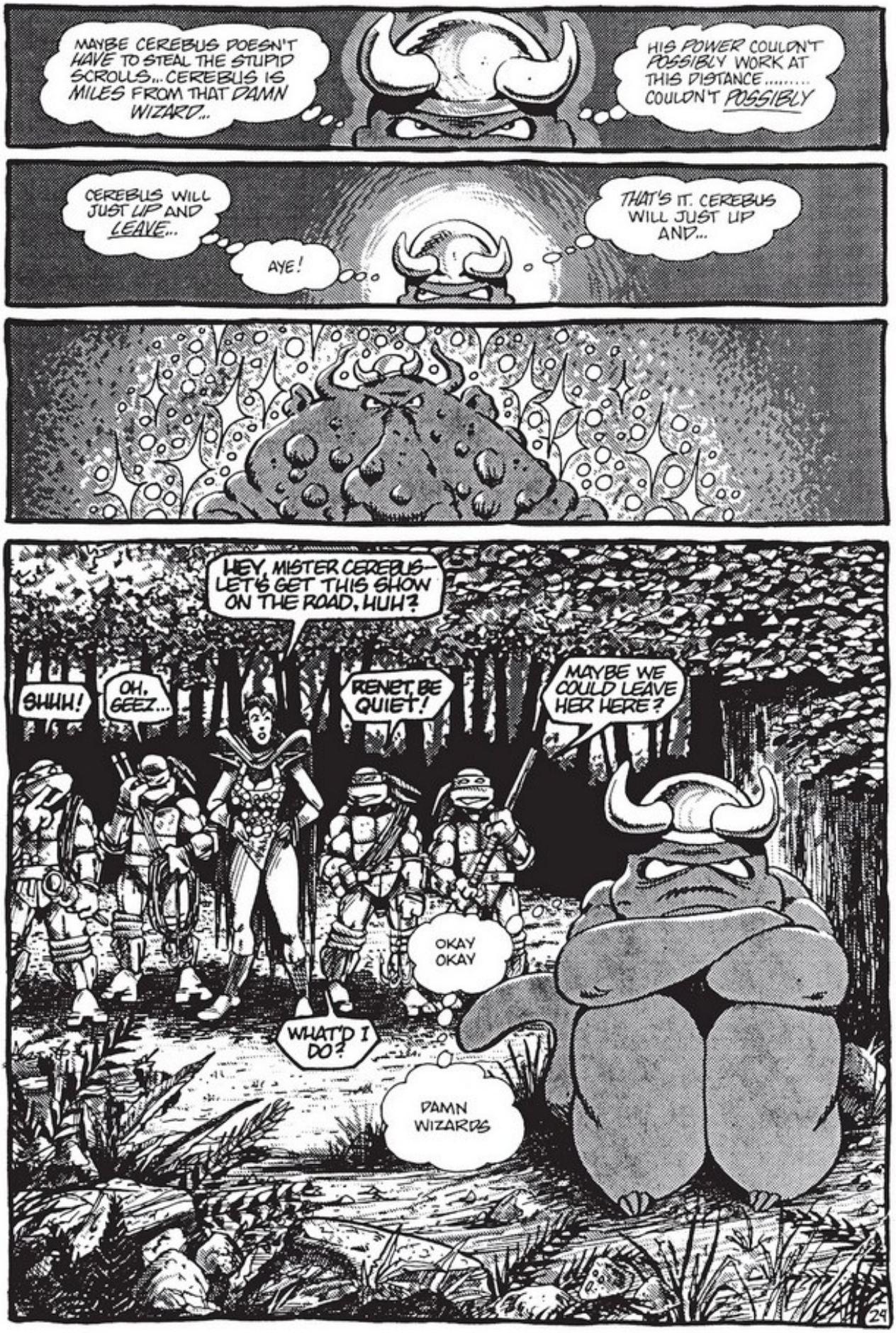
I WONDER WHAT THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT? IT BETTER CONCERN GETTING INTO THAT CASTLE!
ZO... 'OW MUCH FER DE GIRL YOU COME HERE WITH, EH?
NO WAY. THE LAST TIME CERBUS SOLD SOMEONE A WITCH, HE SPENT SIX MONTHS EATING FLIES ON A LILY PAD...
W-WITCH?!

DO YOU THINK WE CAN TRUST HIM, LEO?
NO...
I KNEW IT WOULD COME TO THIS, EH...
TOLD YA DIDN'T I? RIGHT FROM THE START!

OH, TAKE OFF YOU KNOB! YEP, THE MINUTE I LET THAT LITTLE GRAY FURRY GUY IN HERE LAST MONTH, I KNEW SOONER OR LATER HE'D START BRINGING HIS FRIENDS IN!
TOLD YA DIDN'T I? RIGHT FROM THE START--

OOH, THE BEACH! I JUST LIKE, LOVE THE BEACH! I MEAN, I'VE NEVER BEEN TO ONE, BUT I KNOW IT WOULD BE GOOO WILD! I KNOW I'D LOVE IT! TEE, HEE! CAN I HAVE ANOTHER BEER?
OH, RENET-- PLEASE! JUST PASSOUT OR SOMETHING! YAK, YAK, YAK YAK!
HEY-- HERE HE COMES, GUYS!

HEY--HAVE YOU SEEN MY HAT?
WHAT'S UP, CEREBUS? WHY'D THOSE MEN YOU WERE TALKING TO GO RUNNING OUT THE DOOR?
WHAT DID YOU SAY TO THEM? WILL THEY HELP US ATTACK THE FORT? WHAT ABOUT--
STOP SWEATING IN YOUR ALE-- IT MAKES IT TASTE FUNNY
CEREBUS HAS THE ARMY WE NEED..
OH, YEAH? HOW DID YOU DO THAT?
EASY ...
CEREBUS TOLD THEM THE GIRL IS MYRTLE, QUEEN OF THE MYSTIC T'CAPMIN TORTOISES AND ONCE EVERY HUNDRED YEARS SHE GRANTS AN ARMY INVULNERABILITY FROM SUNUP TO SUNDOWN
CEREBUS TOLD THEM THEY WERE THE LUCKY ARMY THIS TIME AND THAT THEY SHOULD ATTACK THE FORTRESS TOMORROW AND STEAL ALL OF THE SORCERERS GOLD
HAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHA
JOKE RIGHT?
AYE.. BE AT THE EDGE OF THE CLEARING BEHIND THE FORTRESS AT SUN-UP
AND WE'LL SEE HOW FUNNY IT IS...
23


MAYBE CEREBUS DOESN'T HAVE TO STEAL THE STUPID SCROLLS... CEREBUS IS MILES FROM THAT DAMN WIZARD...
HIS POWER COULDN'T POSSIBLY WORK AT THIS DISTANCE..... COULDN'T POSSIBLY
CEREBUS WILL JUST UP AND LEAVE...
AYE!
THAT'S IT. CEREBUS WILL JUST UP AND...
HEY, MISTER CEREBUS— LET'S GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD, HUH?
SHHH!
OH, GEEZ...
RENET, BE QUIET!
MAYBE WE COULD LEAVE HER HERE?
OKAY OKAY
WHAT'D I DO?
DAMN WIZARDS
29

RENET! PLEASE!!! THIS IS A SNEAK ATTACK-- WE DON'T WANT THEM TO HEAR US! GET IT?!
OH, GEEZ! YOU'RE RIGHT! SORRY...
UM... SO WHAT'S NEXT...?
WE WAIT FOR A MESSENGER TO TELL US WHEN OUR JOKE HAS STARTED...
ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE FOR-TRESS.
WE'RE ALL SET--BY NOW, THE MESSENGER SHOULD HAVE TOLD CEREBUS AND HIS ASSASSINS TO ATTACK!
GET READY, MEN!
OH, ALL THAT GOLD! BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL GOLD--! JUST WAITING FOR ME!
WITH THE WITCH'S SPELLS OF INVULNERABILITY, WE'LL BE UNSTOPPABLE!
YEAH!
YEAH!
LET'S MOVE OUT!!!
WE BAD!
GRRRR!
GET'EM!
YEAH, YEAH!
BACK ON THE OTHER SIDE...
SHH... SOME-ONE'S COMING!
COULD BE A PATROL FROM THE CASTLE--!
OH, YEAH?
YAA!
RAPHAEL, WAIT--! IT COULD BE THE...
25

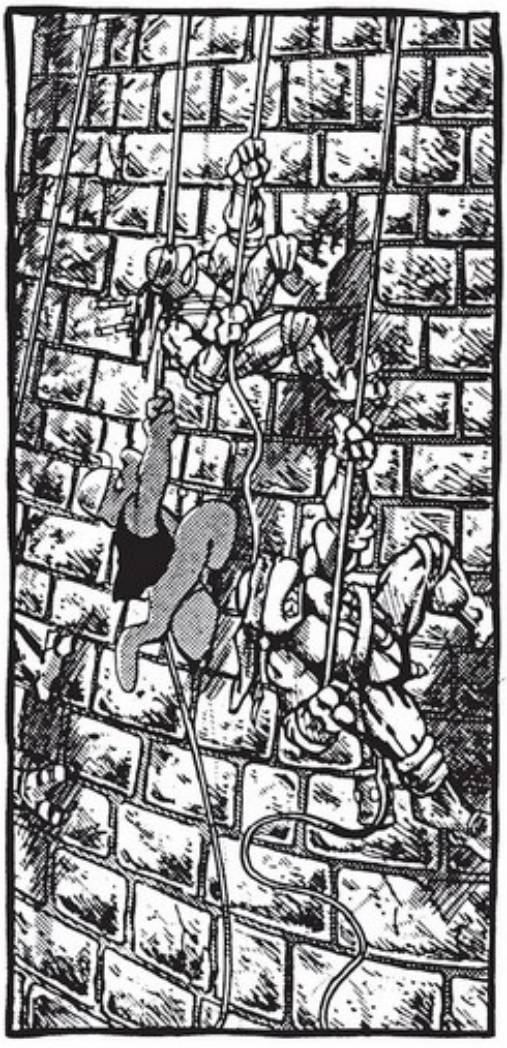
...THE... MESSENGER...
UH... HEY... IT WAS THE MESSENGER! HEH... GUESS THAT MEANS WE'RE READY TO GO, HUH?

IT'S A GOOD THING CEREBUS DOESN'T BELIEVE IN OMENS
HE'S USUALLY NOT THIS BAD -- IT MUST BE THE CLEAN AIR HERE!

AH, YESSS... IT'S ALL COMING BACK TO ME NOW... I REMEMBER THIS WELL... IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I'VE OPENED THIS TEXT! OF COURSE, UNTIL NOW I'VE HAD NO NEED TO REVIEW "101 USES FOR THE SACRED SANDS OF TIME SCEPTRE"! HEH, HEH, HEH...!

BUT NOW I POSSESS THE SCEPTRE, WITH ALL ITS POWERS... NOW... I AM READY!!!

KILL 'IM!
GUT THE TYRANT PIG DOG, SAVANTI ROMERO
YEAH!
GET HIS GOLD!
SHHH!
GOLD?
NO ONE TOLD ME ABOUT THE GOLD!

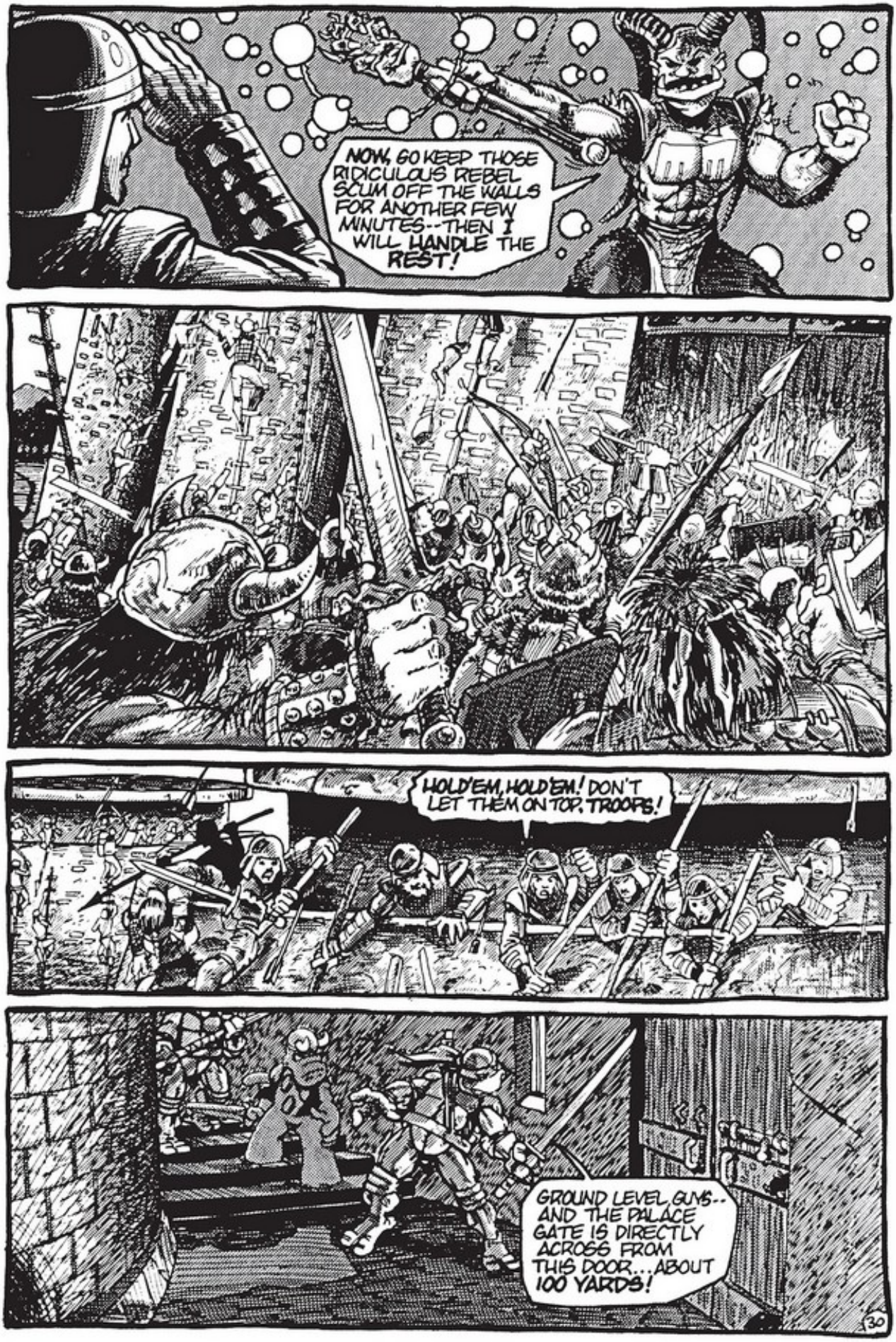


A THOUSAND PARDONS LORD ROMERO -- BUT WE HAVE ANOTHER UP RISING OF VILLAGERS AND ASSORTED MERCENARY SLIM -- THEY'RE ATTACKING THE FRONT GATE!
NO, KIDDING?

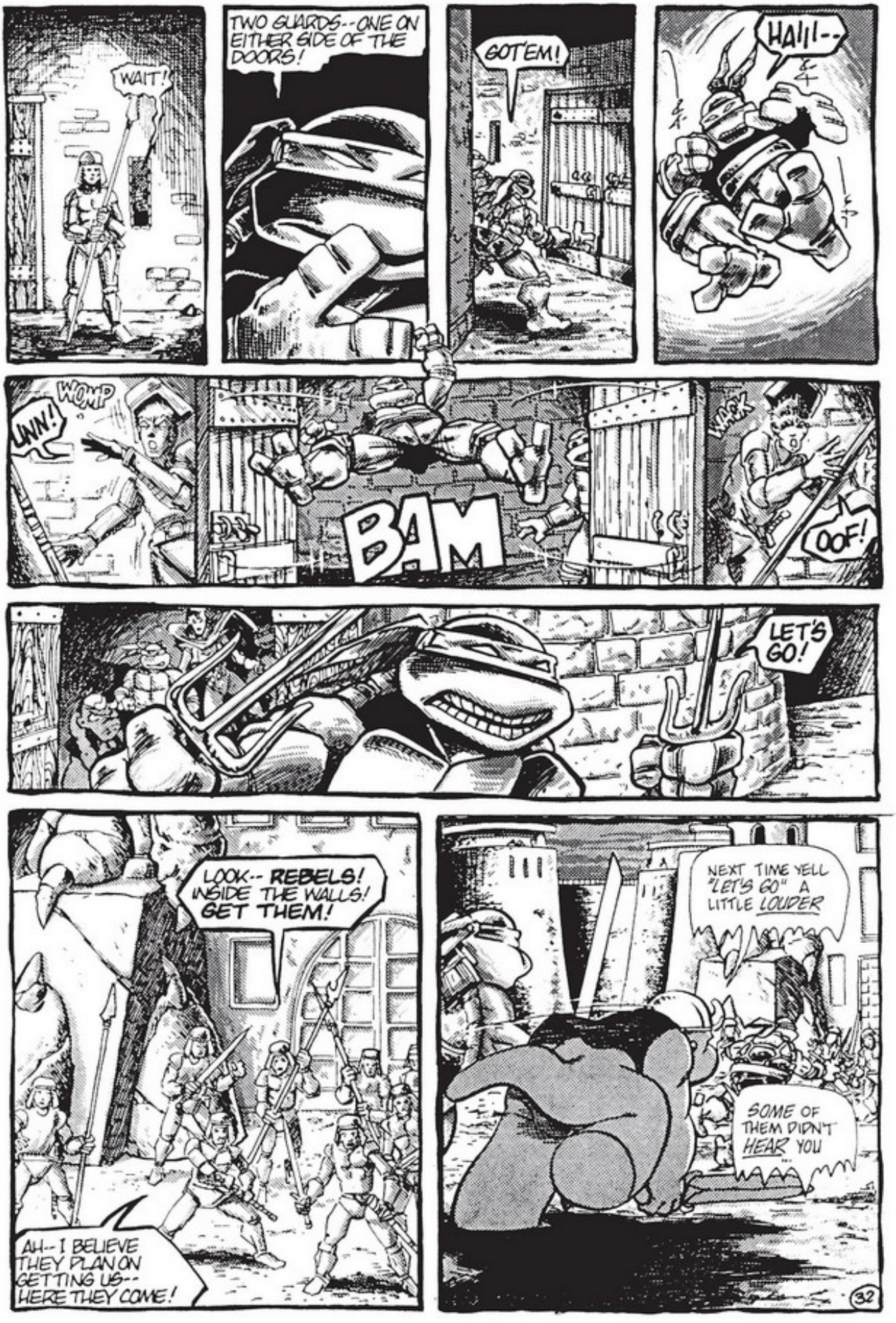
HOW DELIGHTFUL! THEIR TIMING COULDN'T HAVE BEEN ANY BETTER! MY FIRST CHANCE TO SHOW THIS WRETCHED WORLD MY NEW POWER!

SIRE, I'VE POSTED MORE ARCHERS ON THE WALLS -- SHALL I ORGANIZE A MOUNTED TROOP TO COUNTER ATTACK?
NO! DEFINTELY NOT! PUT EVERY AVAILABLE MAN ON THE WALLS, AND FOR NO REASON WHAT SO EVER, GO INTO THE FIELDS
SIRE?
HEH, HEH... YOU ARE ABOUT TO DISCOVER, GUARD CAPTAIN THE "WHY" BEHIND MY MAD HOBBY OF COLLECTING THE BODIES OF DEAD WARRIORS AND BURYING THEM IN THE FIELDS THAT SURROUND THIS CASTLE!
KILL! KILL!
KICK THE BUM OUT!
THROW HIM AROUND A LITTLE!
BITE 'IM!
POKE HIM IN THE EYE!
ERR... AH... YES, MY LORD.. YOUR... UH HOBBY DID SEEM A BIT... ODD...
ODD? ODD?!! YES, IT WAS RATHER ODD WASN'T IT?!! HA, HA, HA, HA! WELL, NOW YOU'LL FINDOUT WHY--
--AS ALL THOSE DEAD WARRIORS SHALL RISE TO FIGHT AGAIN!
EEEK!
28

HURRY, GUYS, PLEASE?! I HATE HEIGHTS! OOH, I'M GONNA DIE, I JUST KNOW IT!
CEREBUS AND LEO KOD THE GUARDS-- HURRY, BEFORE WE'RE SPOTTED!
UNF--! SHE'S UP! LET'S MOVE!
LET'S SEE-- SORCERERS ARE PARTIAL TO ODD-SHAPED QUARTERS...
LIKE THAT TOWER OVER THERE...
CEREBUS CAN TAKE OUT MOST OF THE GUARDS HIMSELF
TRY AND KEEP THE "KILLER OF MESSENGERS" ON A SHORT LEASH
29


NOW, GO KEEP THOSE RIDICULOUS REBEL SCUM OFF THE WALLS FOR ANOTHER FEW MINUTES--THEN I WILL HANDLE THE REST!
HOLD 'EM, HOLD 'EM! DON'T LET THEM ON TOP, TROOPS!
GROUND LEVEL, GUYS-- AND THE PALACE GATE IS DIRECTLY ACROSS FROM THIS DOOR...ABOUT 100 YARDS!
30

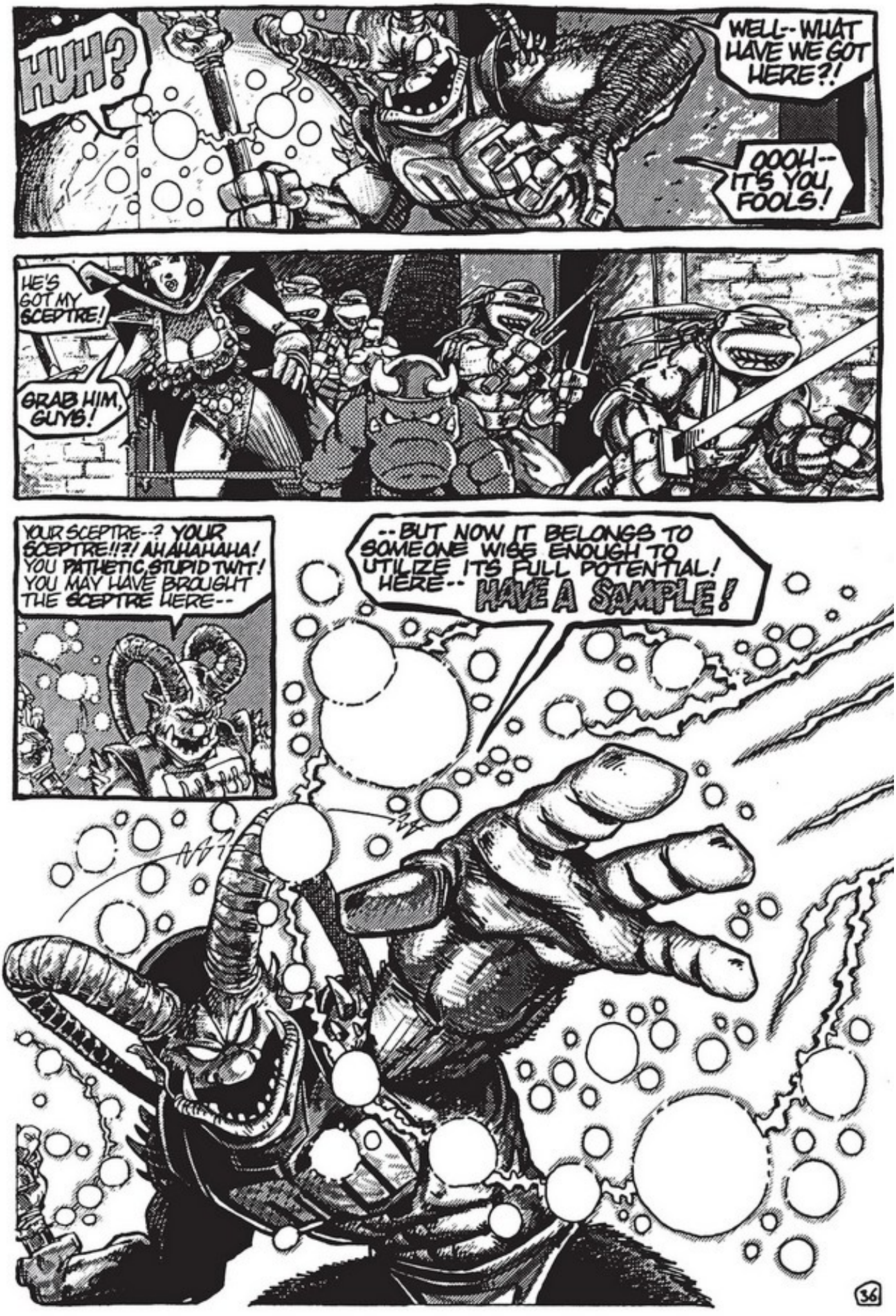
RISE, MY DEAD ONES--! LET THE SLAIN BECOME SLAYERS!
HEE HEE
HEE HEE!
SNICKER SNICK
GIGGLE
TARTER SAUCE, SALSA, AND MUSTARD, PHEW! BAGBALM, GARLIC AND MIXED SALTS TOO!
PICKLES, ONIONS, AND SOME SPECIAL KINDA GOO! TUTTI-FRUTTI SKIP-A-DEE DOO! UP MY DEAD, GET A CLUE, IT'S TIME TO LIVE, THERES LOTS TO DO!
SPUCK
POP
PUCK
HAH! IT'S DONE--THE WORDS ARE SPOKEN! BY THE POWER OF THE SANDS OF TIME, MY ARMY LIVES! LAUGH--LAUGH, YOU UNDEAD FOOLS--YOUR MASTER, SAVANTI ROMERO, COMMANDS IT!
HEE HEE HA HA HAH HEE HAH HEE HEHEE!
HA HAHA HAHAHA HA HAHAHA HA HAHAHAHA HA HA HA HA HAHA HA HAHA
31

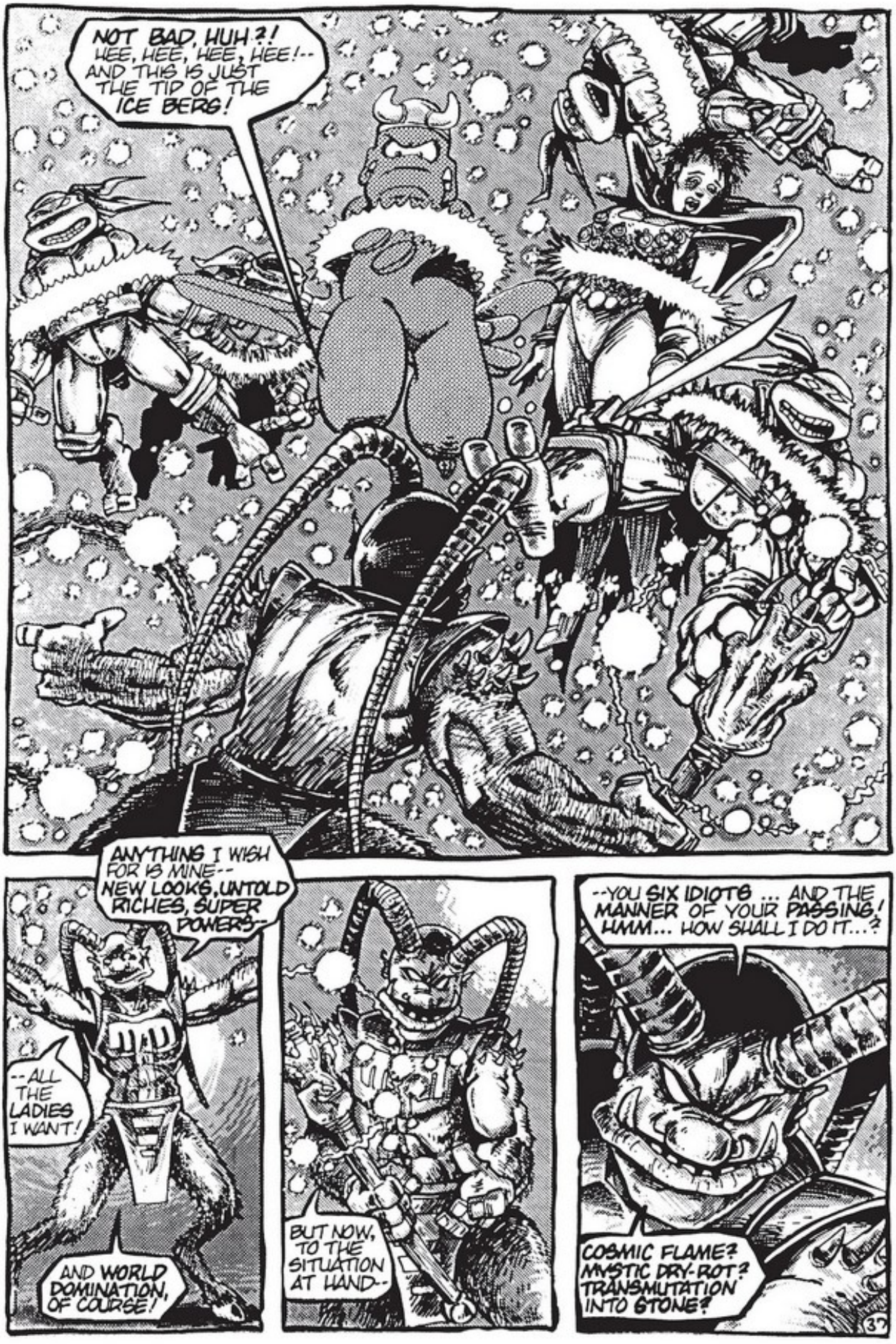

WAIT!
TWO GUARDS--ONE ON EITHER SIDE OF THE DOORS!
GOT'EM!
HAII!--
UNN!
WOMP
BAM
WHOK
OOF!
LET'S GO!
LOOK-- REBELS! INSIDE THE WALLS! GET THEM!
AH-- I BELIEVE THEY PLAN ON GETTING US-- HERE THEY COME!
NEXT TIME YELL "LET'S GO" A LITTLE LOUDER
SOME OF THEM DIDN'T HEAR YOU
32

THUMP
THUCK
KLANG
ACK!
I'VE GOT THE DOORS-- EVERYONE INSIDE, QUICKLY!
33

OUTSIDE...
YAAA! W-W-WHAT ARE THESE THINGS?!
OH, YESSSS! TASTE THE POWER OF MY SCEPTRE, YOU FOOLS!
LIVE, MY DEAD WARRIORS! KILL THE REBELS! KILL THEM!
ARGG
OW!
EEK!
HELP!
UT!
HEY, LISTEN-- LAUGHING? IT'S COMING FROM OUTSIDE THE CASTLE WALLS?!
HEY! YOU GUYS HEAR THAT?!
I TELL YOU I HEAR LAUGHING!
IT'S THE UNDEAD ...
THEY HAVE A GREAT SENSE OF HUMOUR ...
TWO GUARDS -- END OF THE HALL...
34

WE'VE BEEN TRICKED--THE WITCH'S SPELLS ARE USELESS! WE'RE GETTING SLAUGHTERED!
RUN AWAY!
RUN AWAY!
HO HO HO
THIS IS GREAT! HA HA HA HA HA HA! BOW TO YOUR NEW MASTER, YOU SCUM!
HEY--? INTRUDERS! STOP THEM!
THINK YOU CAN TAKE THE OTHER ONE?
WITHOUT YELLING 'LET'S GO' OR 'WAHOO'?
AW!
ON THREE...
ONE...
TWO...
KA-BAM
...THREE!
35


HUH?
WELL-- WHAT HAVE WE GOT HERE?!
OOOH-- IT'S YOU, FOOLS!
HE'S GOT MY SCEPTRE!
GRAB HIM, GUYS!
YOUR SCEPTRE--? YOUR SCEPTRE!!?! AHAHAHAHA! YOU PATHETIC, STUPID TWIT! YOU MAY HAVE BROUGHT THE SCEPTRE HERE--
--BUT NOW IT BELONGS TO SOMEONE WISE ENOUGH TO UTILIZE ITS FULL POTENTIAL! HERE-- HAVE A SAMPLE!
36


NOT BAD, HUH?! HEE, HEE, HEE, HEE!-- AND THIS IS JUST THE TIP OF THE ICE BERG!
ANYTHING I WISH FOR IS MINE-- NEW LOOKS, UNTOLD RICHES, SUPER POWERS--
--ALL THE LADIES I WANT!
AND WORLD DOMINATION, OF COURSE!
BUT NOW, TO THE SITUATION AT HAND--
--YOU SIX IDIOTS ... AND THE MANNER OF YOUR PASSING! HMM... HOW SHALL I DO IT...?
COSMIC FLAME? MYSTIC DRY-ROT? TRANSMUTATION INTO STONE?
37

STOP!
GACK!
YOU!
YOU?!
WELL, DON'T THIS BEAT ALL! OL' SAVANT! ROMERO-- I'D FORGOTTEN THAT I'D SENT YOU HERE! STILL UP TO NO GOOD, I SEE!
YOU FORGOT... YOU FORGOT!!? YOU BASTARD! YOU RUINED MY CAREER AS AN ASSISTANT GOD, MUTATED ME INTO THIS OBSCENE FORM, CAST ME INTO THIS GOD FORSAKEN LAND FOR ALL ETERNITY... AND YOU FORGOT!?!
ROMERO, YOU PLAY THE INNOCENT AS BADLY NOW AS YOU DID WHEN I CAUGHT YOU PLOTTING TO OVER-THROW ME, EONS AGO--
-- SEEK NOT TO BLAME ME FOR YOUR WRETCHED STATE!
HUMPF!
I WAS WEAK, THEN-- BUT THAT'S ALL CHANGED NOW--!

--YOUR SCEPTRE WITH THE SACRED SANDS OF TIME--
IT'S MINE NOW!
HOW ABOUT THAT! ONE OF THE GREATEST POWER OBJECTS IN EXISTENCE-- AND I CONTROL IT!
WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY TO THAT, YOU OLD FOOL?!
HA HA HA HEE HEE HO HA HE
HO, HO--OH BOY, THAT'S A GOOD ONE!
DUM-DEE DUM-DEE DUM-DEE DUM--
HERE WE GO!!
I'D FORGOTTEN WHAT A COMEDIAN YOU WERE, ROMERO! HEE, HEE, HEE! WHAT A CARD, WHAT A CUT UP--!
GAARRR!!
DON'T LAUGH AT ME--I HATE THAT! YOU ALWAYS LAUGHED AT ME! WELL, AFTER TODAY, NO MORE!
TODAY, I GET EVEN!!
39

FRY! FRY!
OXIDIZE AND DIE! HA, HA, HA!
BURN, SCORCH, SEAR, AND CHAR!
COOK, SIZZLE -- DO SOMETHING HOT!
COME ON...! A SPARK?! ANYTHING?
PLEASE...?
DONE YET?
PUFF! WHEEZE! GASP!
UH-OH... I THINK I BE IN TROUBLE...

WHA--WHAT PUFF HAPPENED? YOU DIDN'T EVEN TWITCH?
FIZZLE
SPARK
ALL THE SCEPTRE'S WHEEZE POWER... DIDN'T TOUCH YOU... WHY--?
SPARK
SPUTTER
ZZZZZT
OH, SAVANT!-- YOU REALLY ARE AN AMUSING FELLOW!
I DIDN'T REALIZE WHEN I IMPROVED YOUR LOOKS AND SENT YOU TO THIS ERA, IT WOULD AFFECT YOUR MIND SO MUCH!
YOU SEE, WHAT IT BASICALLY COMES DOWN TO IS THIS: YOU'RE WAY BEHIND THE TIMES...
THIS IS THE NEW GENERATION OF POWER OBJECTS--
...THE TECHNOLOGY WE HAVE TODAY PUTS THOSE CRUMMY OLD MYSTIC TALISMANS TO SHAME! THIS, MY FRIEND, IS THE MOST POWERFUL OBJECT IN THE TRANS-TEMPORAL UNIVERSE--
THE DIGITAL COSMIC QUARTZ!!
AND NOW SAVANT!...!
...NOW YOU SHALL FEEL ITS MIGHT!!!
41

NO PLEASE--! I'LL BE GOOD THIS TIME, REALLY! I WILL! PLEASE, PLEASE!
GOOD BYE, SAVANTI!
SNAP!
BLIP!
SO MUCH FOR THAT PEST! NOW...
HI GUYS!
RENET!
HOW'S IT GOING?
NOT SO GREAT, I SEE...!
I MUST ADMIT YOU MADE A VALIANT ATTEMPT TO RE-TRIEVE MY TWICE-STOLEN SCEPTRE, RENET...
G-GEEZ, LORD SIMULTANEOUS, I DIDN'T REALLY, LIKE, STEAL IT! Y'SEE, THIS BIG, UGLY DEMON TOLD ME TO--
STOP RIGHT THERE!
SAY NOT ANOTHER WORD, YOUNG LADY!
GULP!
42

YOU ARE IN AN INCREDIBLE AMOUNT OF TROUBLE AS IT IS--
DO YOU REALLY WANT TO ADD A FEW MORE LIES TO YOUR STACK OF OFFENSES?!
LEAVE HER ALONE, BUTTHEAD! CAN'T YOU SEE SHE'S SCARED TO DEATH OF YOU?! NO WONDER SHE LEFT YOUR SERVICE! AND IF YOU LAY ONE FINGER ON HER, I'LL--
WELL, LA DEE DAH! DON'T WORRY, CHUM-- THIS "BUTTHEAD" WON'T HARM RENET IN THE WAY YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT-- BUT SHE WILL BE PUNISHED!
ANYWAY, YOU LOT ARE THE LAST BUNCH OF LOONIES I NEED TO EXPLAIN MYSELF TO--! I THINK IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO LEAVE--
--ADIOS AMIGOS!
BLIP!
BLIP!
BLIP!
--AND THAT LEAVES YOU! STILL WANT THOSE SILLY SCROLLS, EH? WELL...
43

POOF!
HERE YOU GO!
BYE NOW!
BLIP
WELL, IT'S DOWN TO JUST YOU AND I, MY ADVENTUROUS ONE--
TIME TO GO HOME AND FACE THE MUSIC, RENET!
OOH, HE'S GONNA KILL ME, I JUST KNOW IT!!!
NO, I'M NOT GOING TO KILL YOU!
CALM DOWN!
GEEZ! WHAT A WORRY WART!
44

EPILOGUE

OH, THIS REALLY BITES THE BIG ONE! I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT TIME ZONE I'M IN!
WHAT COULD BE WORSE THAN THIS?!
CEREBUS IS COMING WITH THE SCROLLS DAMMIT...
CUT CEREBUS SOME SLACK!
YAAH! IT'S ALL DARK! WHERE ARE WE?!
HOME, RAPH-- NEW YORK.
WE'RE IN A DUMPSTER.
MUMPPH-- THESE TRIPS HAVE GOT TO STOP! THE LANDINGS ARE KILLERS!
GAFF! MIKE- GET OFF MY HEAD!
OH, COME ON MASTER-- THIS IS A BIT MUCH, DON'T YOU THINK? I MEAN LOOK, I WASN'T REALLY THAT BAD, WAS I?! COME ON, PLEASE? I'LL BE GOOD, I PROMISE! HOW MUCH LONGER DO I HAVE TO WEAR THESE?
WILL YOU PPLLLEEAZZLE, BE QUIET!!! YOU'VE ONLY HAD THEM ON FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES! IF YOU STOP COMPLAINING NOW, I MIGHT TAKE THEM OFF IN A WEEK! NOW SHUT UP AND KEEP DUSTING!
BUTTHEAD!
ANOTHER WEEK!
OOP!
END
45

KEVIN EASTMAN

I went completely nuts on this issue. I think I was more selfish and guarded with the writing and layouts with Pete than I had ever been on any of the other Turtles books, and looking back I'm not exactly sure why. We talked out the story and the beats like always, but when I dug into it, I became obsessed and consumed with it—even expanding the story to 45 pages in length.

I know we were both huge fans of Dave Sim and his self-published creation, *Cerebus* (as well as a few others making their mark in the mid-'70s, like Wendy and Richard Pini's *Elfquest* series), and I know we were all collectively huge fans of the self-publishing cartoonists from the late '60s that led the way—Corben, Bode, Crumb, and the like—but this was different…

I think I REALLY latched onto the idea that if this Canadian guy could get all this attention with a book about this little Aardvark running around like Conan the Barbarian hacking people up, because he was drawing it like Barry Windsor-Smith's art for Marvel's *Conan* earlier in that decade, why couldn't we do something like that?

Something to get it started… to get us noticed… we could make it a parody of all our favorite comics, but drawn in the style of another personal hero of mine, Frank Miller, and his groundbreaking *Ronin* project. Yeah, that's the ticket!

Regardless of how the issue's tone and mood specifically evolved, Pete was always great—in for a penny, in for a pound—and we always kept the playing field as equal as possible. This was an AWESOME issue, and we all did it together—Me, Pete, Dave, and Gerhard—and although I have a zillion wonderful memories from this time period, this is one of my favorites. We threw everything including the kitchen sink in there, and in some places it showed. But man, what a ride!

I would LOVE to do another crossover like this one day… it REALLY was one of the best rides ever.

PETER LAIRD

This was the issue which featured a crossover adventure with Dave Sim's great character Cerebus the Aardvark. Kevin was a huge fan of *Cerebus* and Sim, and really pushed hard to get this project together. Dave was amenable to it, and turned in some great stuff—he did all the drawing of Cerebus in that issue as well as Cerebus' very witty dialogue.

As I recall, for some reason Kevin only penciled this promotional poster image (below), and I got the job of not only inking it but coloring it as well. This was pretty unusual, as typically Kevin would handle color jobs of this nature. And given that this one involved Cerebus, it's especially surprising he didn't do this one. I don't remember all the details as to how I ended up doing this work, but it was fun, and I used a technique I was enjoying at the time of using acetate overlays to do wacky color backgrounds, mixing various color inks with salt to achieve some interesting effects.

Page 1: I always loved the klutzy *Sorceror's Apprentice* character, and we were long overdue for another female cast member in the TMNT main lineup—so, based on a number of Hollywood stereotypes and some personal inspirations, Renet was born!

Pages 2–3: Heavily inspired by *Time Bandits*, our adventure takes the bored modern girl wannabe, Renet, who is training with the tough taskmaster Lord Simultaneous. She steals his "Time Travel Scepter" and takes off through a portal that lands her square in the middle of four VERY surprised Turtles!

Pages 6–7: Actually, make that right on top of the VERY surprised Turtles. Man, she was fun to write, and I think it really adds so much freshness to the Turtles themselves. They act differently around a new person, so we get to write them differently, and find out new cool things about our own creations along the way.

Page 10: With apologies to Terry Gilliam, Lord Simultaneous arrives to reclaim the scepter, as Renet quickly beams them out of there, to a place on Earth before humans recorded time…

Page 11: For some reason I had it in my head, as big a *Cerebus* fan as I was, that it didn't take place in our timeline—like Dave had his own universe/alternative history going on—a point Dave corrected early on with a note from Tarim. Heh!

Now, penciling in Cerebus was scary as hell—it was the first time I ever really messed with someone else's character—who was not only going to see it, but fix it. But Dave was very kind about the whole thing. First, the Barbarian Cerebus had pretty much been retired at the point of the crossover, so it was cool he let us take him back to that space. We'd send him all the penciled pages, for him and Gerhard to ink and tone. They pretty much stayed with my layout, which I took as a huge compliment. You can see some of the comparisons of my pencils and his inks in my *Artobiography* book published by Heavy Metal.

Pages 13–15: I pretty much wanted to get right into the action as they landed in Cerebus' time and get the introductions right out of the way. Much like Renet's entrance into the TMNTs' world, the new gang landed smack dab on top of Cerebus. There was still a lot of story to tell and we were burning through pages just to get to the action.

It was also a great way to get the bad guy in play right away—by making him an old enemy of Lord Simultaneous who had been banished there. Having the scepter call out to him once it arrives meant he was in the game from panel one. I named this guy Savanti Romero, after zombie effects legend Tom Savini, and the guy he did some of his coolest effects for, George Romero! I had like thirty-five other cameos planned that never got in—everyone from Paul Schaffer and David Letterman, the McKenzie Brothers, a Stephen King/Bernie Wrightson two-headed hunchback… and more, but I would have needed 45 more pages!

Page 21: The action sequences getting up to this splash page are so much fun, but I still can't get over the fact that once we got to this establishing shot, we must have felt the need to draw EVERY single cobblestone in the street! Fantastic! And did you notice the name of the tavern they're in? Chet's, of course!

Pages 22–23: Kills me… I laugh every time I look at it. The whole bar setup worked out really well, and the rhythm of Renet's non-stop talking was coming together nicely. And the looks from the locals were priceless. That is the fun stuff.

Page 24: I know we had some of the studio guys pitch in on the toning and some of the backgrounds, but I can see clearly that those are Michael Dooney bushes and rocks in the large panel, so I think they all might have helped even more than I recall. There was some really fantastic drawing in this issue.

Page 27: I love to draw pages of attacking armies, and we did our little tribute to *Conan the Barbarian* in the second panel down on this page. When I was a kid I used to draw these endless battle scenes with hundreds of guys fighting in them, like the old movies, epic scenes—never got tired of it.

Although the thrust of the story was a dark comedy, it seems that more and more silly jokes started popping up the further we got along. The dialogue in this section of pages seems really silly.

Page 31: And here's the Savanti Romero payoff! I LOVE zombies, always have, and just HAD to have them in this story—my very own "laughing" army of the dead. Total *Army of Darkness* stuff six years before the film came out! Awesome movie by the way—Sam Raimi rocks!

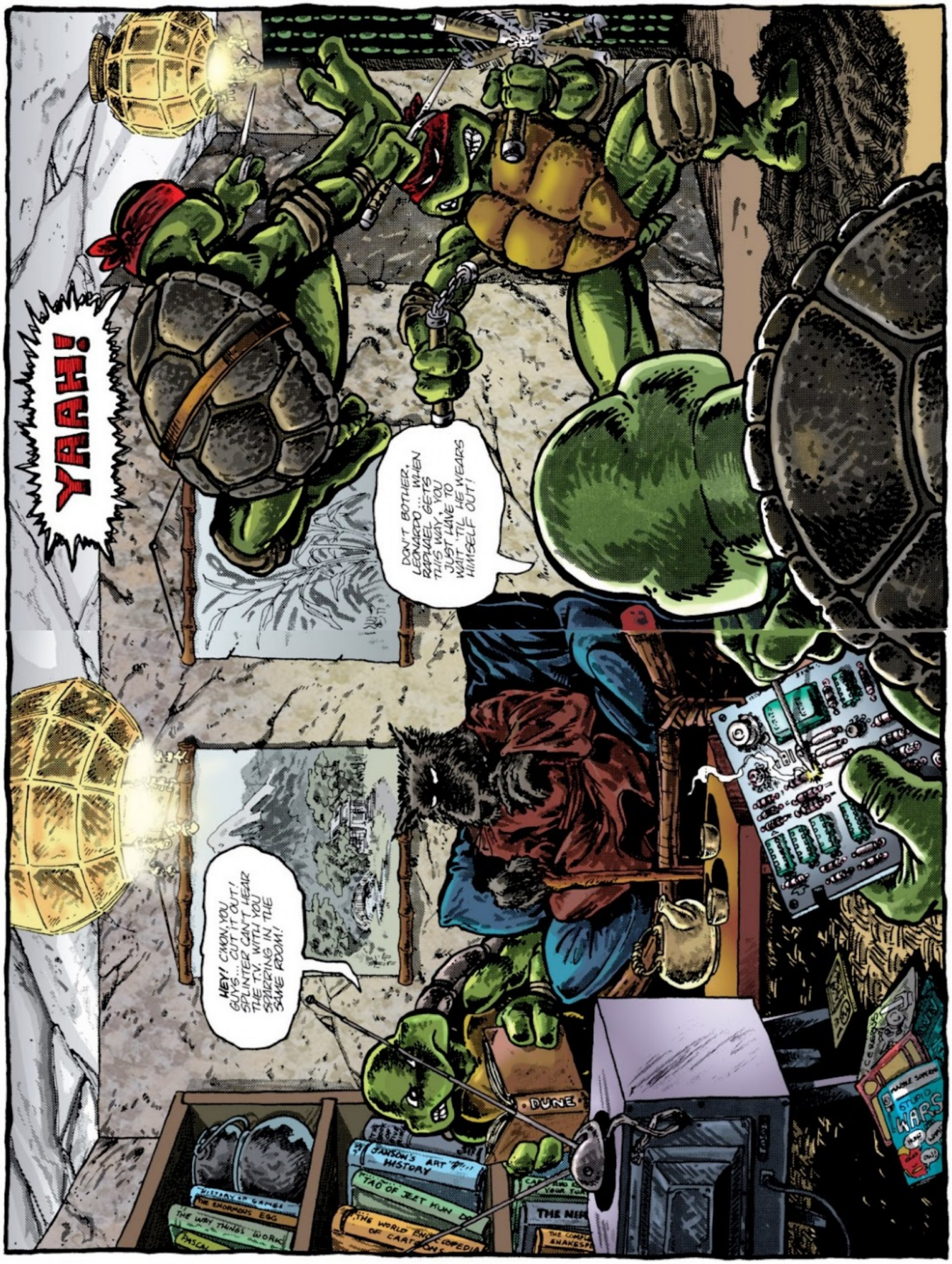
Page 35: Really exciting fighting stuff here as they make their way through the castle, and I think Dave might have started to have a bit more fun with the dialogue as well. The Cerebus one liners about the TMNTs were coming hot and heavy and were VERY funny!

Pages 38–39: Lord Simultaneous is back in the house and looking a bit more like the Silver Surfer than the floating head from *Time Bandits*. And when he finally gets into human form, it's Elmer Fudd!

Page 41: The showdown between the two is really fun (I think)—and I am positive that the reveal of his true power—The Digital Cosmic Quartz—was a tip of the hat to Pete, who used to have a Casio calculator watch. He used it all the time.

Page 45: Couldn't have a proper ending without an epilogue, and this was a fun one!

CEREBUS COMIC COVER CAMEO FROM *TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES #2*



CEREBUS COMIC COVER CAMEO FROM *TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES* #15

MIAMI MICE #4, JANUARY 1987 (RIPOFF PRESS)

Cerebus meets with the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles once again in a two page cameo appearance in the fourth (and final) issue of Mark Bodé's *Miami Mice*.

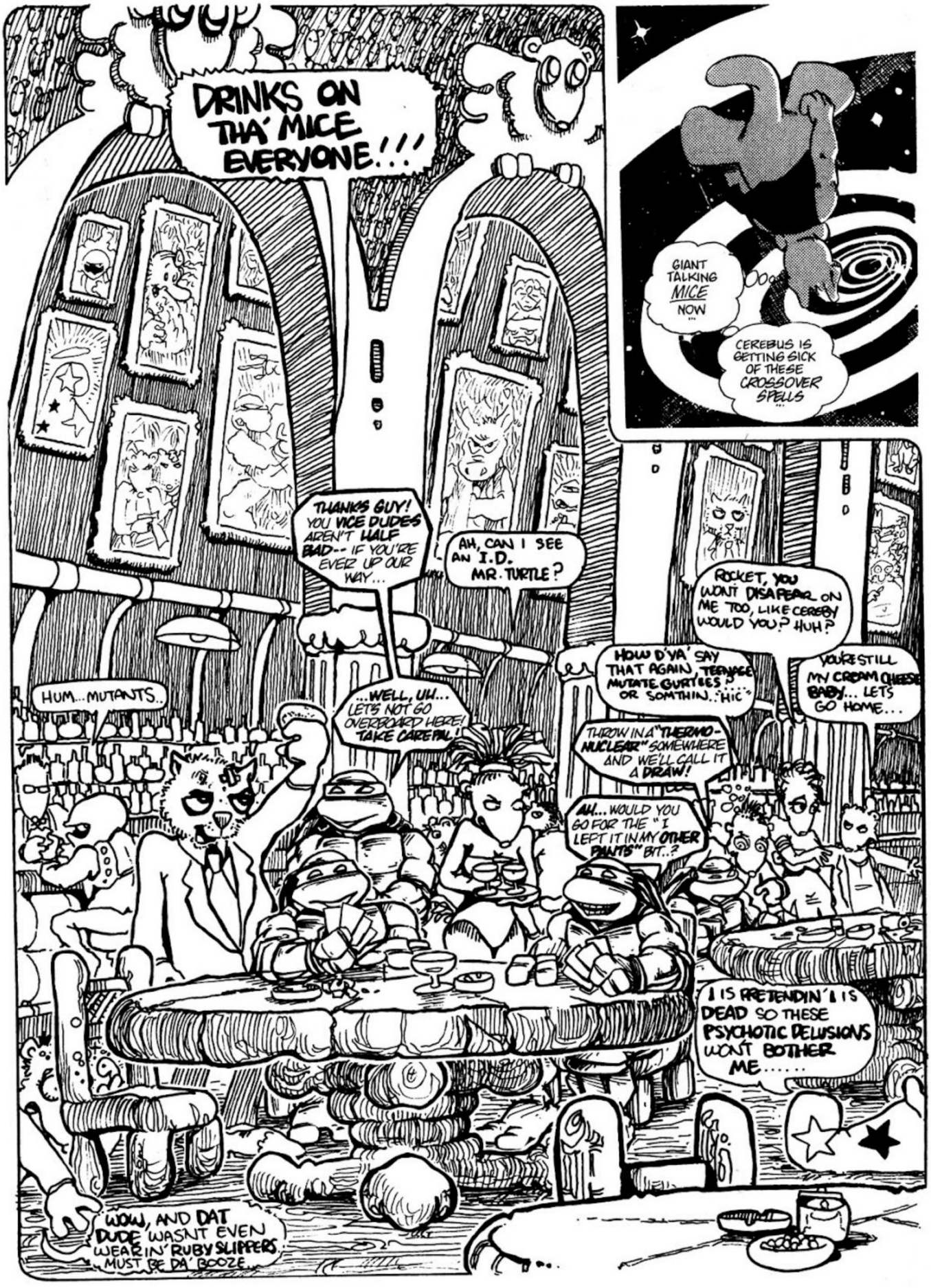
Mark is the son of veteran underground comix artist Vaugn Bodé of *Cheech Wizard* fame.

TMNT Art & Lettering: Kevin Eastman & Peter Laird

CEREBUS Art & Lettering: Dave Sim

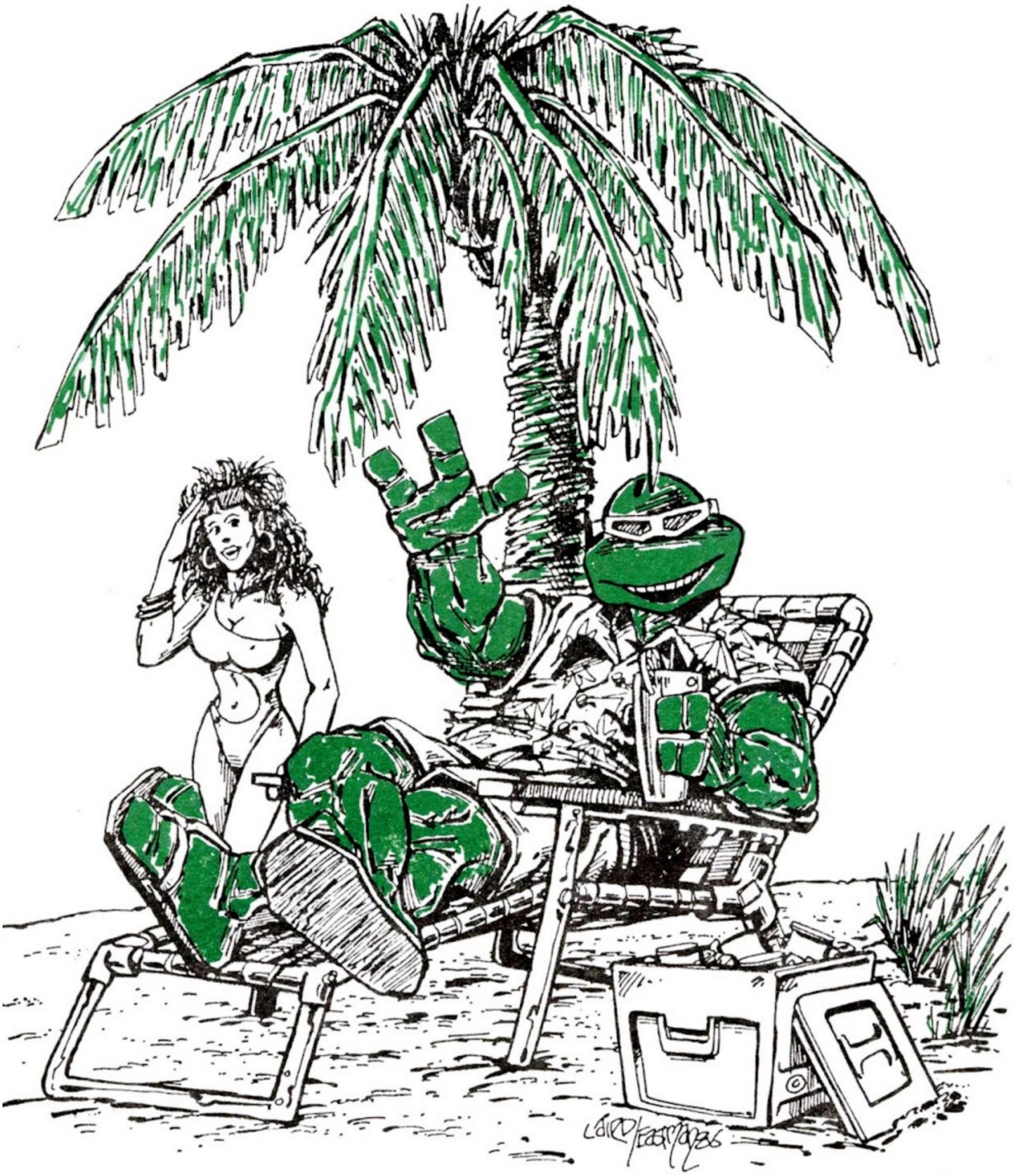
Story and all other art: Mark Bodé

CHECK OUT THE BABES!
CEREBUS! YOU NUT! LONG TIME NO SEE-- HOW'VE YOU BEEN?!
HEY DUDE!
GARÇON!
TABLE FOR FOUR... ANYWHERE FAR AWAY...
HAR! WOTTA SENSA HUMOUR!
AT LEAST THEY DON'T HAVE THAT DIPPY BROAD WITH THEM THIS TIME. CEREBUS HATES...
PUNCH!
ROCKET, VERMOUSA, ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE YOU TO THE LEGENDARY CEREBUS! AN OLD PAL OF MINE FROM CANADA!
... DIPPY BROADS.
WHAT A HUNK OF AARDVARK! MIND IF I CALL YOU CEREBY?
CEREBY?
THE SPELL'S WEARING OFF.
CEREBUS SUGGESTS YOU BACK UP OR YOUR RIGHT BREAST WILL LEAVE WITH HIM.
CEREBY?!
ROCKET, HONEY?


DRINKS ON THA' MICE EVERYONE!!!
GIANT TALKING MICE NOW...
CEREBUS IS GETTING SICK OF THESE CROSSOVER SPELLS...
THANKS GUY! YOU VICE DUDES AREN'T HALF BAD-- IF YOU'RE EVER UP OUR WAY...
AH, CAN I SEE AN I.D. MR. TURTLE?
ROCKET, YOU WON'T DISAPEAR ON ME TOO, LIKE CEREBY WOULD YOU? HUH?
HUM... MUTANTS...
...WELL, UH... LET'S NOT GO OVERBOARD HERE! TAKE CARE PAL!
HOW D'YA' SAY THAT AGAIN, TEENAGE MUTATE GURTLES? OR SOMTHIN..' HIC'
YOU'RE STILL MY CREAM CHEESE BABY... LETS GO HOME...
THROW IN A "THERMO-NUCLEAR" SOMEWHERE AND WE'LL CALL IT A DRAW!
AH... WOULD YOU GO FOR THE "I LEPT IT IN MY OTHER PANTS" BIT...?
I IS PRETENDIN' I IS DEAD SO THESE PSYCHOTIC DELUSIONS WON'T BOTHER ME.....
WOW, AND DAT DUDE WEARIN' RUBY SLIPPERS MUST BE DA' BOOZE

TURTLEMANIA SPECIAL #1 **was a fanzine published in one installment by Metropolis Publishing, 1986. It contained some preliminary rough pencils from the then-upcoming TMNT #8 crossover, as well as a Flaming Carrot/TMNT/Cerebus crossover splash panel.**

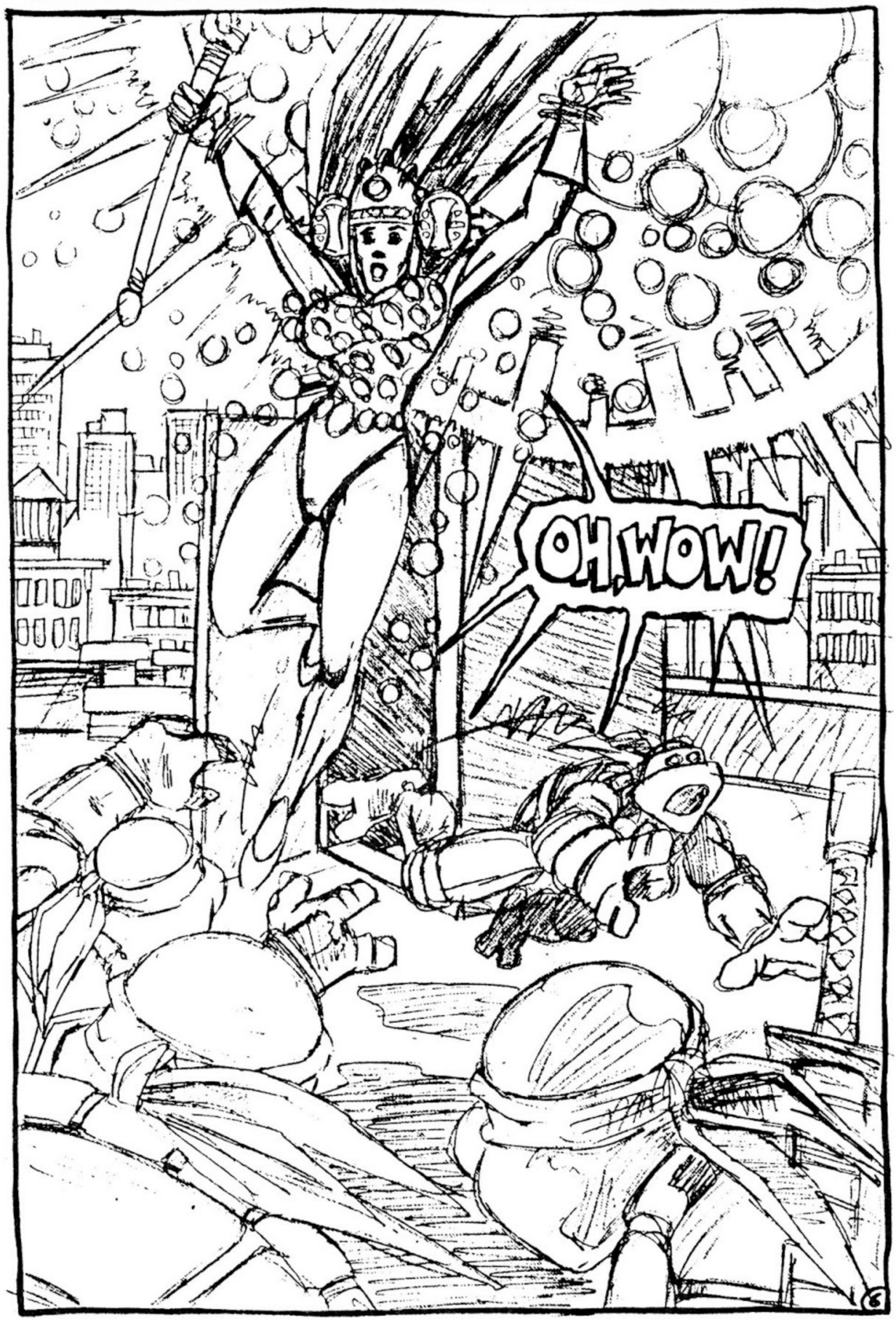
TURTLEMANIA
SPECIAL #1



TMNT/CEREBUS PREVIEW (21)

DONATELLO PREVIEW (27)

TMNT/CEREBUS PREVIEW

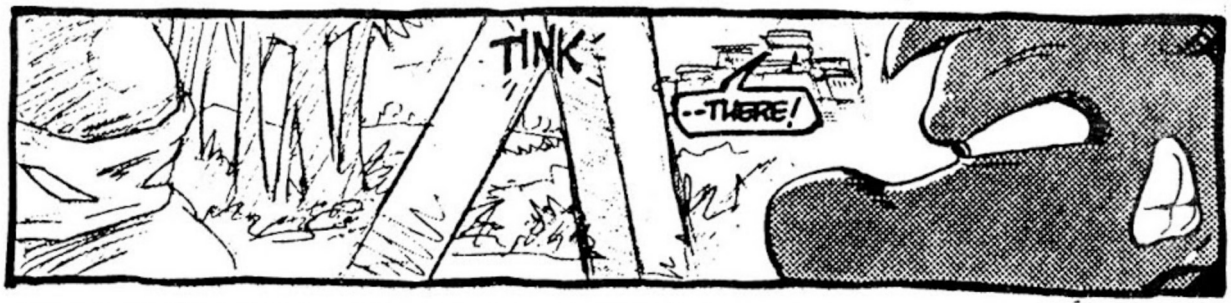


TMNT/CEREBUS PREVIEW

TMNT/CEREBUS PREVIEW

TMNT/CEREBUS PREVIEW

TMNT/CEREBUS PREVIEW



TMNT/CEREBUS PREVIEW

The following four pages feature Dave Sim art from the two different ashcan editions of the remastered TMNT #8 put out by Aardvark-Vanaheim and Waverly Press in 2022.

The cover to First Comics *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles Book III* (December 1987) is featured on page 156. *TMNT Book III* reprinted issues 7-9 of TMNT in full color for the first time. The naked art is shown on page 157.

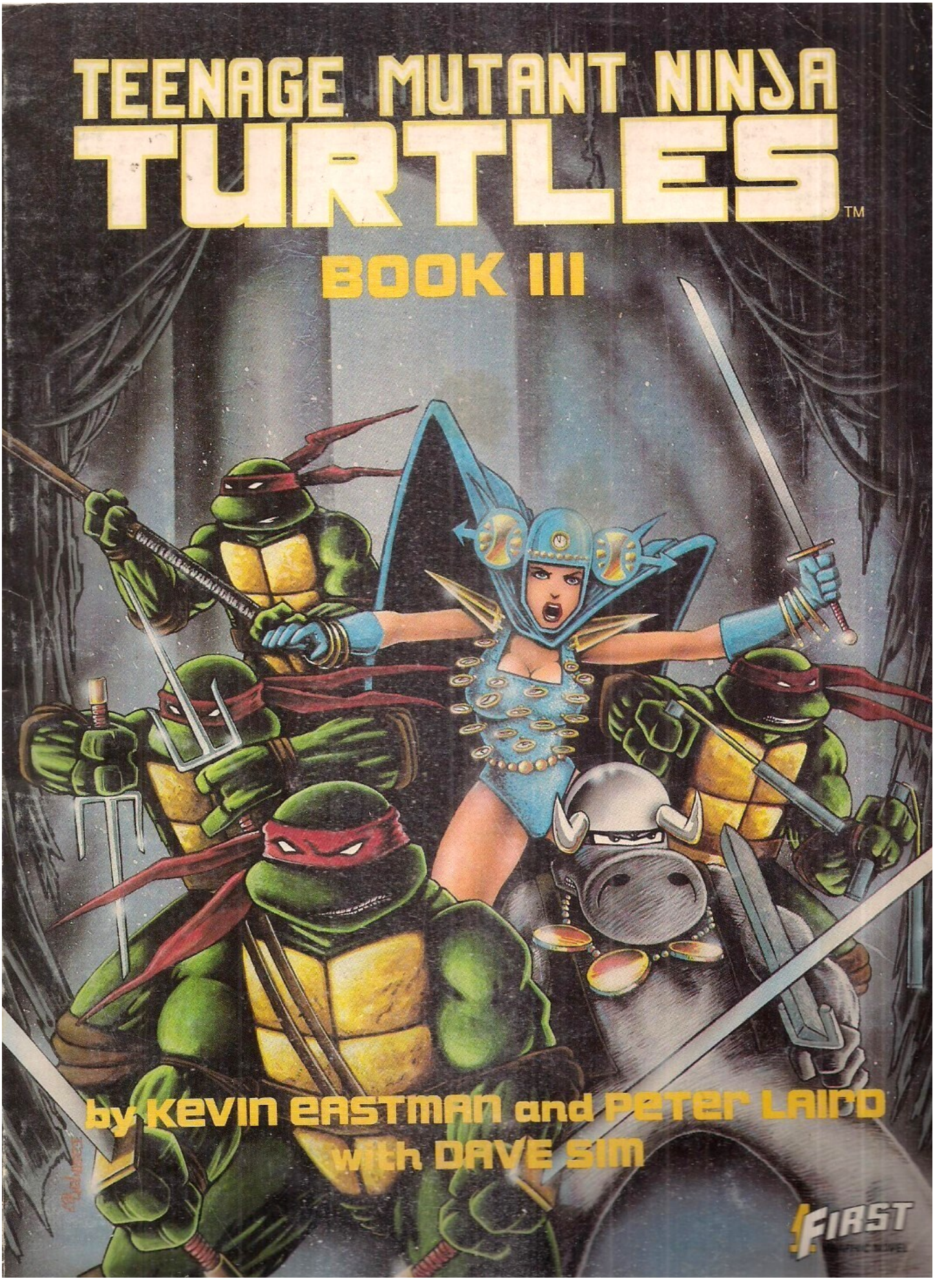
Pages 158-159 reprint the promotional poster illustrated by Kevin Eastman in naked and finished form.

WHY YOU SHOULD ALWAYS PUT THE CHARCOAL PENCIL ON AFTER THE WATERCOLOUR

SM 2022 AFTER EASTMAN 86

AUGUST 2022 $25 USD

PIECES OF TURTLES 8.2


TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA
TURTLES™
BOOK III
by KEVIN EASTMAN and PETER LAIRD
with DAVE SIM
FIRST

EASTMAN/LAIRD 86

THE ALTERNATIVE TEAM-UP OF 1986!

TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES AND CEREBUS THE AARDVARK

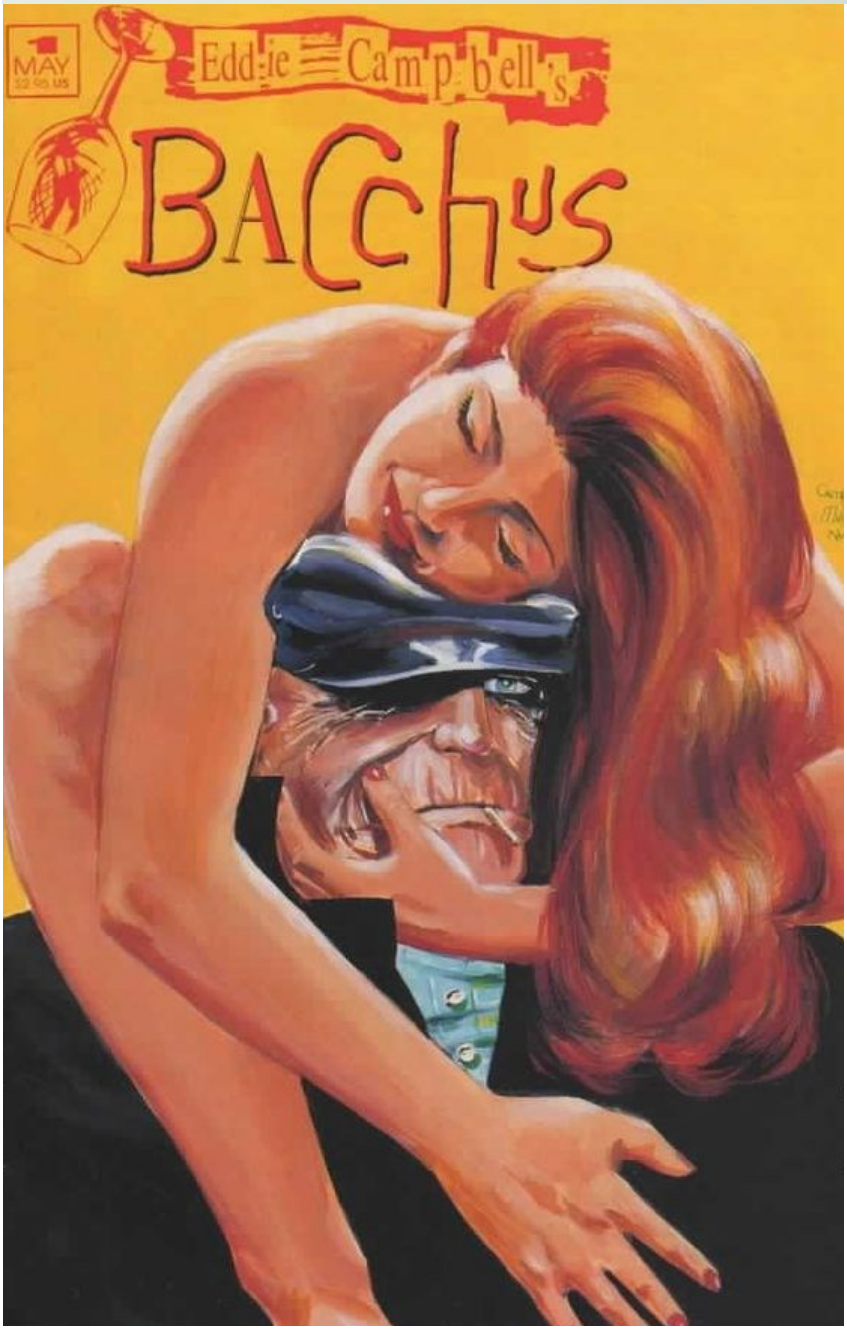
WHAT AN EVENT!!! STORY AND TURTLES ART BY EASTMAN AND LAIRD, CEREBUS ART AND DIALOGUE BY DAVE SIM, WITH TONES BY GERHARD. THE X-OVER WILL BE PUBLISHED IN TMNT #8 AND WILL BE SHIPPING THE SECOND WEEK IN JULY! DON'T MISS IT!

THE FACE ON THE BARROOM FLOOR

Story and Art: Dave Sim and Eddie Campbell

From *Bacchus* #1 (May 1995)

Eddie Campbell Comics/ECC



SIXTH PAGE FOLLOWING:

"BACCHUS & CEREBUS"
OZCON 5 PRINT (1996)
BY EDDIE CAMPBELL & DAVE SIM

SEVENTH PAGE FOLLOWING:

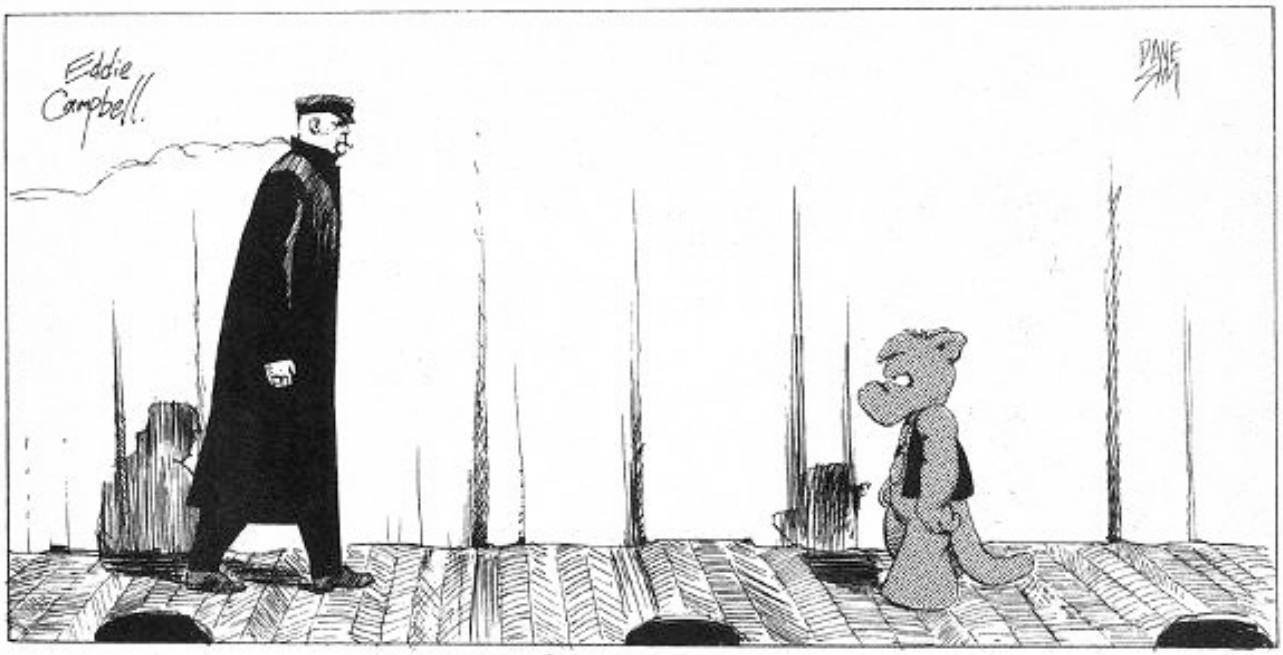
"DIFFERENT VOICES" #1
***GUYS* PARODY COVER**
(1996) BY EDDIE CAMPBELL

Eddie Campbell's introduction from *Bacchus* #1 (May 1995)

First up is the Bacchus & Cerebus crossover, created by myself and the eminent Dave Sim. He was over here for the convention in Sydney and flew up to Brisbane afterwards. We holed up in a hotel suite for five days and improvised a five-pager around an old song from the 1890s (approximately) which was previously done in comics form by Kurtzman and Davis in MAD with the face in the final panel dropped in by the one and only Basil Wolverton.

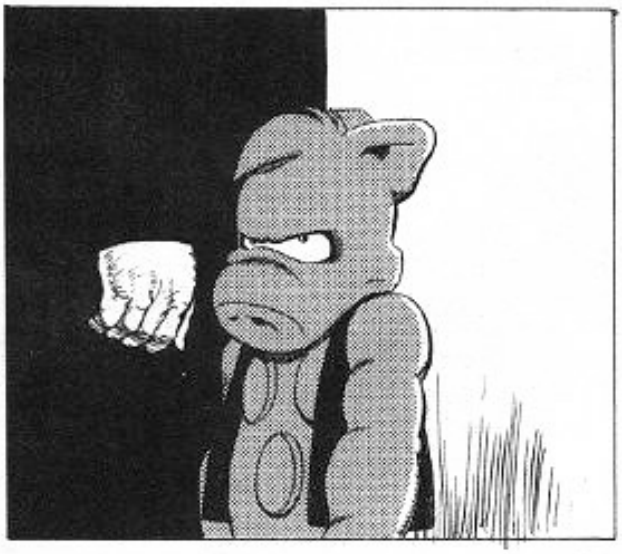
We booked adjoining rooms. We'd work in one and he'd smoke in the other. I'd sleep in among the debris and he'd sleep in the fog. But while we discussed the piece we were to create we walked in and out and the smoke was everywhere and I was trying helplessly to open a window thirteen storeys up. I have stipulated in my agreements with the accommodating Mr. Sim that I get to pick the brand of cigarette next time as I had to process the smoke from each one after he was finished with it. The fire hose reel was situated outside our doors and became in our heads a traditional Scottish dance to be performed after completing each evening with a trip to the pub across the road.

As for the work itself, we just passed the pages back and forth until it was done. Diana Schutz correctly recognized who did what but was miffed that we didn't cast her in the role of the barmaid. Steve Bissette was miffed that we did give him the role of the artist. He threatened to get even, and judging from his brilliant new comic, *Tyrant*, he knows how to go about it. It fairly oozes with primal danger.



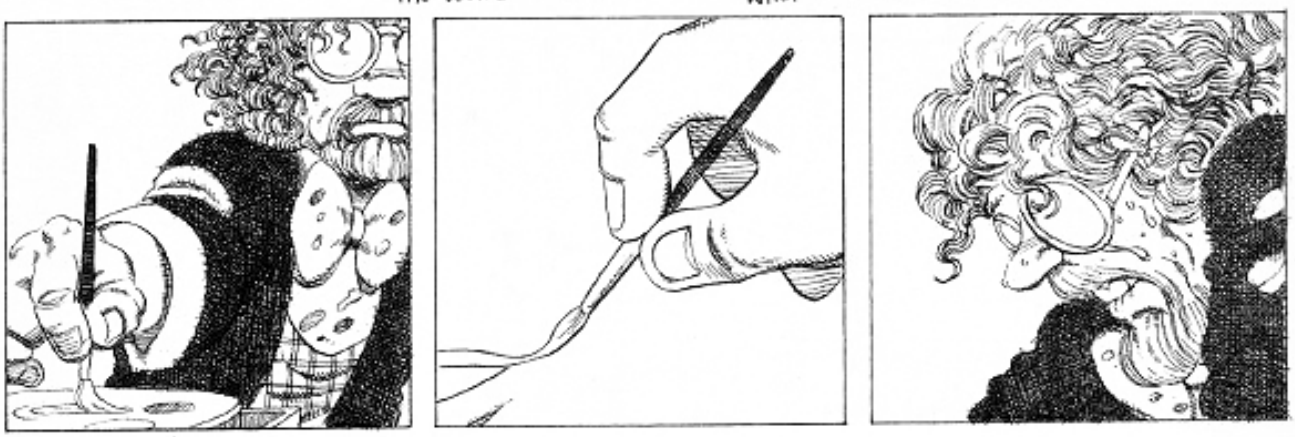
The Cerebus/Bacchus Crossover, or

The Face on the Bar-room Floor



The Bar-room was crowd-ed one calm sum-mer's eve,
The air filled with laugh-ter and sonnngg,
when a tramp old and ragged crept in-to the room,
with sneers he was hailed by the thronnngg.
said he, "If you'll listen, my story I'll tell, if you'll give me a drink, nothing more"
"I'm a broken down artist, And for you I'll paint a face on the Bar-room floor."

"Ah! that face on the Bar-room flooooor
The woman that I adoooored
what a different man I might have been

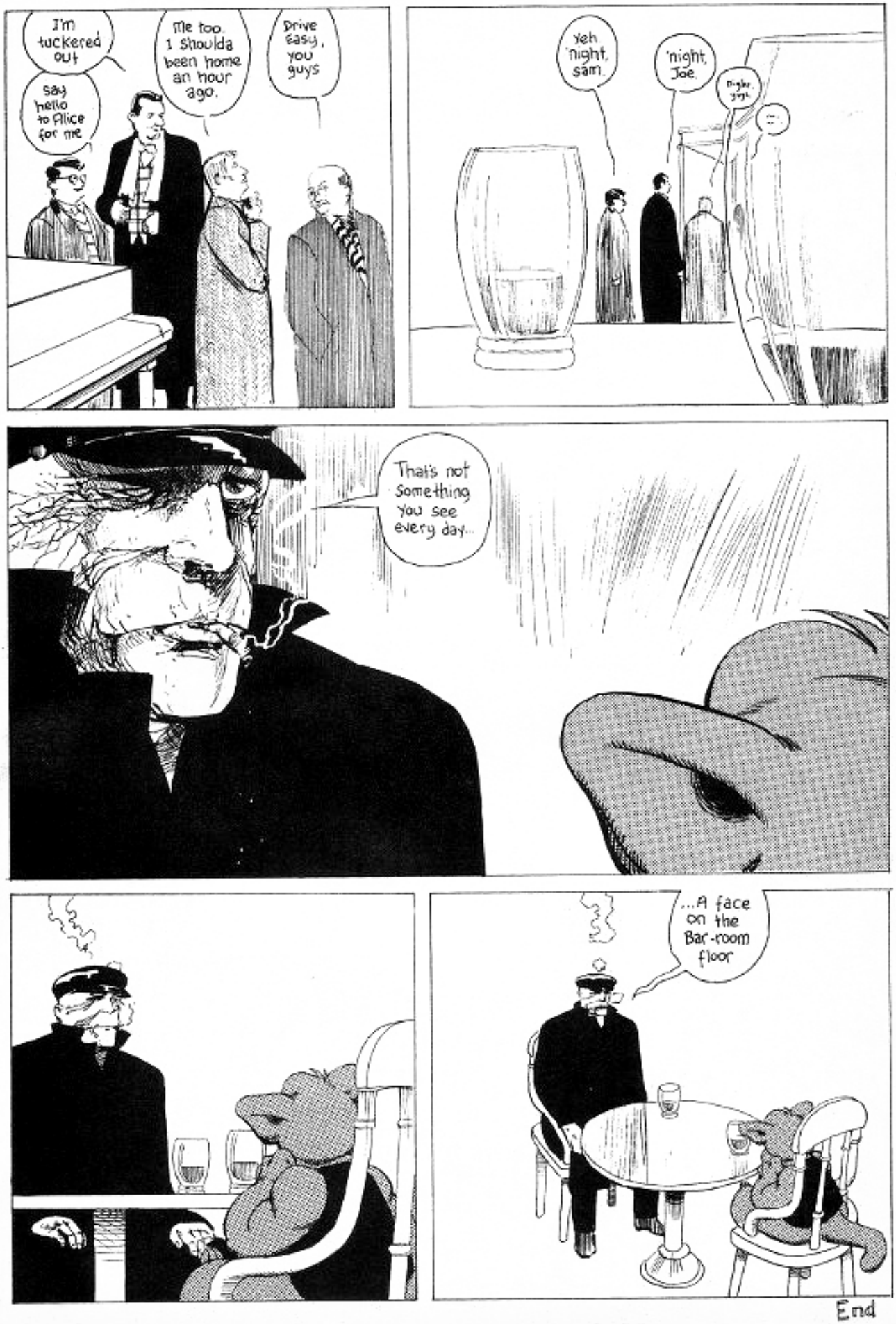


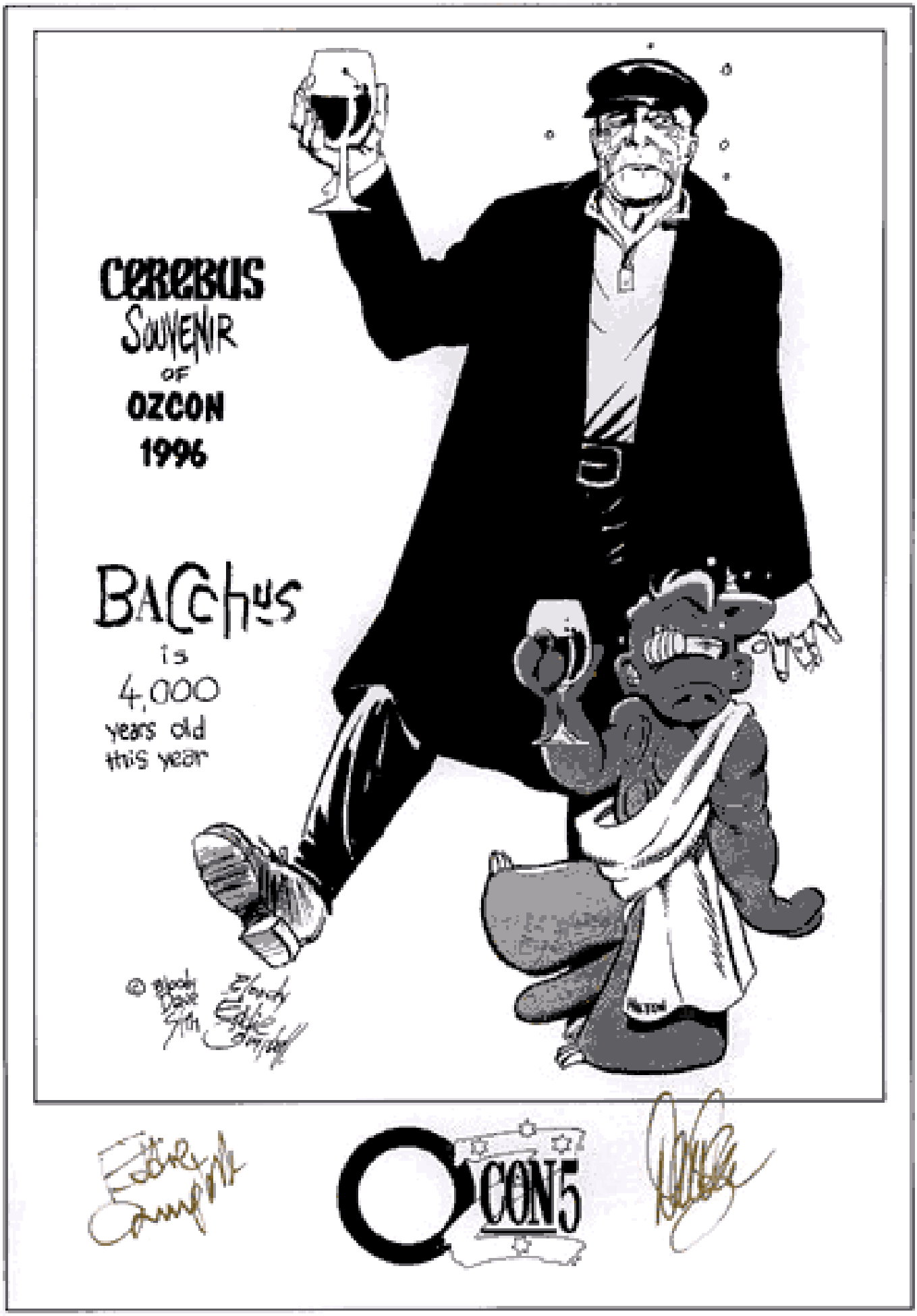
If she were still my heart's own queen.
But my dream of life is o'er, On this earth we'll meet no more

A cruel faithless wife, that I loved as my life...

... The face on the Bar-room floor."

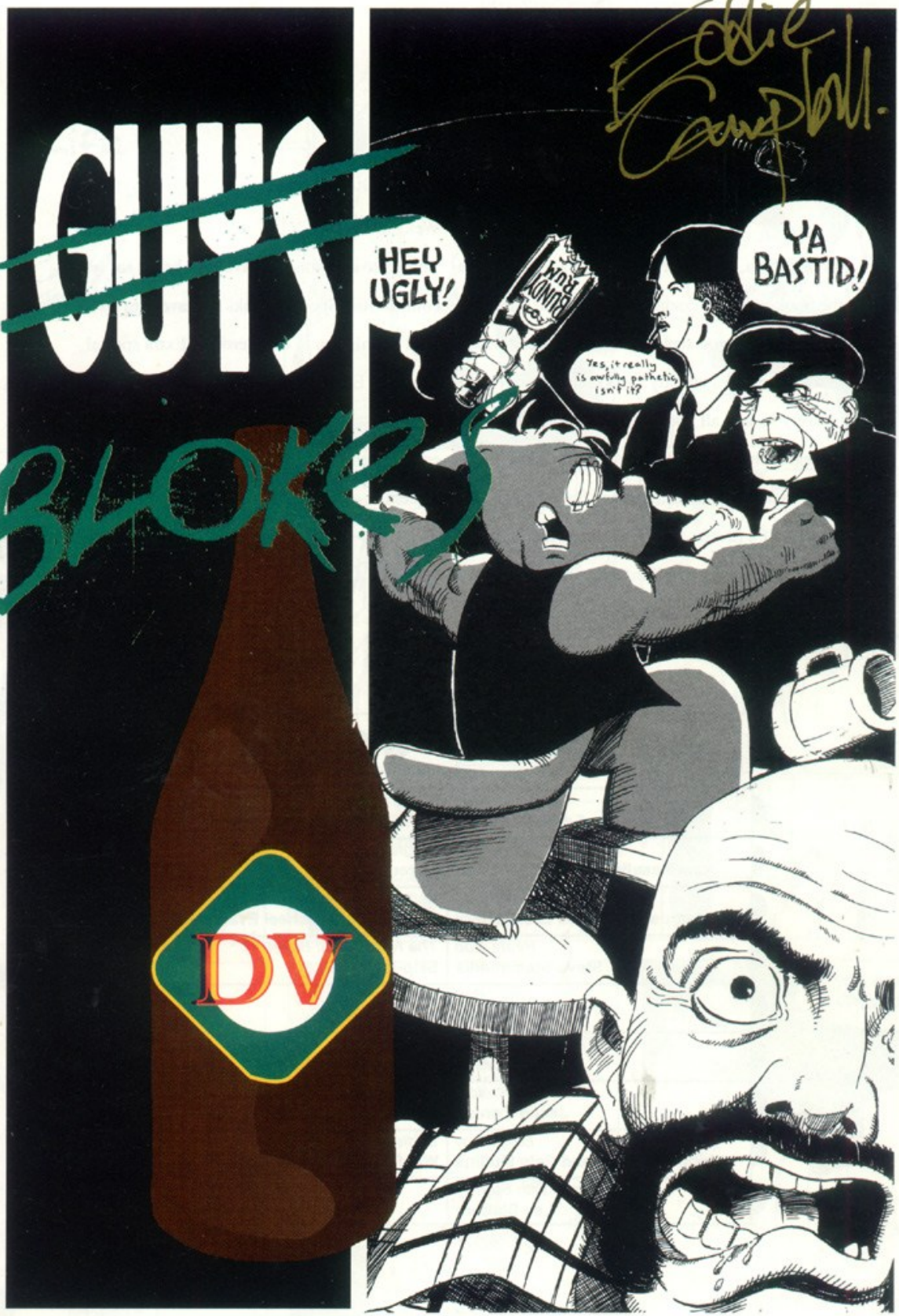
The crowd gathered round and stood greatly a-mazed at the beautiful face that he drew ;
He said "years ago we were wed, Nance and I ; I ne'er thought that she'd prove untrue.
"But a tempter one day came and lured her away"..
..."My bright hopes in life are no more."
Then with one fearful shudder he fell dead across...
..The face on the Bar-room floor.


I'm tuckered out
Me too. I shoulda been home an hour ago.
Drive easy, you guys
Say hello to Alice for me
Yeh 'night, Sam.
'night, Joe.
night, Sam.
That's not something you see every day...
...A face on the Bar-room floor
End


CEREBUS
SOUVENIR
OF
OZCON
1996
BACCHUS
is
4,000
years old
this year
OZCON5

$2.95 USA **$4.00** Aus

~~GUYS~~ BLOKES



Eddie Campbell

DV

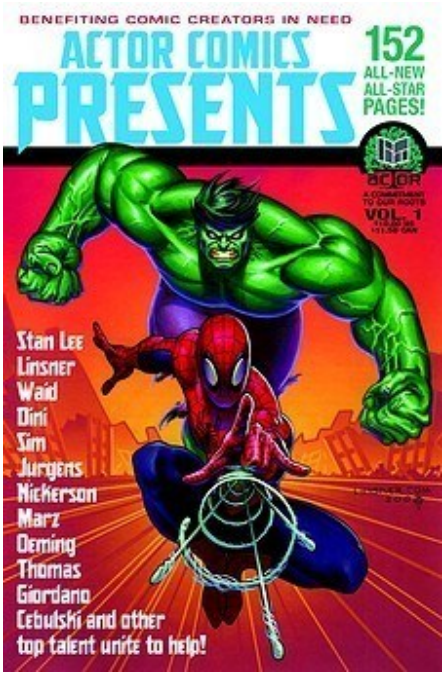
HYPOTHETICAL CEREBUS

Story: T. Casey Brennan

Art: Dave Sim

From **Actor Comics Presents**:
Hero Initiative #1 (October 2006)

(by Sara Waisanen, *Ann Arbor Journal*, 20 January 2010)



Somewhere in Ann Arbor is a comic book writer who could have changed the course of history. He is a man who earned fame and notoriety for the comics he wrote in the 1970s and now he's homeless and "couch surfing."

At the age of 61, he hangs out in Ann Arbor meeting "chicks" and talking about how he "helped kill John F. Kennedy." T. Casey Brennan is the author of Warren Publishing's "*Creepy, Eerie, Vampirella*," DC Comics' "*House of Mystery*" and Archie Comics' "*Red Circle Sorcery*," among others. Brennan's most head-turning comics are the ones in which he tells of his involvement in the JFK assassination, as a victim of MK-ULTRA, an alleged CIA operation that involved brainwashing and experimenting with drugs. In 1996, Brennan first wrote about what he says happened in the JFK assassination in his comic *Conjurella*. "It seemed to breathe new life into my comic career," Brennan said.

In 2006, Brennan wrote more about the JFK assassination in his comic **Hypothetical Cerebus** in *Actor Comics Presents*. He writes in detail about how he was forced to take a shot at JFK and what his life has been like since that historic event.

"I wanted to tell the truth about the Kennedy assassination," he said. Prior to JFK's assassination on Nov. 22, 1963, Brennan said he would go with his father who would get hypnosis from a Dr. Earnshaw. While they were there, the doctor would drug them with or without their consent, he said.

"I was a docile kid," Brennan said. "I did what they told me to do."

Brennan claims that Dr. Earnshaw and David Ferrie, who some conspiracy theorists believe was involved in the JFK assassination, came at him with a needle and injected something into his neck. He was then stuffed in a crate and flown to Dallas. Brennan said he woke up in a storage room. A hood was put over his head and he was forced to fire a shot at the president who was driving by on the street below. Brennan said he didn't know if the shot connected, but he thinks it ricocheted off the pavement and hit a pedestrian. He was then pushed out of the way and Ferrie continued to shoot. Brennan said they left the storage room and ran into Lee Harvey Oswald on the second floor, pushing a broom. Brennan was 15 years old at the time of the assassination, he said.

Brennan's name is mentioned in the book Reclaiming *History: The Assassination of President John F. Kennedy* by Vincent Bugliosi, which he carries around with him on he streets of Ann Arbor. Brennan said he would take a polygraph test and testify about his experience, but no one seems to care.

"Nobody wants to know or hear about it," he said.

HYPOTHETICAL CEREBUS

AND THE NECRONMICON MONKS

STORY BY T. CASEY BRENNAN ART BY DAVE SIM

IN THE FIRST OF MY JFK STORIES, 'CONJURELLA', I WROTE HOW I HAD BEEN PROGRAMMED BY THE CIA'S ILLEGAL MK-ULTRA PROGRAM AND KIDNAPPED AND FLOWN TO DALLAS ON NOVEMBER 22, 1963...
NOW, LIFT HIM UP!
CAN YOU SEE JOHN KENNEDY ON THE LITTLE SCREEN?
LEAVE ME ALONE!
TAKE ME HOME!!
IN THE SECOND STORY, 'CONJURELLA MESSIAH: NECRONOMICON MONKS' I WROTE OF THE AFTERMATH OF THAT STORY, NEARLY TEN YEARS LATER AT COSMICON II, IN JANUARY OF 1973...
SO THIS IS THE STORY, NOT OF CEREBUS, BUT OF COSMICON II; NOT THE WHOLE STORY SURELY, BUT SNIPPETS FROM IT, SO YOU READERS CAN UNDERSTAND SOME, BUT NOT ALL, OF WHAT TOOK PLACE
?
THIS IS THE STORY OF CONJURELLA CON II. THE BLOOD HAS DRIED NOW; GONE THE VOICES: "LIFT HIM UP!", GONE THE MEMORY, GONE THE BLOOD. THE SIXTIES THAT SPILLED THE BLOOD OF JOHN KENNEDY WERE OVER. COSMICON II, THE LAST WEEKEND OF JANUARY, 1973, A COMIC BOOK CONVENTION HELD AT WINTERS COLLEGE, PART OF YORK UNIVERSITY IN TORONTO, THAT WOULD INCLUDE BOTH DAVE SIM OF FUTURE CEREBUS FAME, AND THE BLOOD-STAINED LEGEND, T. CASEY BRENNAN
SOME SAY LOVECRAFT CREATED THE NECRONOMICON, OTHERS SAY IT WAS AN ACTUAL BOOK OF ANCIENT SORCERY THAT LOVECRAFT HAD DISCOVERED. IN THIS LATTER CATEGORY IS FOUND THIS LEGEND: THE NECRONOMICON WAS DISCOVERED BY THE HOLY OFFICE OF THE INQUISITION, AND SEALED BEHIND STONE IN A MONASTERY IN TIBET...EVEN THEY, WHO COULD SLAUGHTER THOUSANDS OF THEIR OWN KIND, STILL FEARED ITS DARK POWER...
SO I CHOSE TO USE THE NECRONOMICON SEALED UP IN STONE AS A SYMBOL OF MY REPRESSED MEMORY OF THE JFK ASSASSINATION...
48
ACTOR

AND NOW IT IS 1973 TORONTO. MK-ULTRA HAS WASHED AWAY THE BLOOD AND THE MEMORIES. JOHN KENNEDY IS A NAME IN A HISTORY BOOK; HERE I CARRY NO GUILT, NO SHAME, NO RECOLLECTION OF THE BLOOD. JFK IN THIS WORLD WAS KILLED BY A LONE NUT WITH A DEFECTIVE WEAPON AND NO MOTIVE. HERE, I NEVER KNEW HIM. HERE I NEVER WEPT. NOT HERE, NOT NOW; NOT IN THE PARALLEL WORLD OF TORONTO, 1973...
BLAM BLAM
IN THE DAYS PRECEDING COSMICON II, I HAD MET FIRST ASIAN A, THEN AMERICAN A, AND FALLEN IN LOVE WITH THEM BOTH. TO PUT THEM AMONG THE NECRONOMICON MONKS THEY MUST BE HALF KNOWN AND HALF CONCEALED: PRETTY GIRLS NAMED A____ WHO LOVED ME, ONCE...
NOW THEY ARE GONE, LIKE THEIR LOVE FOR ME. NOW THEY ARE MEMORIES; NOW THEIR WORDS OF LOVE ARE AS DISTANT AS MK-ULTRA'S WORDS OF TORMENT, OR JIM WARREN'S WORDS OF PRAISE FOR MY COMIC BOOK STORIES...
GOOD JOB!
EERIE
GOOD JOB!
CREEPY
BUT IN TORONTO IN 1973, I AM INNOCENT: NOT STILL THE ASSASSIN OF DALLAS THAT NO ONE SAW, NOT YET THE ASSASSIN OF CONJURELLA THAT NO ONE BELIEVED...
SOMETIME AFTER I FELL IN LOVE WITH ASIAN A, I MET, AND FELL IN LOVE, WITH AMERICAN A. IN THE DAYS BEFORE COSMICON II, AMERICAN A SWORE SHE WOULD LOVE ME FOREVER, AND BEGGED ME NOT TO GO TO ONTARIO, WHERE SHE KNEW ASIAN A AWAITED ME...
DON'T... GO!
I HAVE TO!
BUT WITHIN, THERE WITH THE MEMORY OF DALLAS, SOMEHOW CONCEALED AND OMNIPRESENT, LIKE POE'S TELL-TALE HEART, WAS THE MEMORY OF LINDA. LIKE JOHN KENNEDY'S BLOOD, LINDA'S TEARS POURED OVER ME; LIKE THE MYTHICAL NECRONOMICON OF TIBET, LINDA'S MEMORY WAS SEALED UP IN STONE, SEALED WITHIN...

LINDA HAD BEEN MY UNCLE'S STEP-DAUGHTER. WHEN SHE LEFT US IN 1953, SHE WORE WHITE MUFFS; THAT WILL ALWAYS BE MY ARCH-TYPICAL MEMORY OF HER. IT WOULD NOT BE THAT DAY IN DALLAS, THAT HALLWAY IN THE TEXAS SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY BUILDING, THAT FLEETING GLIMPSE, SO CRUEL, AS THE MK-ULTRA OPERATIVES HUSTLED HER PAST SO QUICKLY...

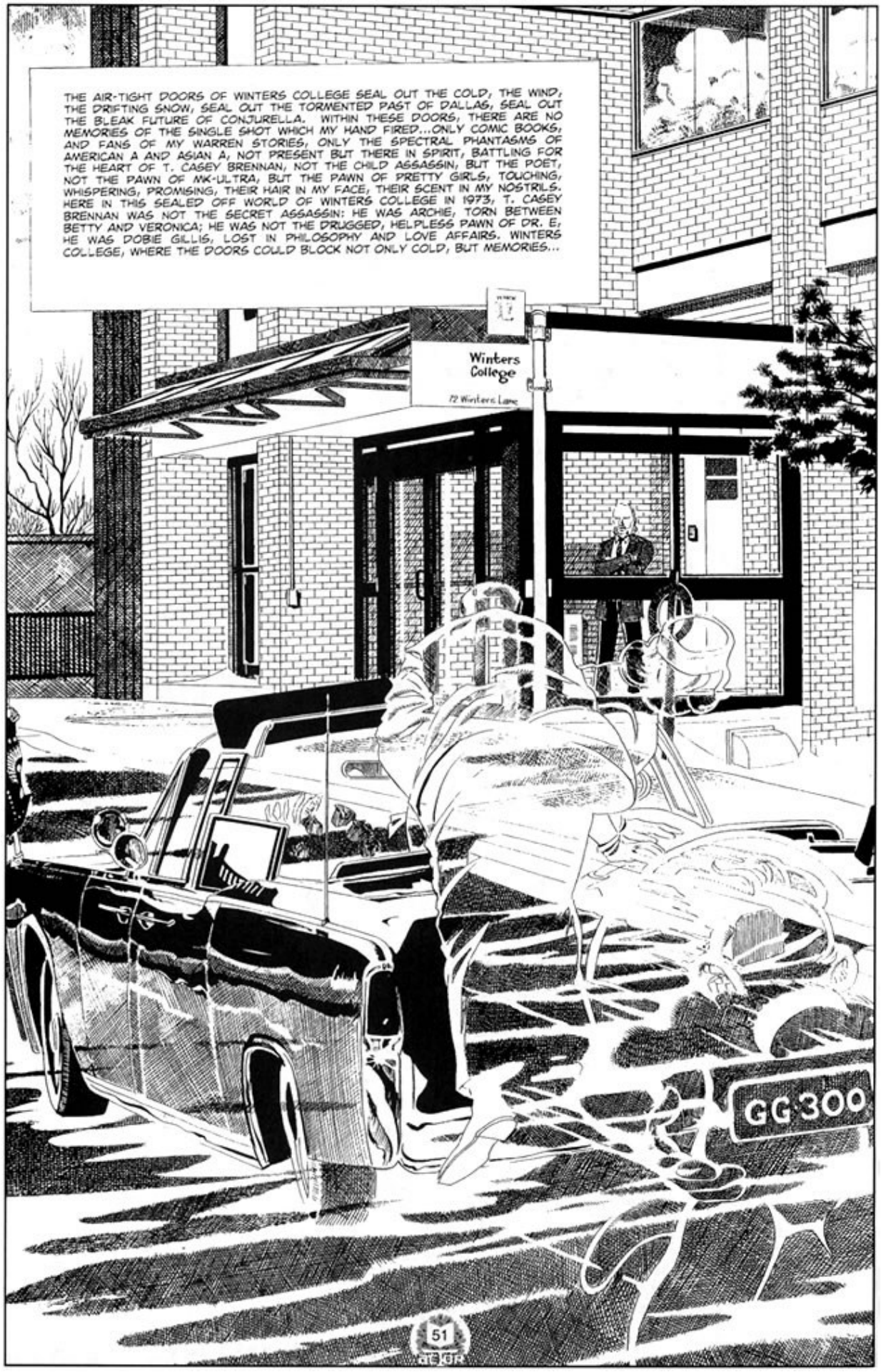
BUT THIS WAS TORONTO IN 1973: LINDA WAS ONLY A WHISPER HERE, FROM TWO DECADES PAST. HERE MY HEART WAS FILLED WITH ASIAN A AND AMERICAN A, AS I DRANK HEAVILY, AUTOGRAPHING COPIES OF *CREEPY* AND *EERIE*, WANDERING THROUGH THE MAZE OF WINTERS COLLEGE, ATTEMPTING TO COPE WITH MY CHAOTIC LOVE AFFAIRS, MY ALCOHOLISM, AND MY NEW-FOUND FAME...

YET DEEP WITHIN, THE MEMORY OF LINDA LURKED, DEEP WITHIN, I KNEW: SHE, LIKE ME, HAD BEEN OF THOSE CHOSEN ONES. SHE, LIKE ME, HAD BEEN BORN TO KILL, BORN TO SERVE THE PROJECT, BORN TO KILL JOHN KENNEDY FOR MK-ULTRA, BORN TO SERVE THE HELLISH RENEGADES OF THE OFFICE OF STRATEGIC SERVICES WHO HAS CHOSEN US TO END THE POWER OF THE KENNEDY DYNASTY FOREVER...

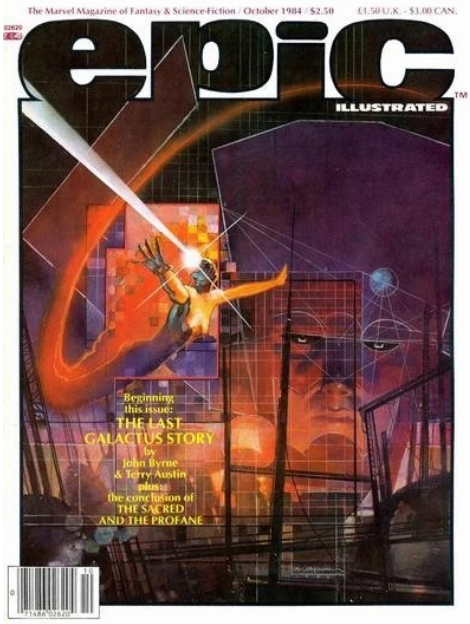
PERHAPS, SOMETIMES WHEN AMERICAN A'S BLOND HAIR BRUSHED AGAINST MY FACE, THERE WAS THAT WHISPER OF A MEMORY OF LINDA. BUT THIS WAS TORONTO IN 1973, THIS WAS AN ALTERNATE WORLD...

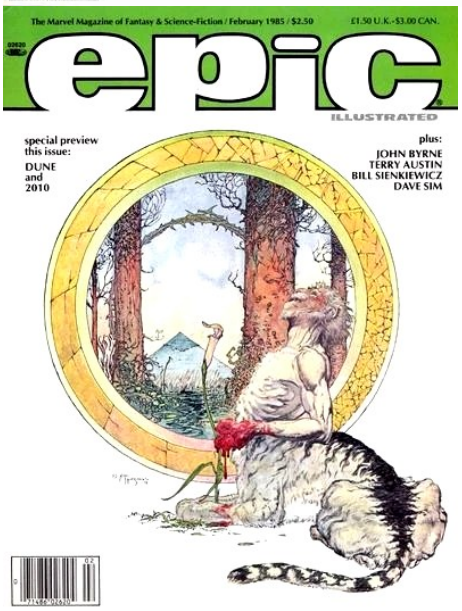
WINTERS COLLEGE WAS A VAST, UNCHARITABLE LABYRINTH. SOMETIMES IN MY WANDERS THROUGH IT, I WOULD COME UPON A DOOR LEADING TO THE COLD, WHITE WORLD OUTSIDE. FOR A MOMENT I WOULD STARE TRANSFIXED AT THE WIND BLOWING LITTLE WISPS OF SNOW THROUGH THE BITTER COLD. BEYOND THOSE DOORS WAS THE COLD WORLD FROM WHICH I HAD COME, AND THE COLD WORLD TO WHICH I WOULD RETURN. BEYOND THOSE DOORS WAS A COLD PAST IN WHICH I HAD LOST LINDA AND FIRED ON PRESIDENT KENNEDY, A COLD FUTURE IN WHICH I WOULD REMEMBER, AND TRANSCRIBE, THOSE THINGS IN THE LEGEND OF *CONJURELLA*..

BUT WITHIN THOSE DOORS WAS COSMICON II, A WORLD OF ASIAN A AND AMERICAN A PLAYING TUG-O-WAR WITH MY HEART, A WORLD OF ADULATION FOR THE POETIC, PANELED PROSE THAT HAD SUDDENLY BEEN EVOKED FROM ME, A WORLD OF COMIC BOOK STARS AND COMIC BOOK FANS, A WORLD WITH NO JOHN KENNEDY WRITHING IN BLOOD. WITHIN THE DOORS OF COSMICON II, THIS WAS TRUTH...


THE AIR-TIGHT DOORS OF WINTERS COLLEGE SEAL OUT THE COLD, THE WIND, THE DRIFTING SNOW, SEAL OUT THE TORMENTED PAST OF DALLAS, SEAL OUT THE BLEAK FUTURE OF CONJURELLA. WITHIN THESE DOORS, THERE ARE NO MEMORIES OF THE SINGLE SHOT WHICH MY HAND FIRED...ONLY COMIC BOOKS, AND FANS OF MY WARREN STORIES, ONLY THE SPECTRAL PHANTASMS OF AMERICAN A AND ASIAN A, NOT PRESENT BUT THERE IN SPIRIT, BATTLING FOR THE HEART OF T. CASEY BRENNAN, NOT THE CHILD ASSASSIN, BUT THE POET, NOT THE PAWN OF MK-ULTRA, BUT THE PAWN OF PRETTY GIRLS, TOUCHING, WHISPERING, PROMISING, THEIR HAIR IN MY FACE; THEIR SCENT IN MY NOSTRILS. HERE IN THIS SEALED OFF WORLD OF WINTERS COLLEGE IN 1973, T. CASEY BRENNAN WAS NOT THE SECRET ASSASSIN: HE WAS ARCHIE, TORN BETWEEN BETTY AND VERONICA; HE WAS NOT THE DRUGGED, HELPLESS PAWN OF DR. E, HE WAS DOBIE GILLIS, LOST IN PHILOSOPHY AND LOVE AFFAIRS. WINTERS COLLEGE, WHERE THE DOORS COULD BLOCK NOT ONLY COLD, BUT MEMORIES...
Winters College
72 Winters Lane
GG 300

WHEN COSMICON II IS OVER I BOARD THE TRAIN FOR SARNIA. I WATCH, SAD AND MELANCHOLY, AS THE CANADIAN COUNTRYSIDE AND THE MEMORIES FLICKER PAST ME.
I AM ALONE NOW. NOT THE SLEEK BLACK TORRENTS OF HAIR OF ASIAN A ON MY SHOULDER NOW, NOT THE PROMISES AND WHISPERS OF AMERICAN A; ONLY SADNESS WHEN THERE SHOULD HAVE BEEN HOPE...
C.N.
WITHIN ARE THE MEMORIES, FORGOTTEN BUT NOT GONE, LIKE A WORD ON THE TIP OF ONE'S TONGUE, BUT SOMEHOW OUT OF CONSCIOUSNESS; SOMEHOW OUT OF REACH.
SOON THE BLEAK FUTURE OF CONJURELLA WILL PROPEL ME INTO A NETWORK OF HIPPIE COMMUNES, HOMELESS SHELTERS AND FREE MEALS. SOON, THE INSULATING DOORS OF WINTERS COLLEGE WILL INSULATE ME NO MORE...
EXIT ONLY
SO WHILE 'CONJURELLA MESSIAH: NECRONOMICON MONKS' HAD BEEN MENTIONED IN TRANSMETROPOLITAN #17 AS THE WEBSITE OF THE MONTH, AND THE WARREN COMPANION IN MY INTERVIEW ON PAGE 111...
ANSMETROPOLITAN
WARREN
I FINALLY REALIZED THAT THERE HAD BEEN NO NEED TO TELL WHAT I KNEW ABOUT THE JFK ASSASSINATION AT ALL.
AND I NEVER WOULD AGAIN.





YOUNG CEREBUS:

THE COLOUR *EPIC ILLUSTRATED* STORIES

Story & Art: Dave Sim & Gerhard

(Note: these stories were Gerhard's first published Cerebus work.)

1. **Ages of Cerebus Portfolio**
   (from *Epic Illustrated* #32, October 1985)

   Presented in its original three page format, then as individual panel art.

2. **The Girl Next Door**
   (from *Epic Illustrated* #30, June 1985)

   Earliest canonical appearance of Cerebus in 1390, age five.

3. **His First Fifth**
   (from *Epic Illustrated* #26, October 1984)

   Second earliest appearance, age six. Takes place in 1391.

4. **Selling Insurance**
   (from *Epic Illustrated* #30, June 1985)

   Takes place in 1393, Cerebus age eight.

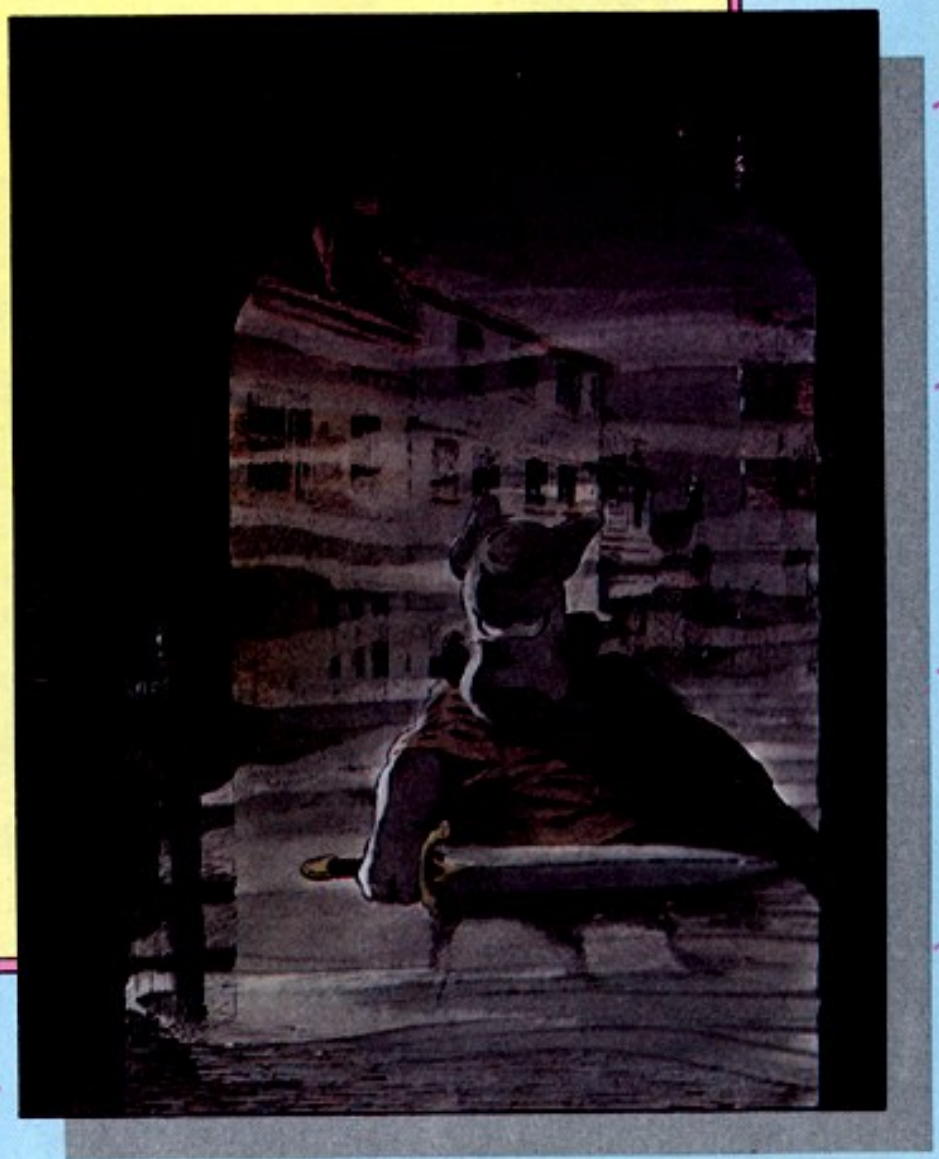
5. **A Friendly Reminder**
   (from *Epic Illustrated* #28, February 1985)

   Takes place in 1403, age eighteen.

Portfolio

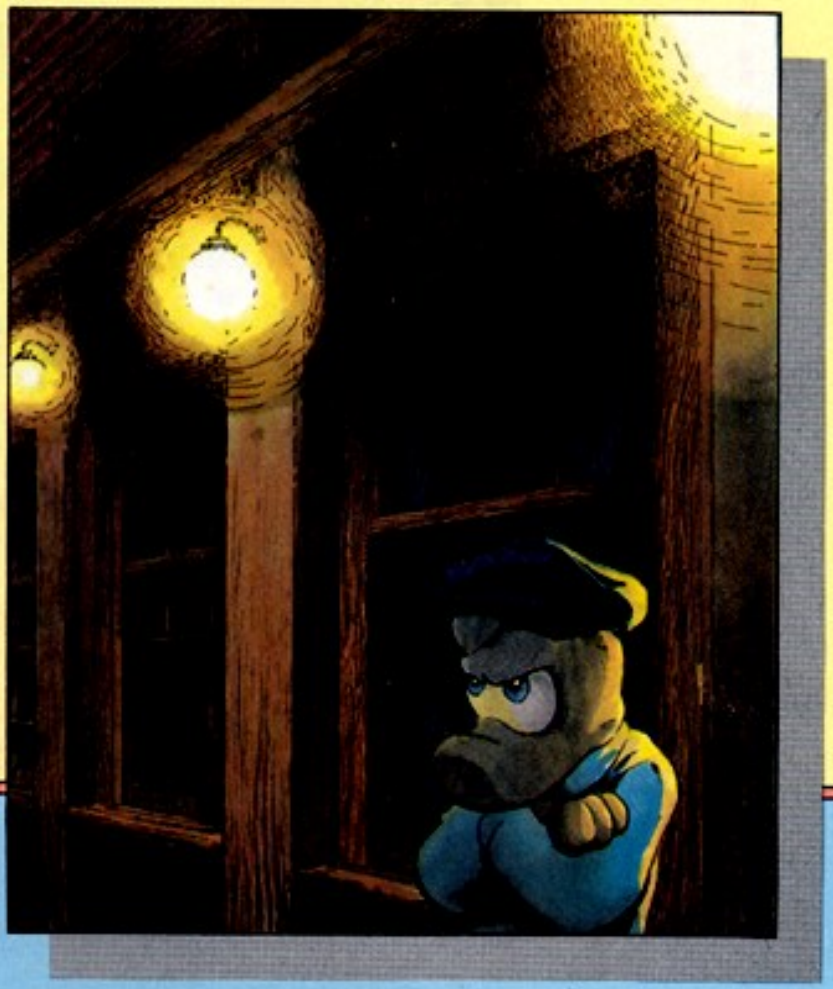
THE AGES OF CEREBUS

Over the past year, we've featured stories of Dave Sim's remarkable comics creation, Cerebus the Aardvark. These short adventures, his first in full color, deal almost exclusively with the youthful Cerebus, but in his own monthly black-and-white comic book, published by Sim's company, Aardvark-Vanaheim, the earth pig's adult life is shown in its many facets. In this special portfolio by Dave and his collaborator, Gerhard, a few of those facets are revealed for Epic readers.

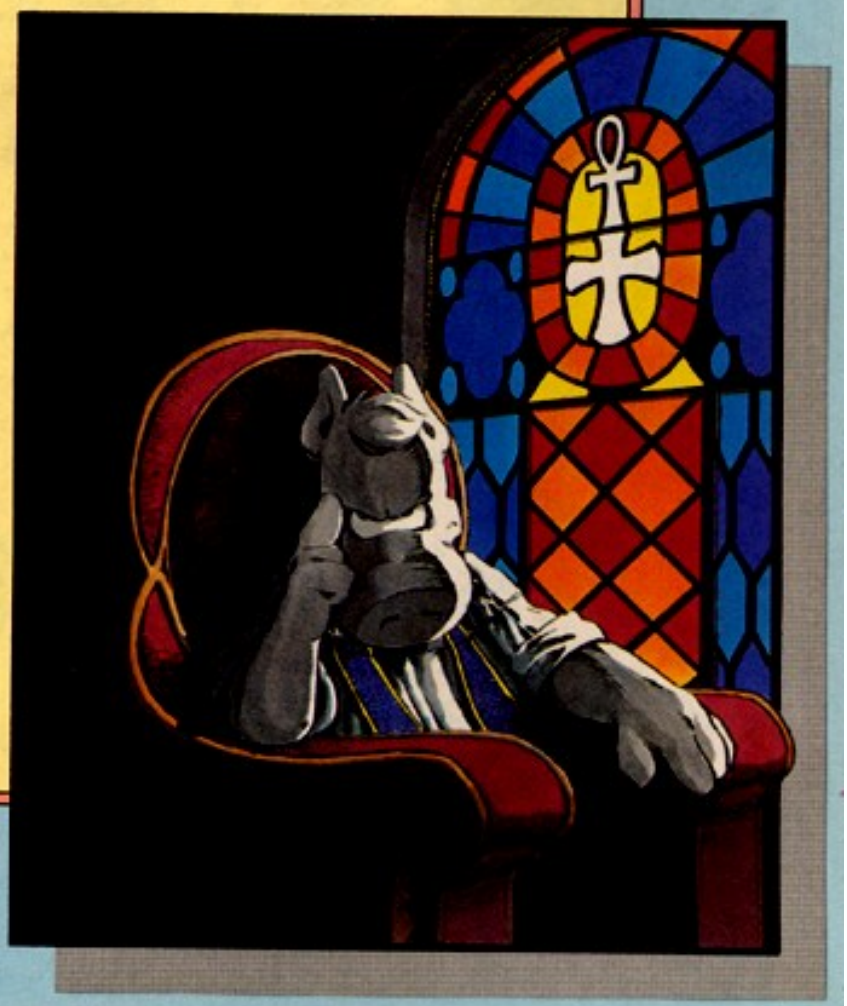


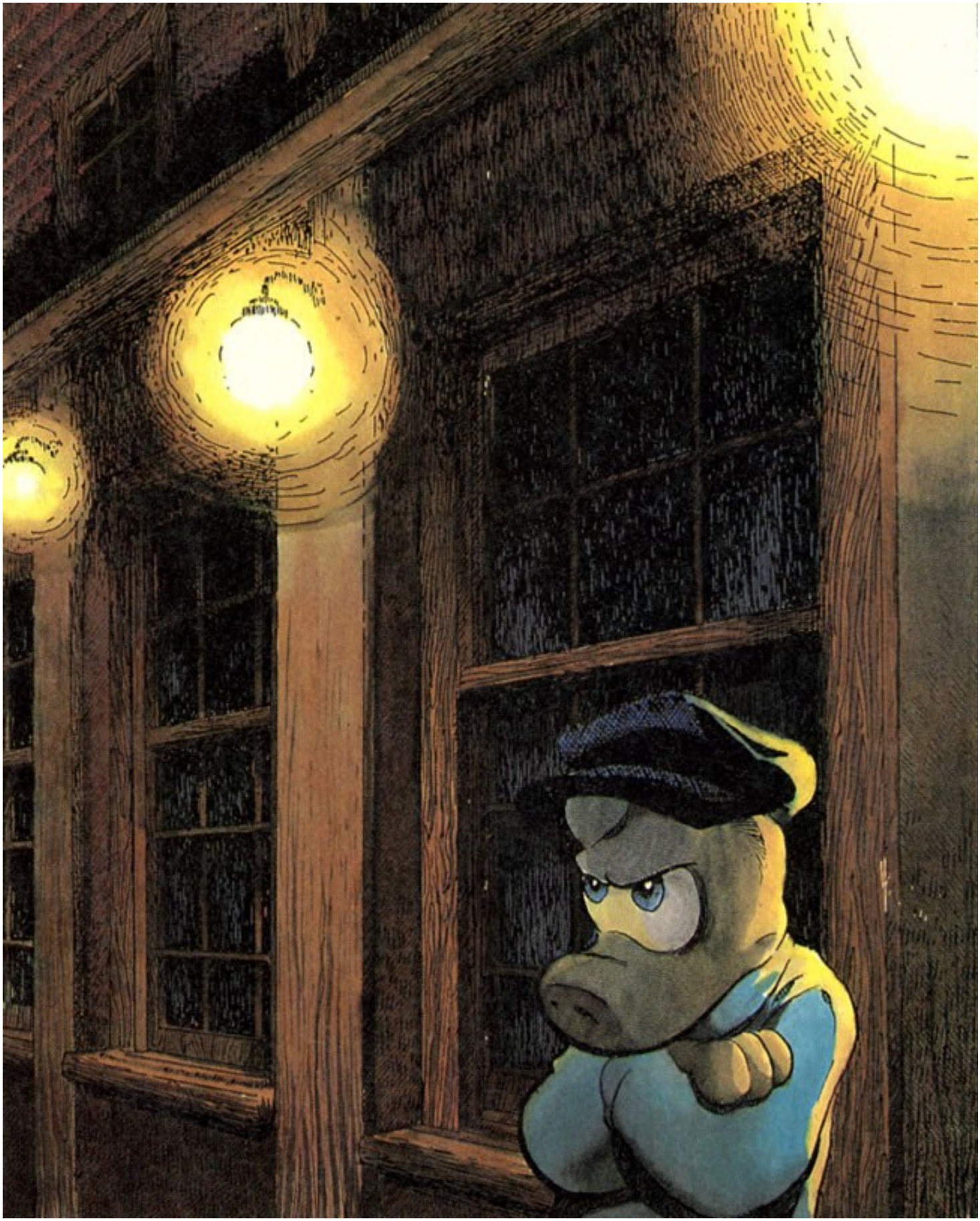
© 1985 Dave Sim

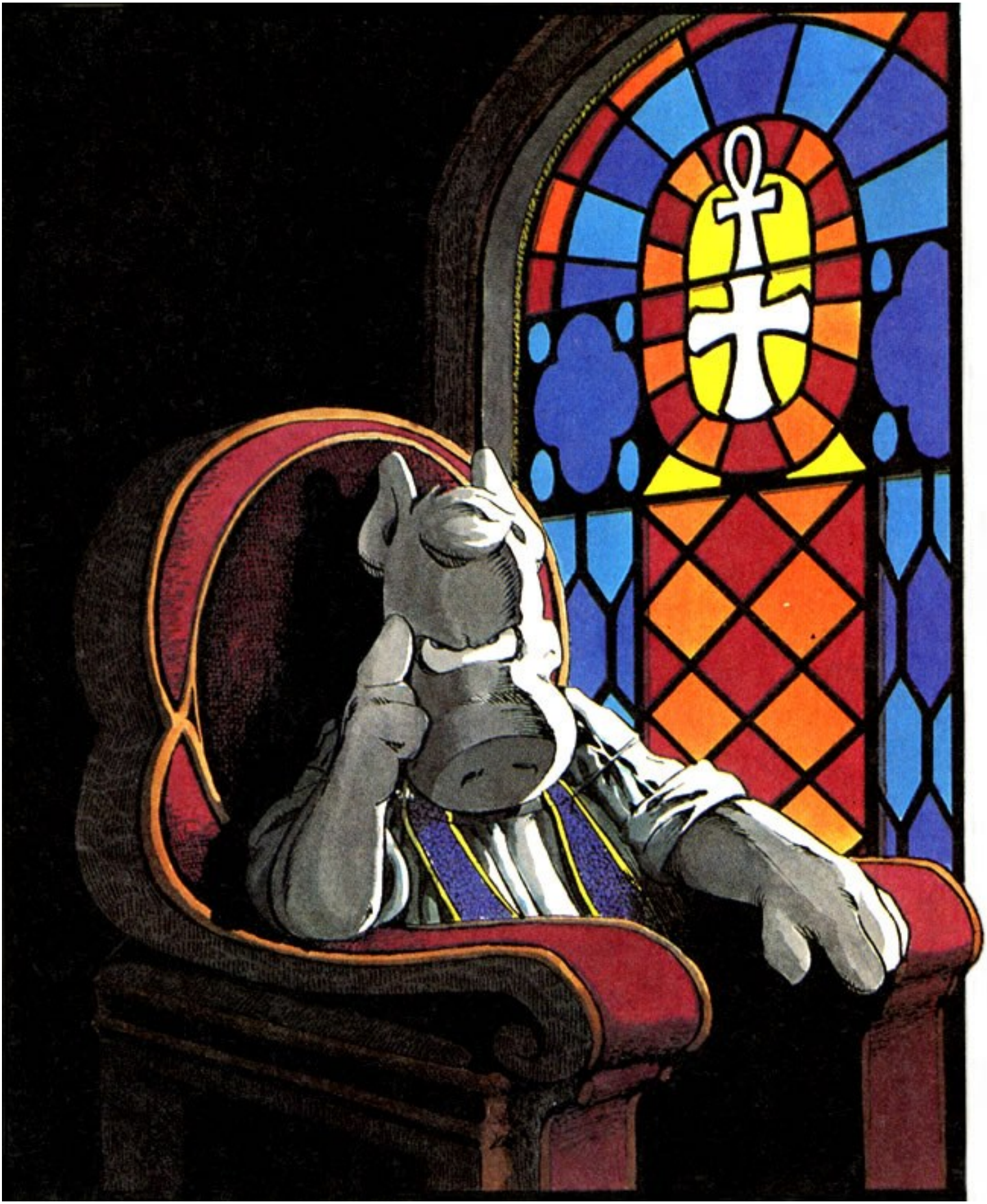
Cerebus first appeared to his ever-growing audience as a sword-swinging adventurer striding the mythic world of Estarcion (as shown on the previous page) and it remains one of the most popular phases of his career (would you tell anyone with a stare like that that this wasn't a popular phase?). But not everything can be won by the sword. Graft, chicanery, and the ability to out-campaign a goat led to the aarvark becoming Prime Minister (above) of lest. Below, the youth Epic readers know and love; full of grit, pluck, mettle, and a precocious talent for brutal extortion.

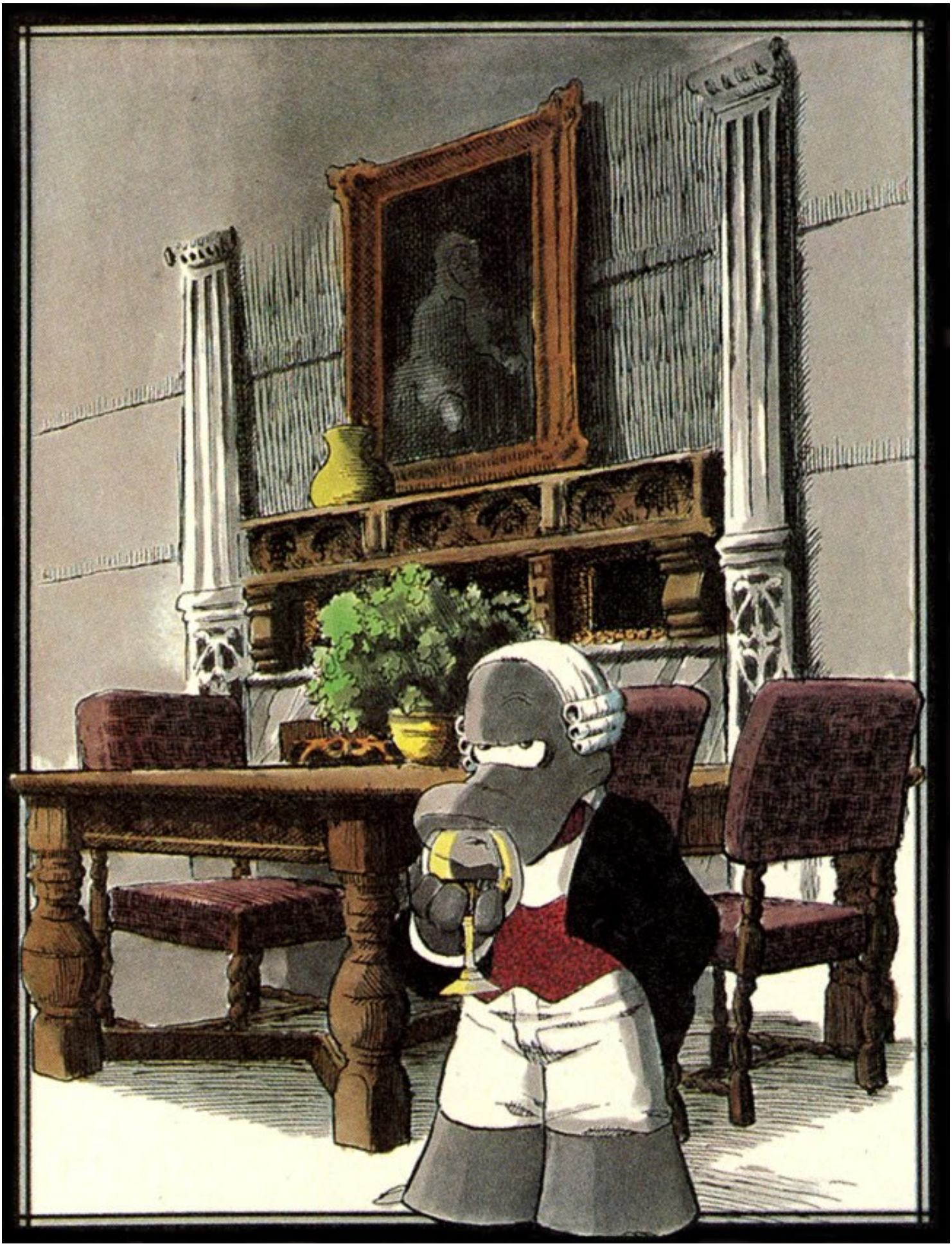


How do you top being Prime Minister? Well, while attempting to decide, you might spend some time as a Samurai Warrior. To our knowledge, Cerebus has yet to ever do this. However, in the three hundred issues that Sim has planned for the telling of the Aardvark's life, there are about two hundred and twenty-five yet to go. Anything is possible. Meantime, we have the portrait on the upper-right to ponder and wonder over. Getting back to the original question, (and the last offering in our earth pig gallery) how does becoming Pope sound to you for a topper? In recent issues, Cerebus has become the Most Holy Pontiff of the Western Church of the Living Tarim (or just Most Holy to friends and supplicants). Pretty far from the youthful hi-jinx we've seen in Epic? Maybe. But you'll find a heart-warming sort of familiarity in the Pontiff's flair for extortion.





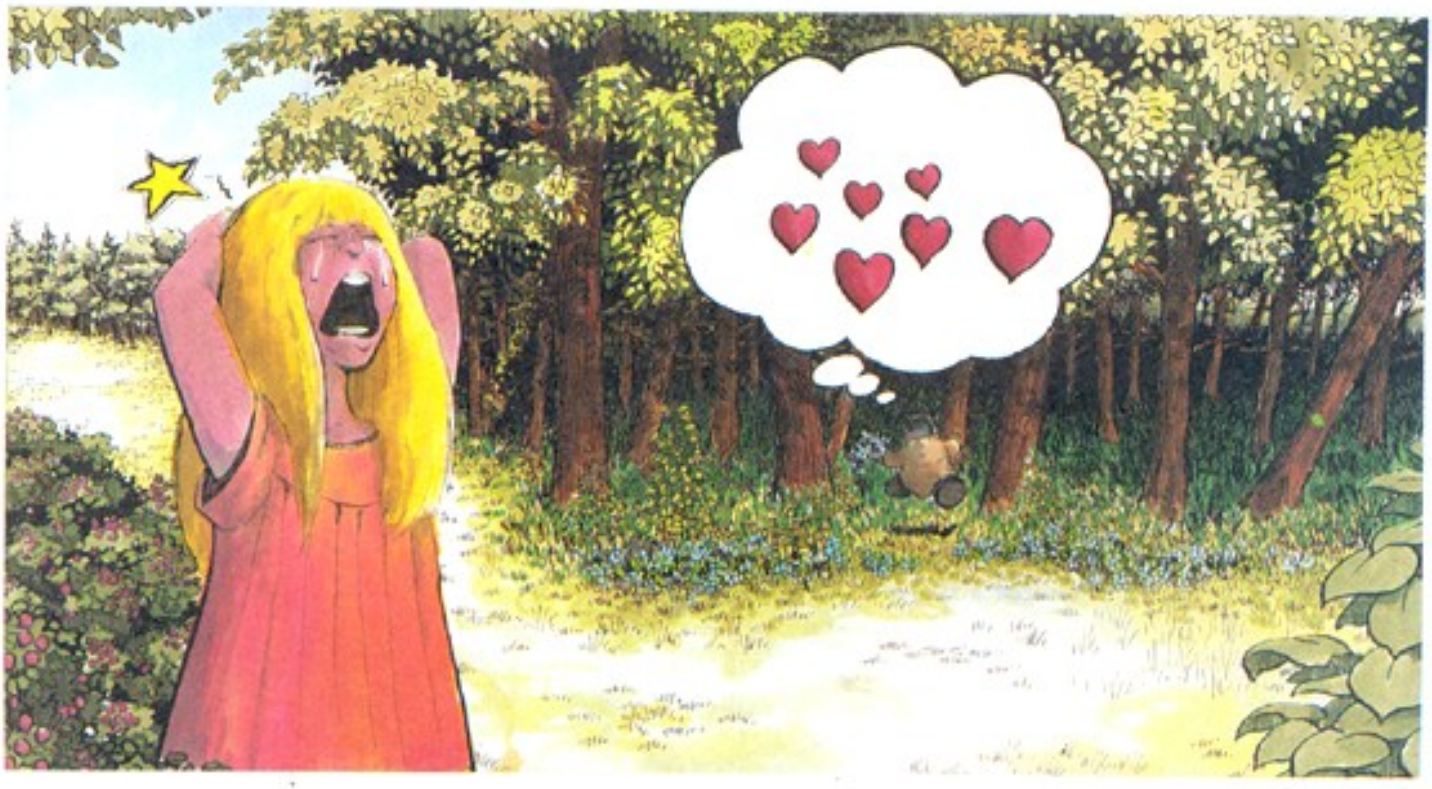


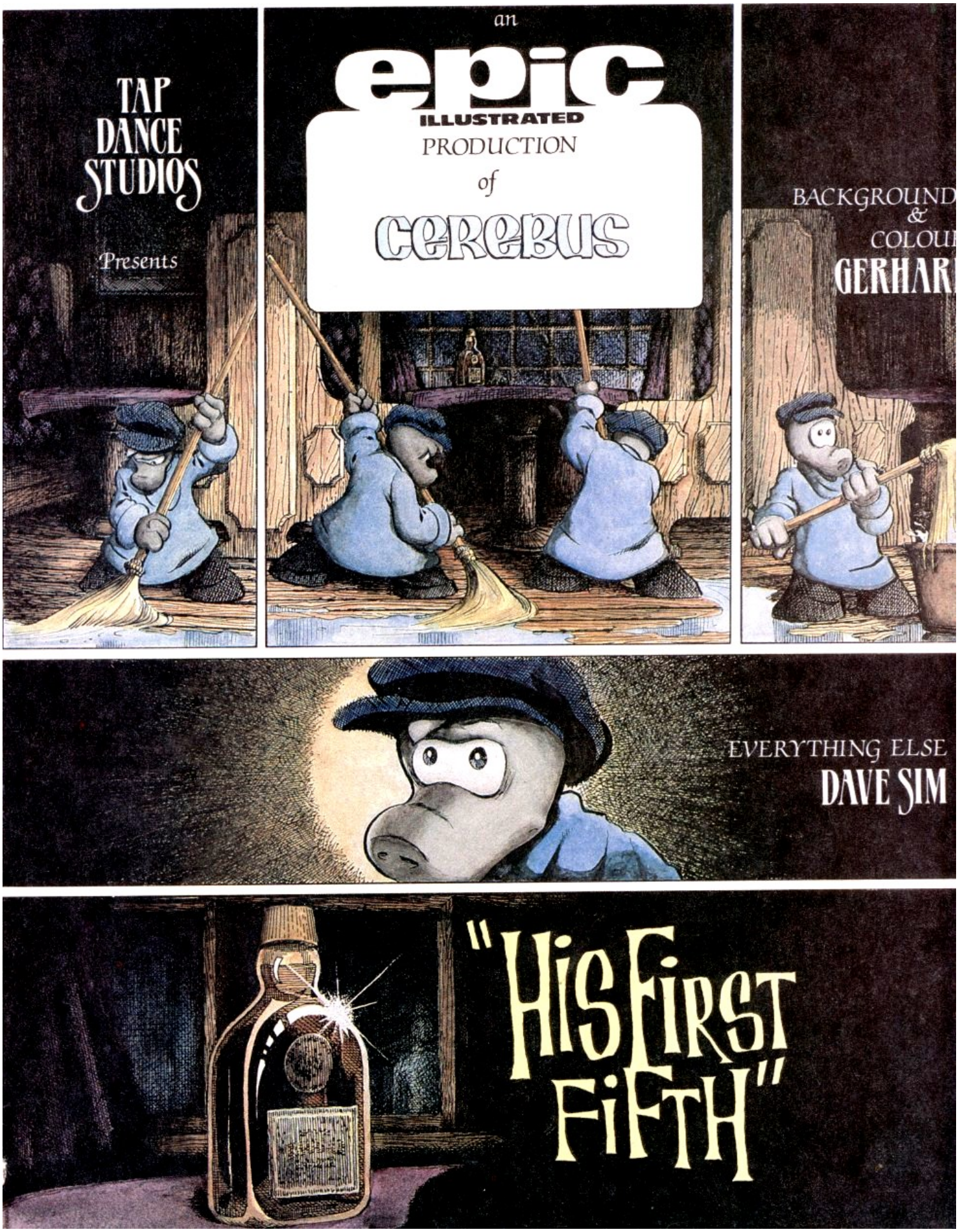


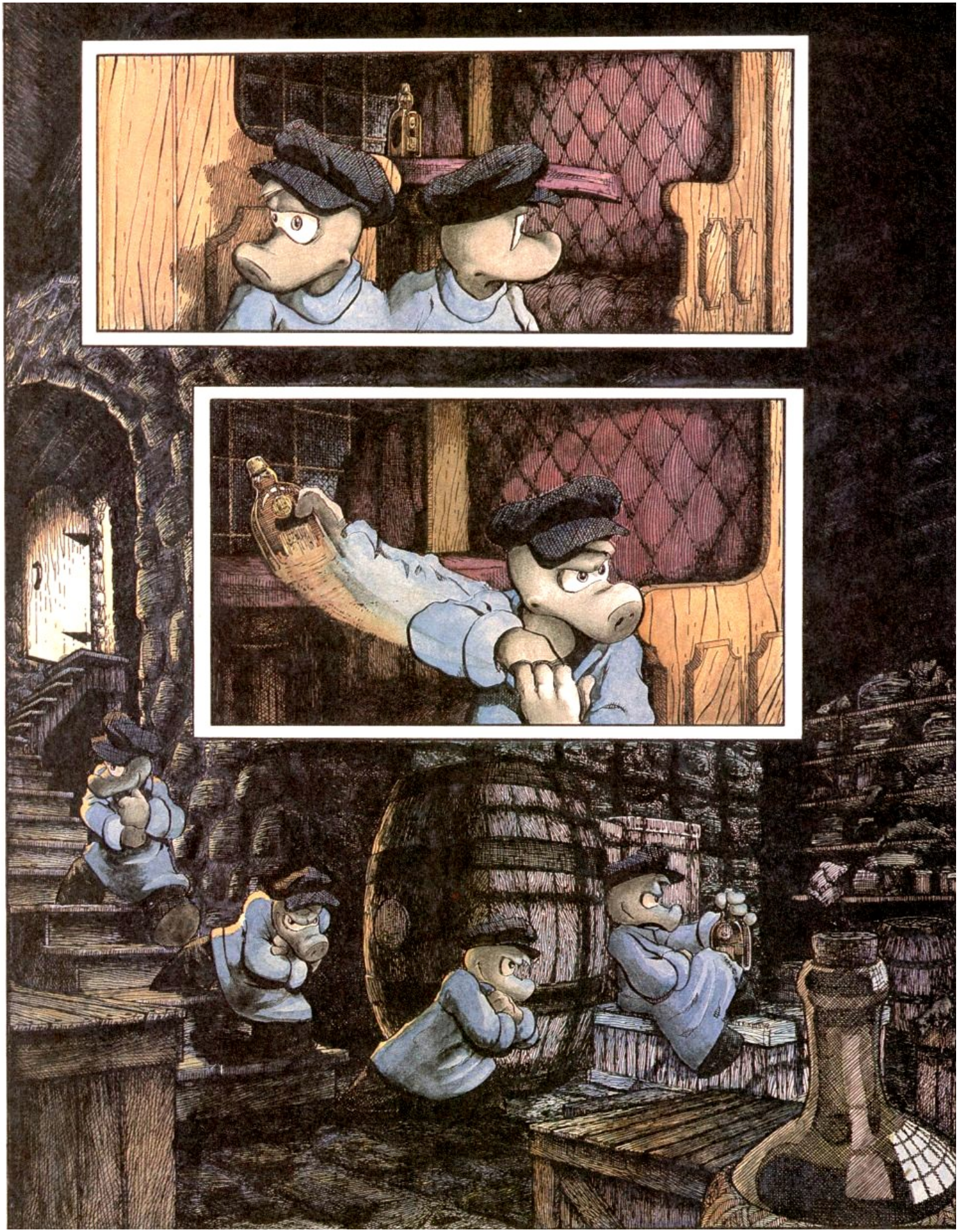
the girl next door

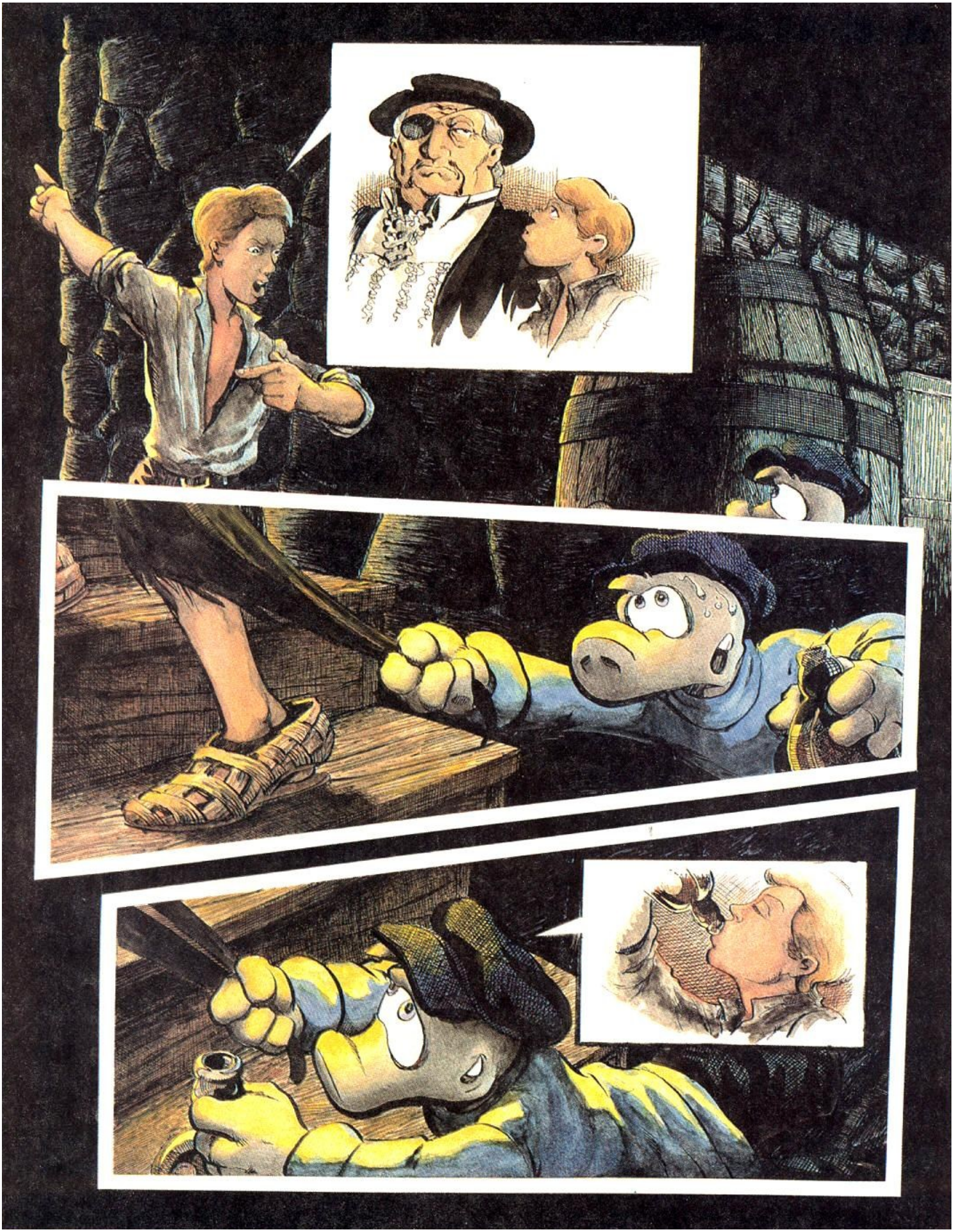
© 1985 Dave Sim

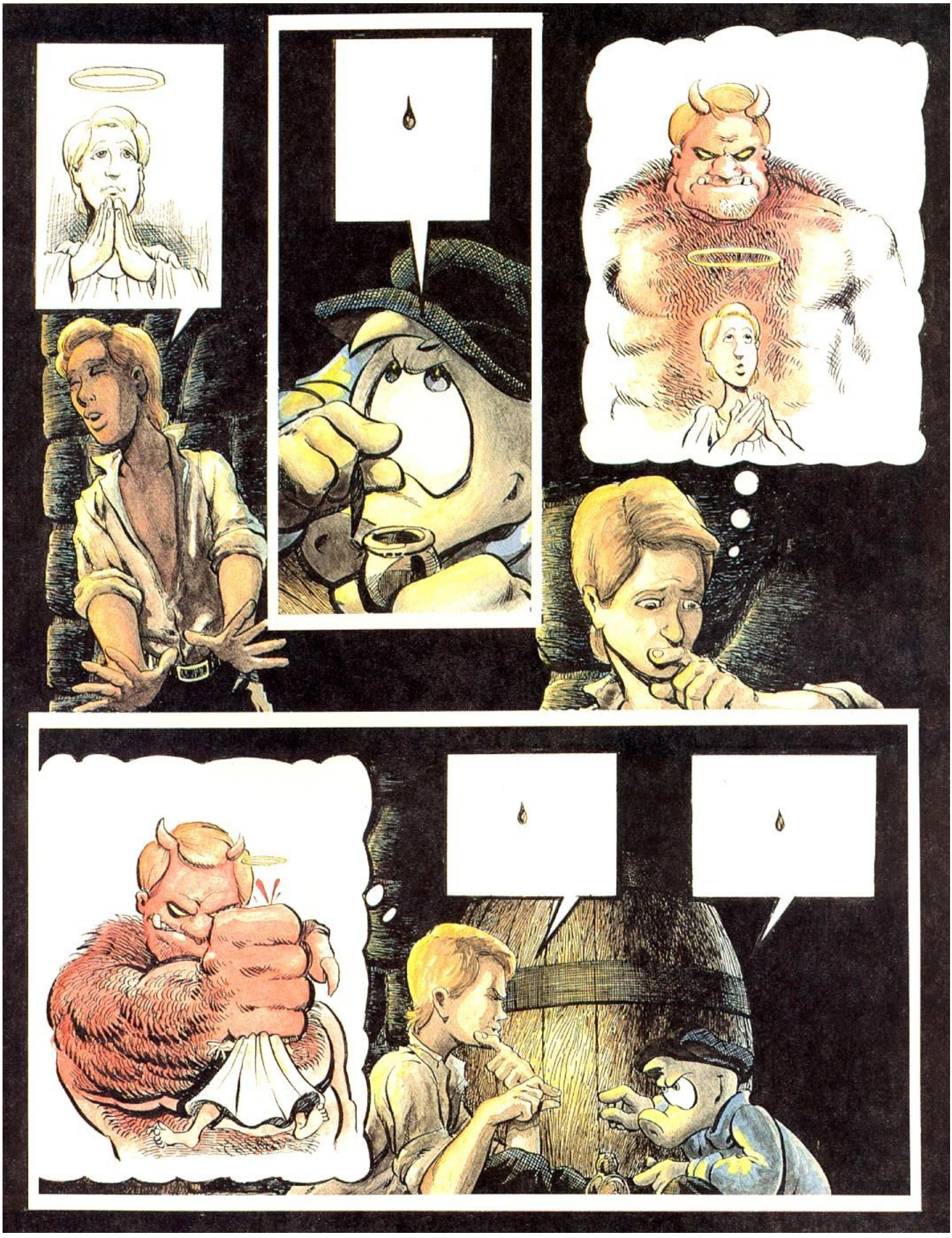
BONK

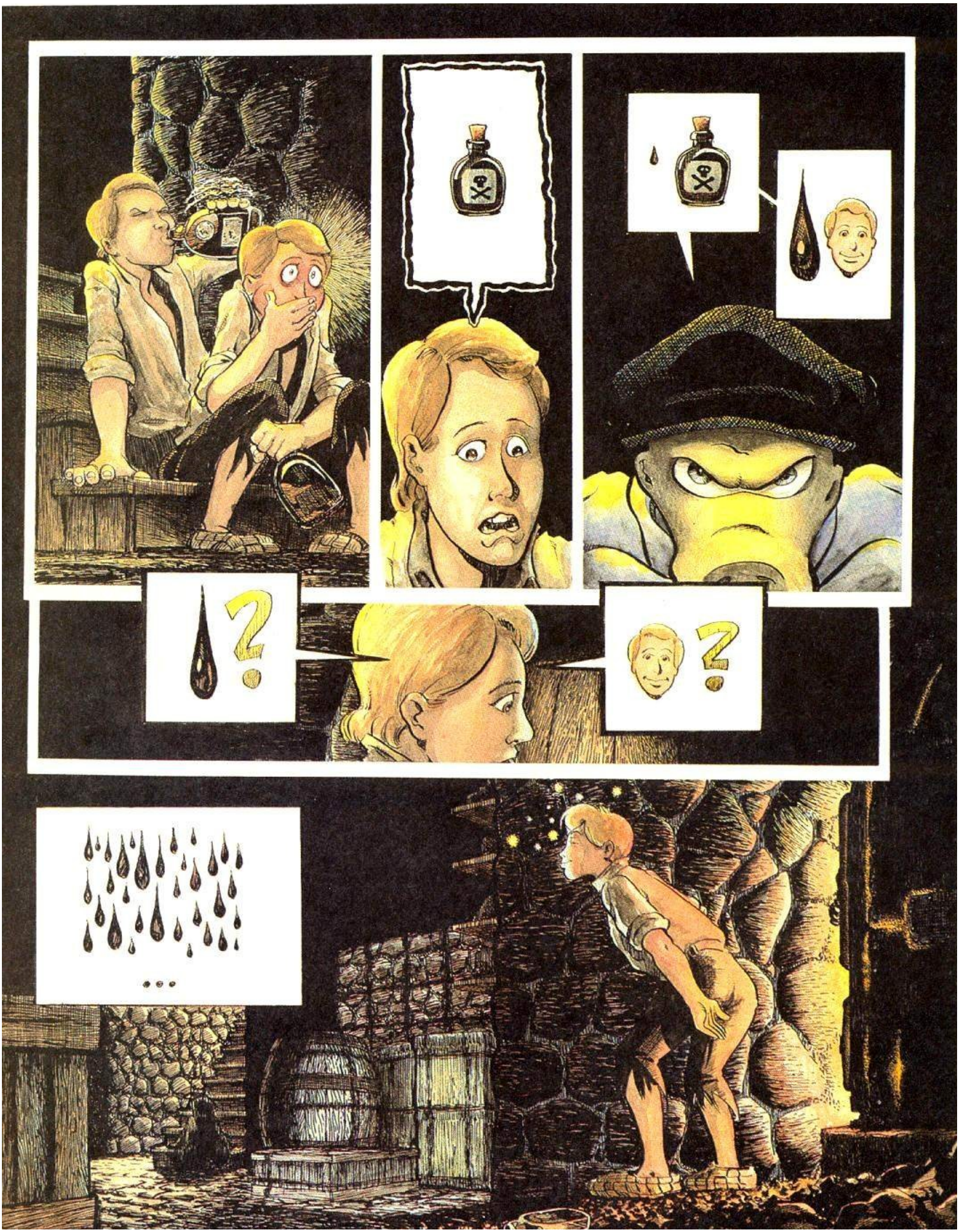


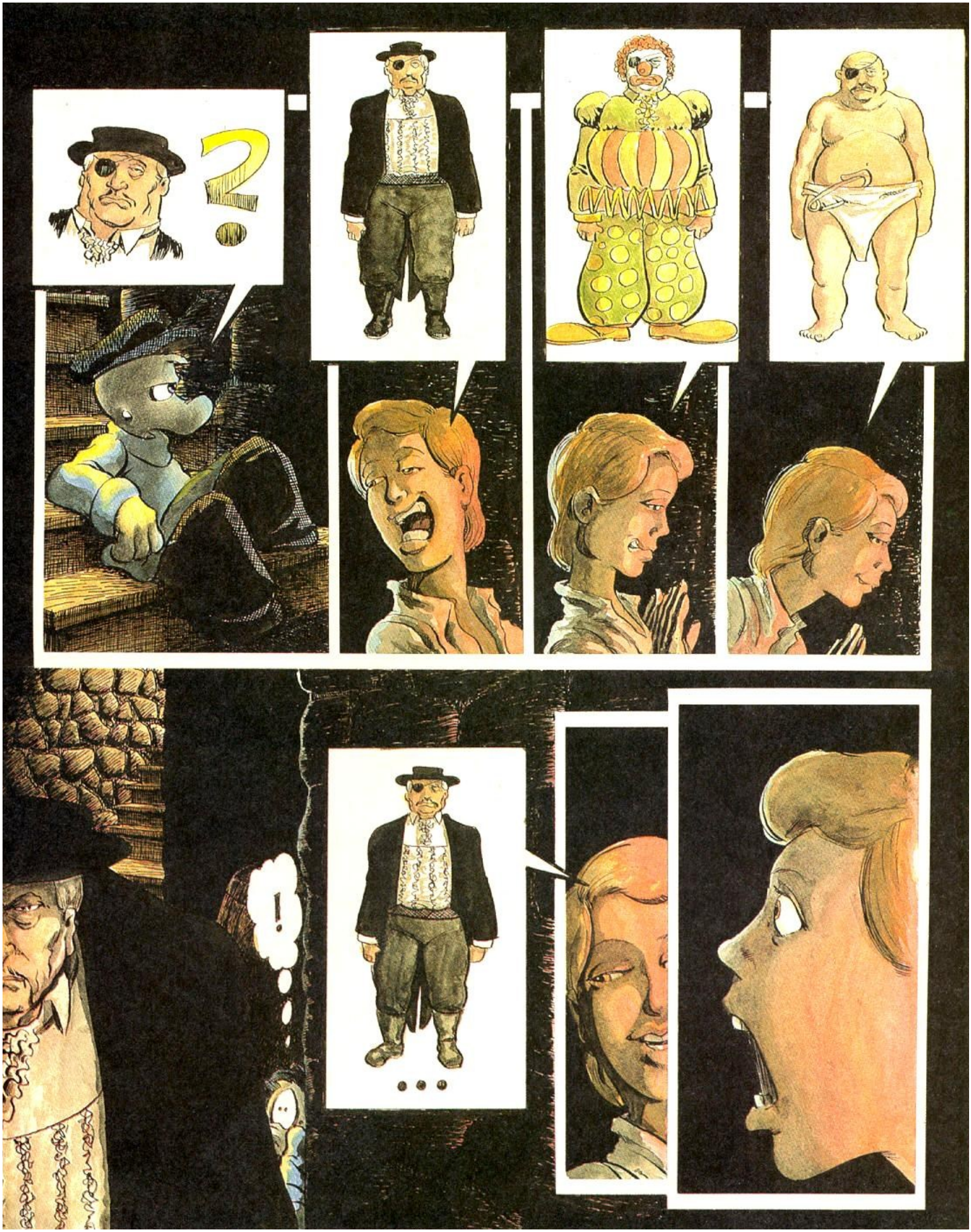

TAP DANCE STUDIOS
Presents
an
epic
ILLUSTRATED
PRODUCTION
of
CEREBUS
BACKGROUND
&
COLOU
GERHAR
EVERYTHING ELSE
DAVE SIM
"HIS FIRST FIFTH"

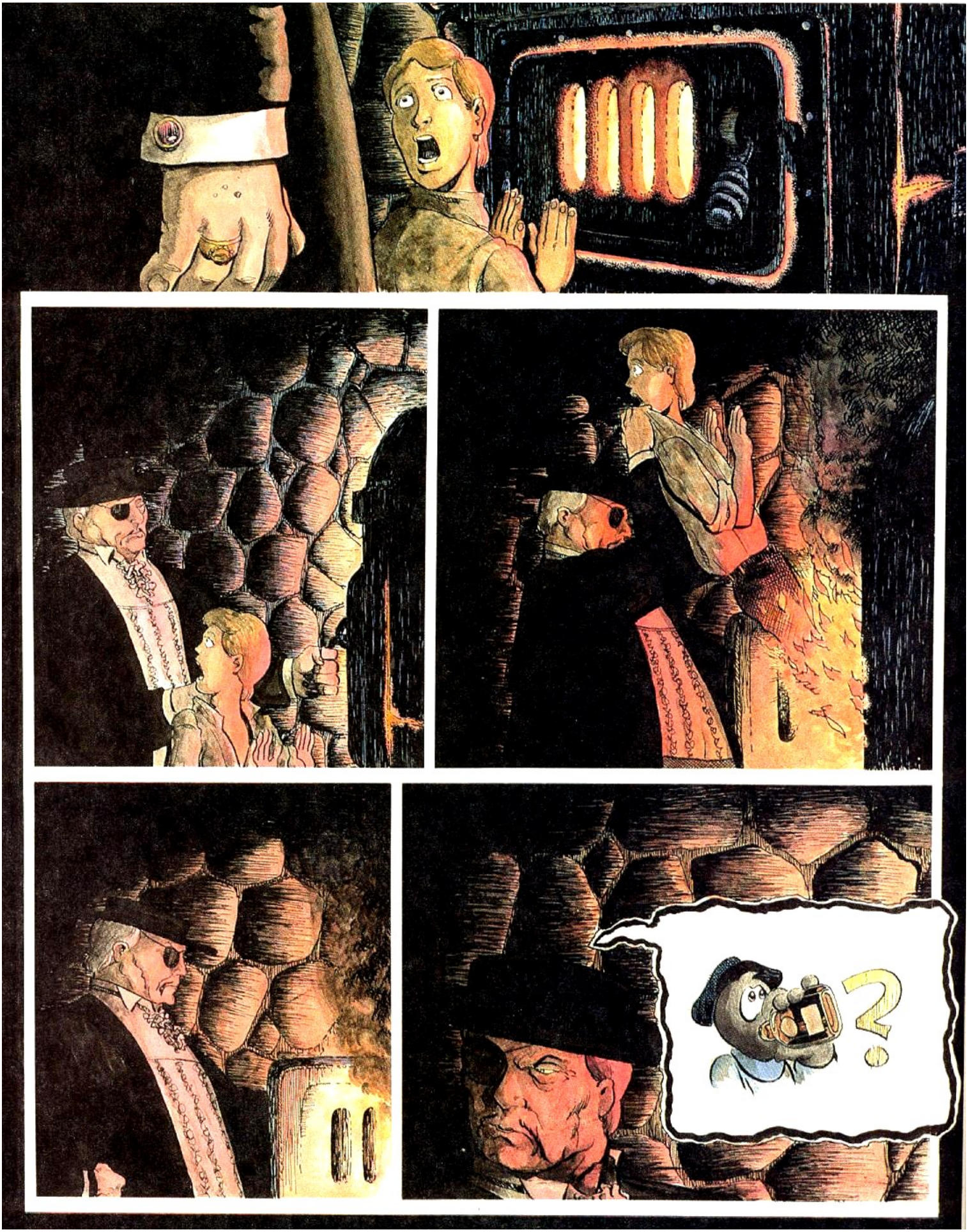


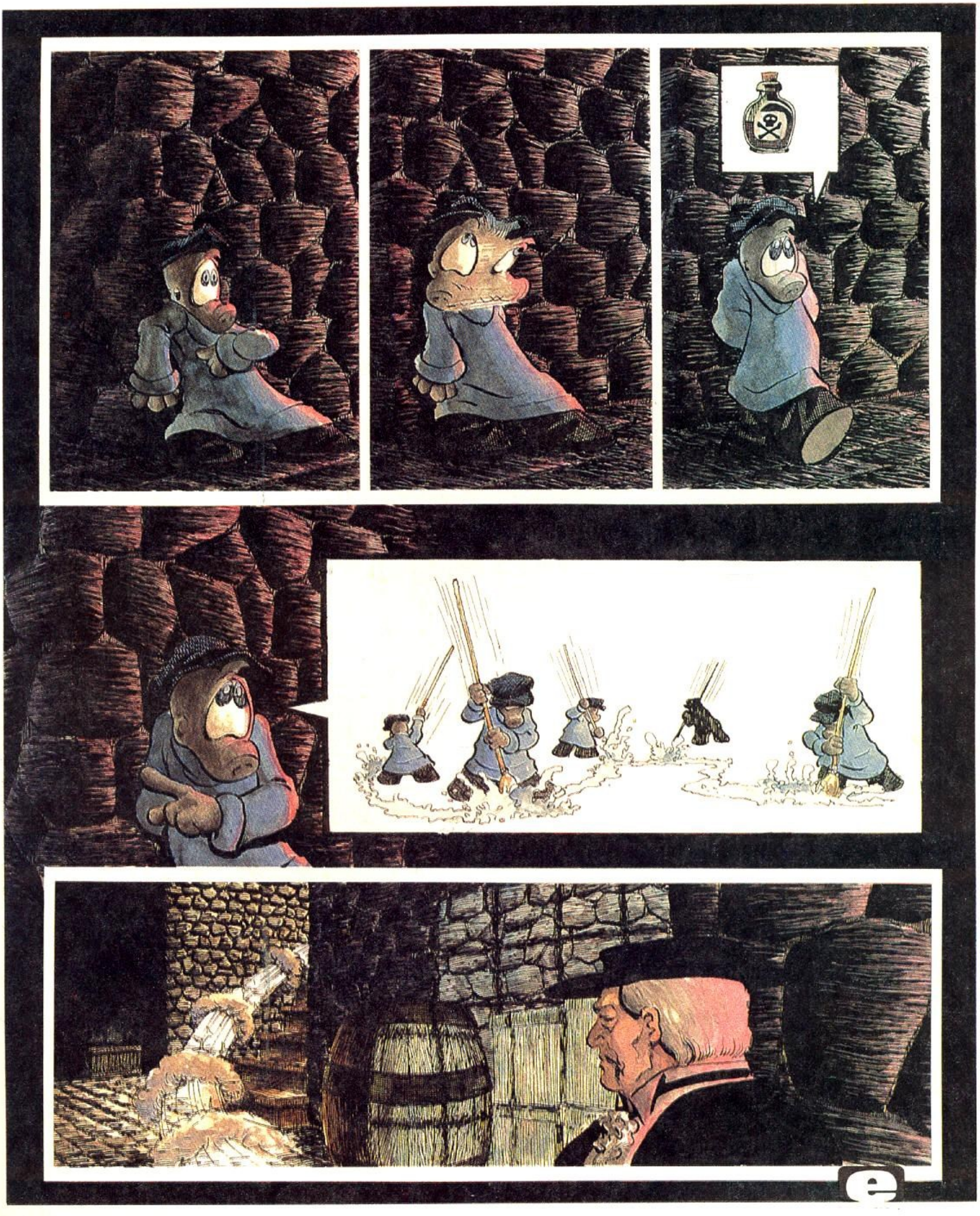






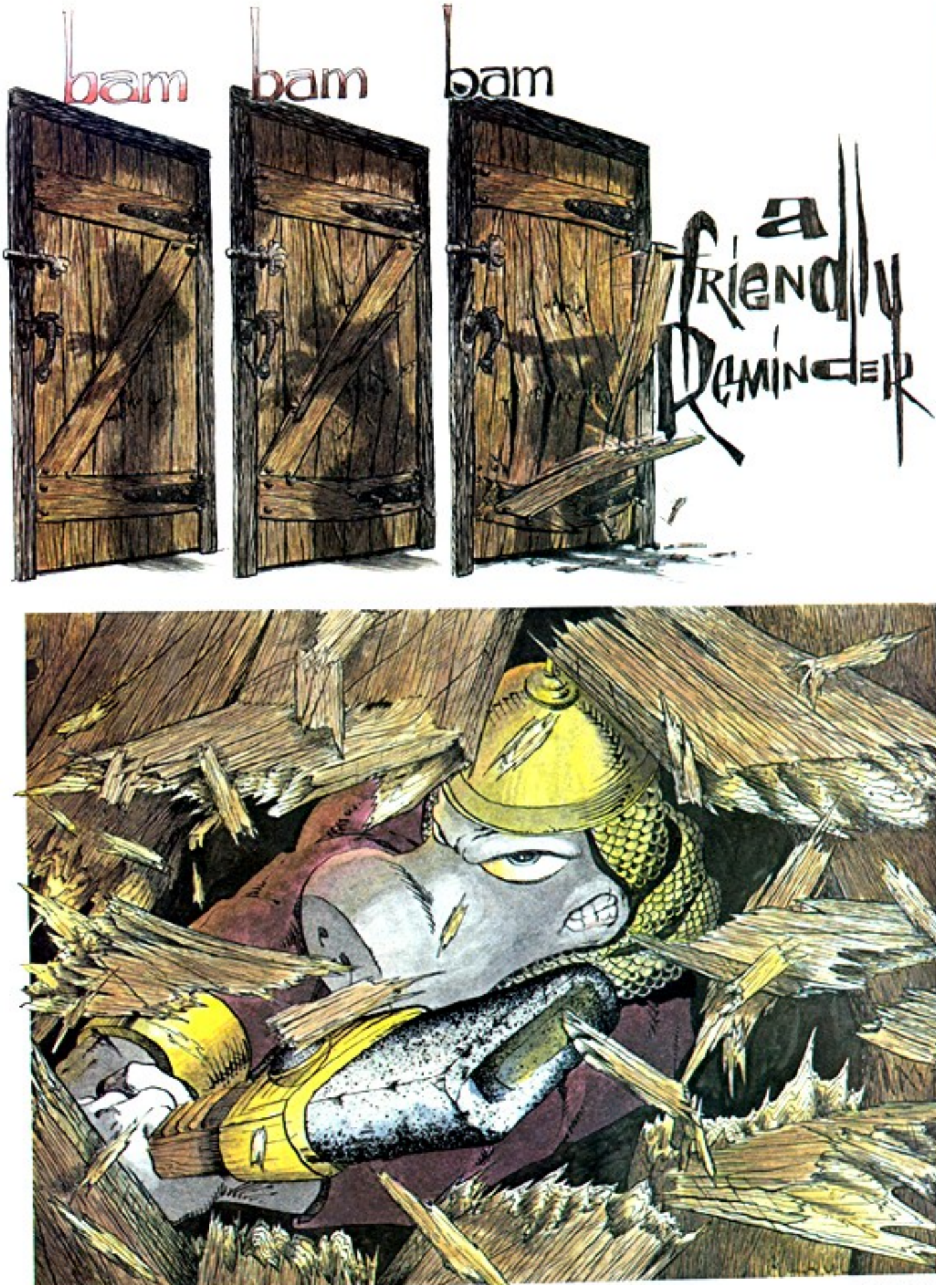


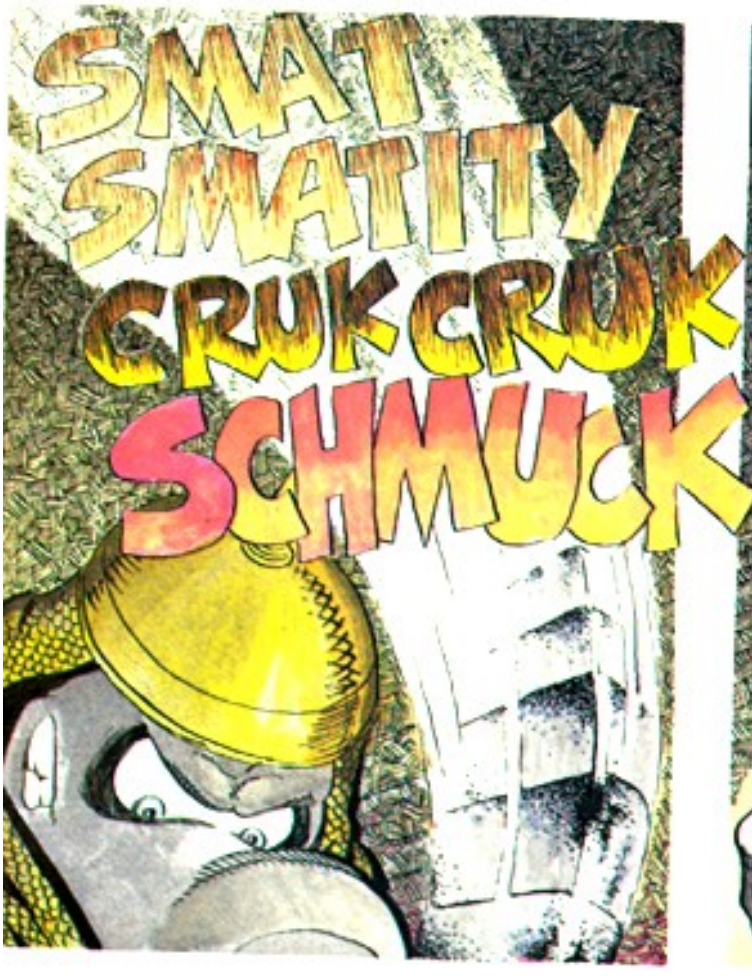


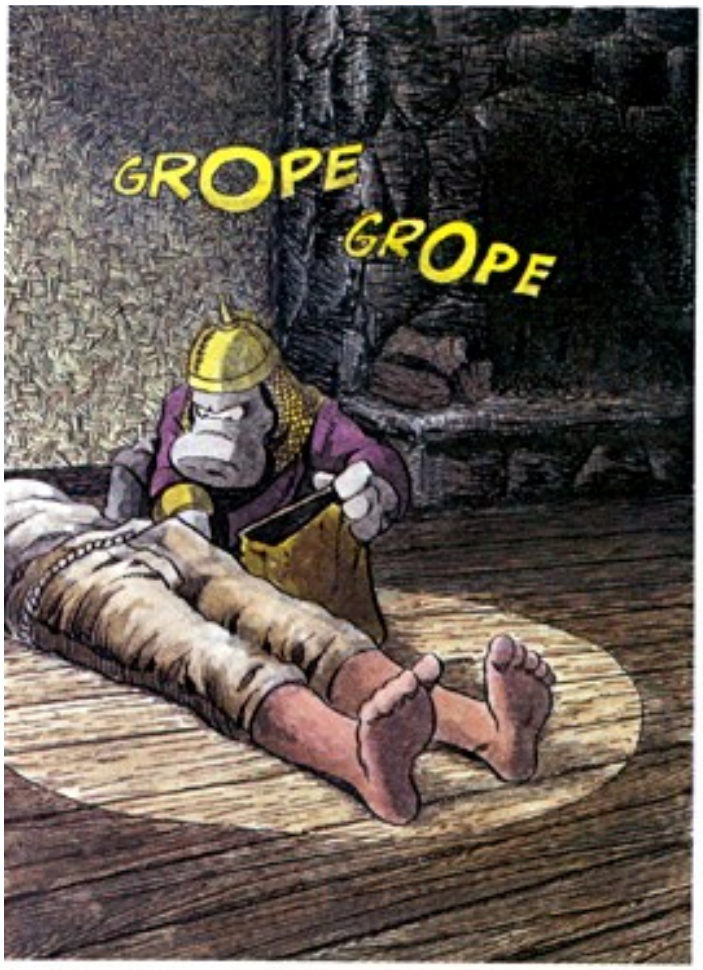


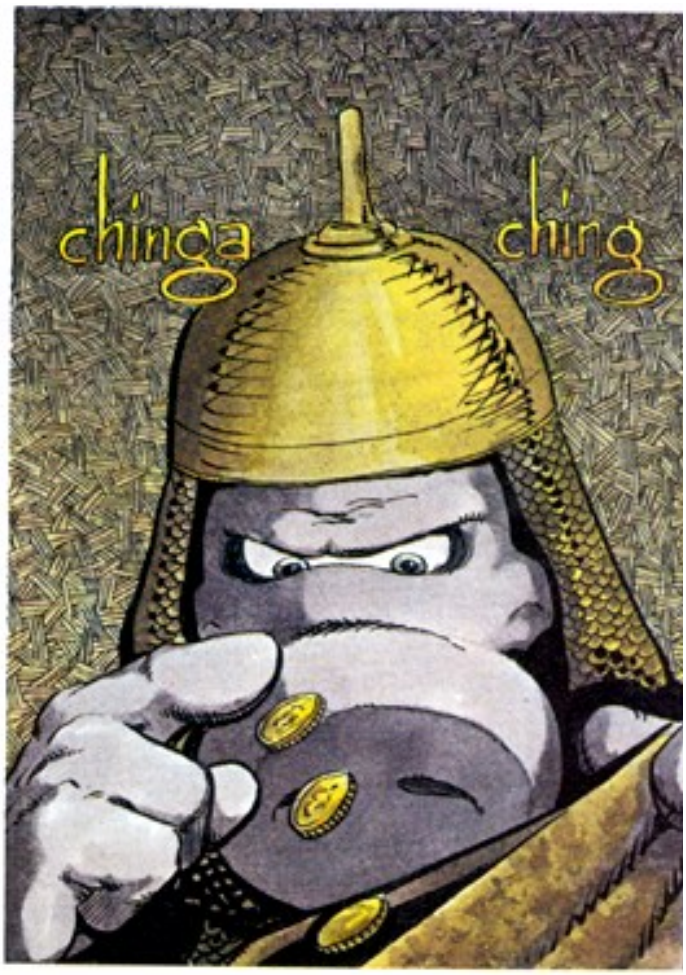
© 1985 Dave Sim

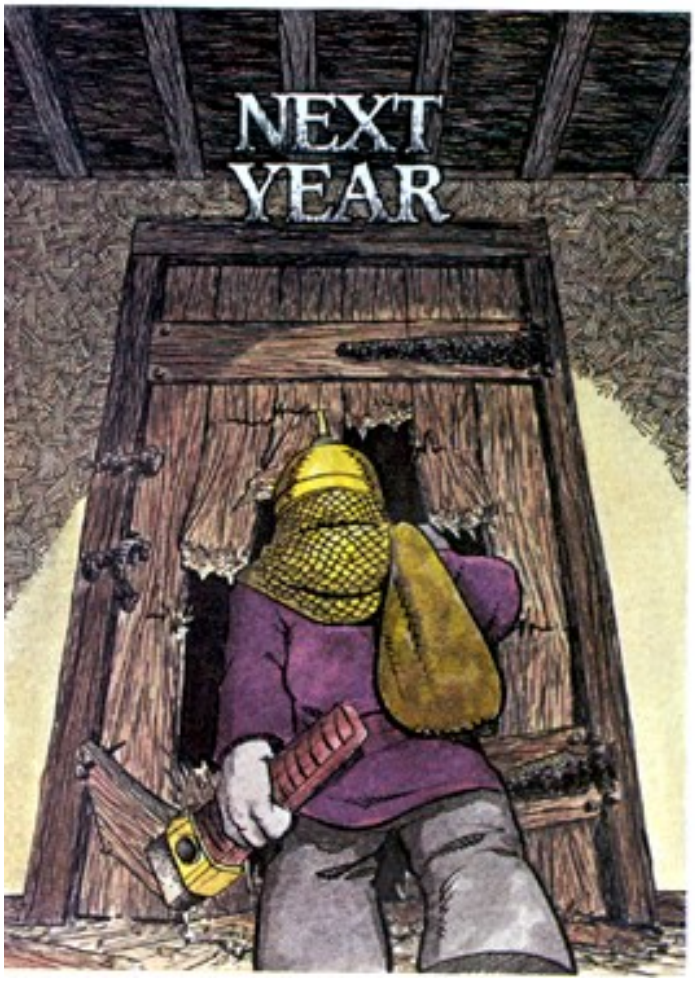
WHAM

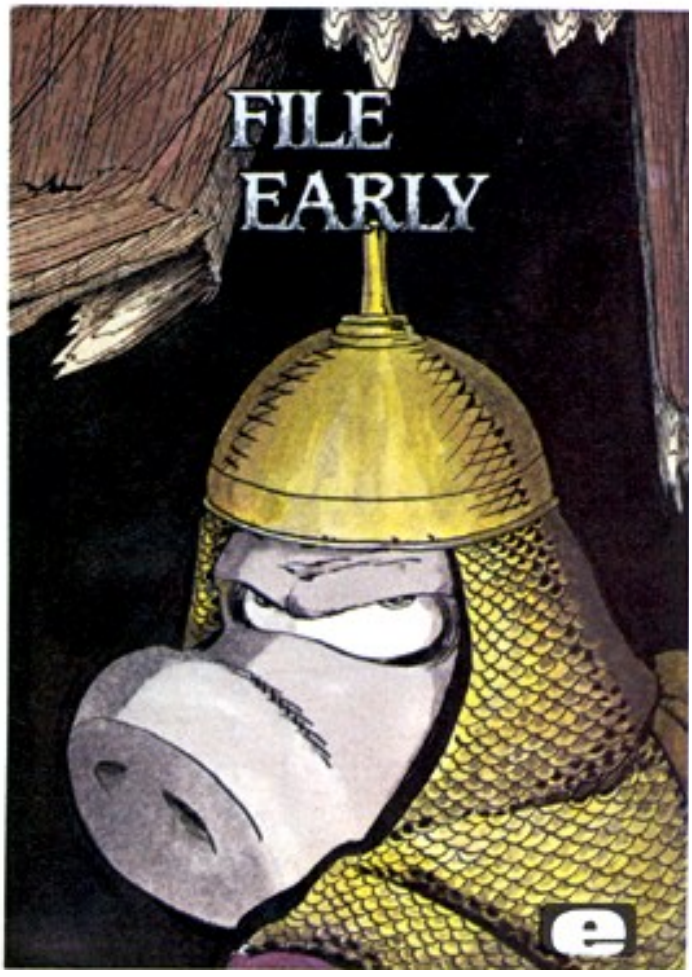

bam
bam
bam
a
friendly
reminder


SMAT
SMATTY
CRUK CRUK
SCHMUCK


GROPE
GROPE


chinga
ching


NEXT
YEAR


FILE
EARLY

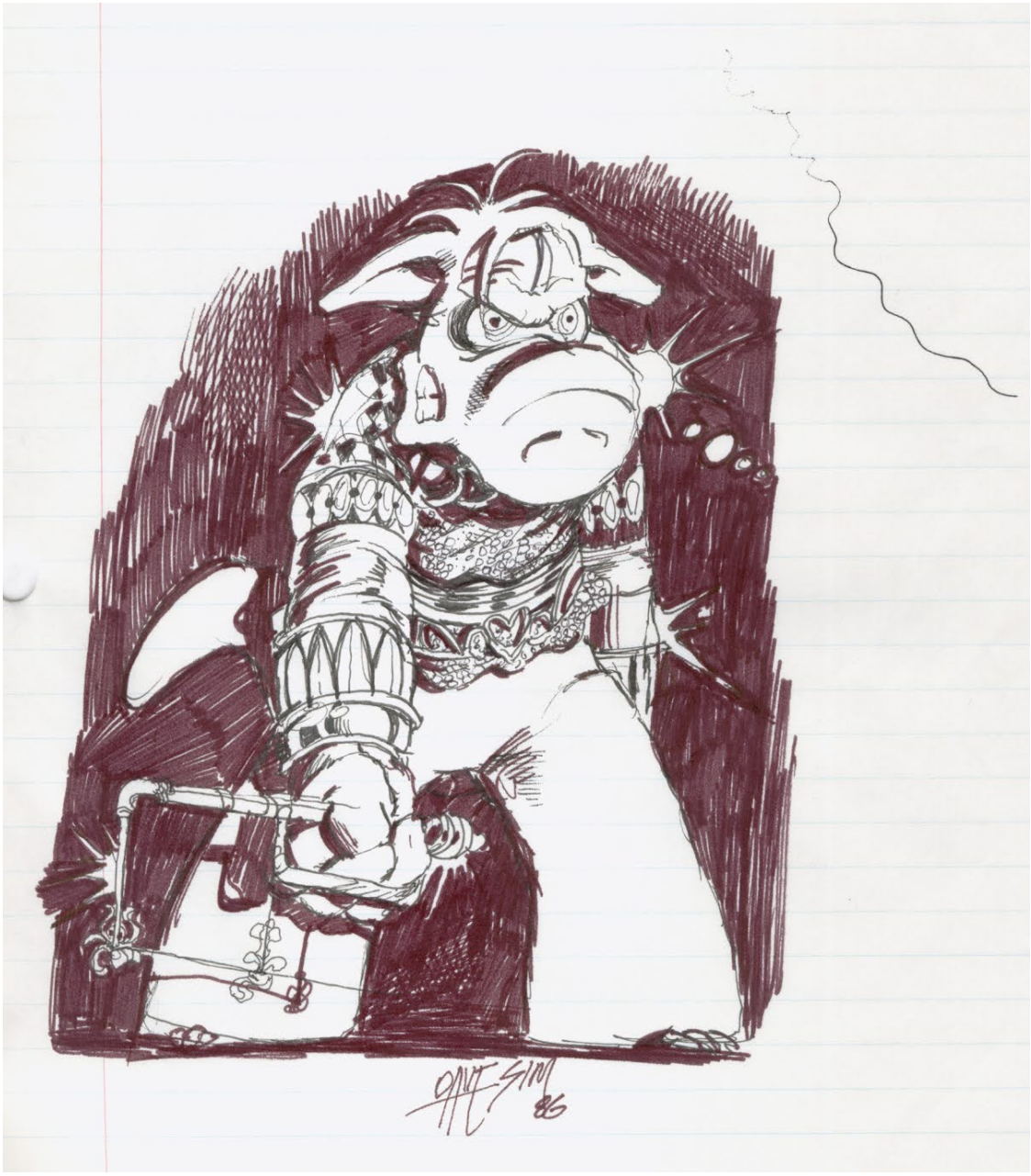
BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO

Cover Art: Neal Adams

Story Text & Art: Dave Sim

From *Anything Goes* #3 (March 1987)

Published by The Comics Journal



PRELIMINARY NOTEBOOK COVER ART SKETCH by DAVE SIM

ANYTHING GOES!

This issue:

MARTY LYLES & HOWARD CRUSE

MIKE KAZALEH

MARV WOLFMAN & GARY KWAPISZ

DANIEL CLOWES

MARK WHEATLEY

PAT BOYETTE

. . .and a new Cerebus vignette by

DAVE SIM!

NUMBER 3 ■ $2.00
($2.85 in Canada)
Recommended for mature readers

CEREBUS in BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO

Story & Art:
DAVE SIM

Coloring:
TOM LUTH

On the occasion of Michelle's abrupt departure (first Michelle, that is; not the Countess), our intrepid Aardvarkian protagonist suffered a condition not unfamiliar to any of us who have traversed the rugged highways and merciless by-ways of loves found and loves lost. It is tempting to say that the Aardvarkian mind is beyond our understanding but, in the opinion of your humble narrator, such assertion smacks of making music by the boneyard.

Who among us could say, with any degree of certainty, that the abrupt and completely unexpected termination of what had been (to that point) a mutually-satisfying and fully acquiesced-to period of cohabital bliss would not compel us to behave in a manner which could most charitably be described as "odd"? Who among us could say, under solemn oath, that the discovery of an elaborate, glistening blouse of fine silks and rare metals, purchased for the Abrupt and Unexpected Terminator at great and impoverishing expense mere days before the unhappy expiration, and with an heirloom cheese-slicer which had been in the family of the pubescent child for countless generations. . . . . ?

Who among us could say that we would *not* don the offending garment? Who among us could say that we would not take up the damnable utensil? Who among us could say that we would not go about the appointed tasks of our most recent vocation so-bedecked? To wit; the collecting of mandatory donations for the maintenance and gratification of the governing class and (while supplies last) society as a whole?

These questions are not intended rhetorically, but in the interests of momentum, we shall press on as if they were.

It was the unfortunate lot of one of the local intelligentsia (as rare an avis in the Aardvarkian age as now), a perceptive chap well-versed in matters arcane and philosophies dangerous of all stripes and persuasions, to be asked to remark upon the condition and implication(s) of the Regional Representative of His Royal Highness' Chancellor of the Exchequer and Agent of the Municipal Treasury going about his appointed rounds dressed in a Panrovian Harem Costume of recent vintage and enforcing the Will of Our Blessed Sovereign with a kitchen utensil of almost unimaginably-limited effectiveness. Being an aficionado of the esoteric, the unusual, the colorful, the excessive, the unique, the eccentric, the different and the varied (in large measure this was the reason his opinion was much-valued in the little community and served to explain the crowd that had gathered to have a listen) he replied, with no little affection. . . . . .

"He's bugfuck."

Unfortunate, because it was rumoured that he later died of multiple cheese-slicer wounds administered with great ferocity and no small among of diligence — — — proving, once more, that it is not the inherent appropriateness of a given tool, so much as the determination of its owner to accomplish a task which dictates success or failure. If there is another moral to this tale which escapes your humble narrator, he begs that you attribute the oversight to the limited perceptions to be garnered from a story-teller's humble toil and grants you leave to pursue larger meanings with critics, professors, biographers, attorneys, and others whose livelihoods are predicated upon elaborate landscaping of the simplest molehills.

BOOK II:

PROMOTIONAL MATERIAL

&

FAN COMMISSIONS

1. THE FROST GIANT'S WEDGIE **206**
2. 1993 WORD TOUR PAMPHLET **207**
3. 1979 FAN COMMISSION **211**
4. AARDVARK BERZERK POSTER **212**
5. HOLOGRAM PENDANT AD **214**
6. DIAMONDBACK AD **215**

THE FROST GIANT'S WEDGIE : THE WORLD'S SHORTEST CEREBUS STORY

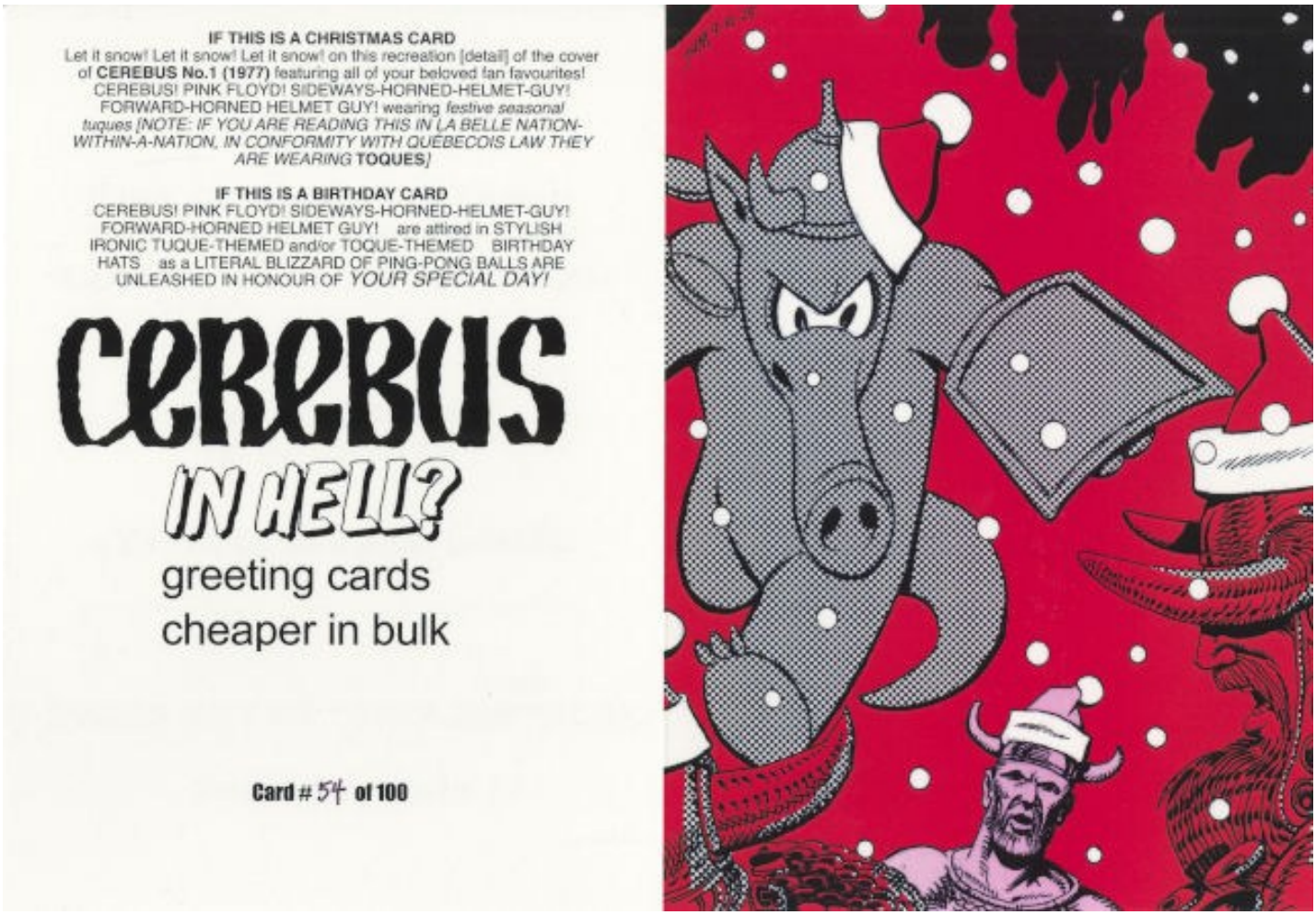
Story, Text & Art: Dave Sim

Fan Commission (?)

TFGW appears to be a fan commission that was posted on the *Moment of Cerebus* blog. Thanks, guys!

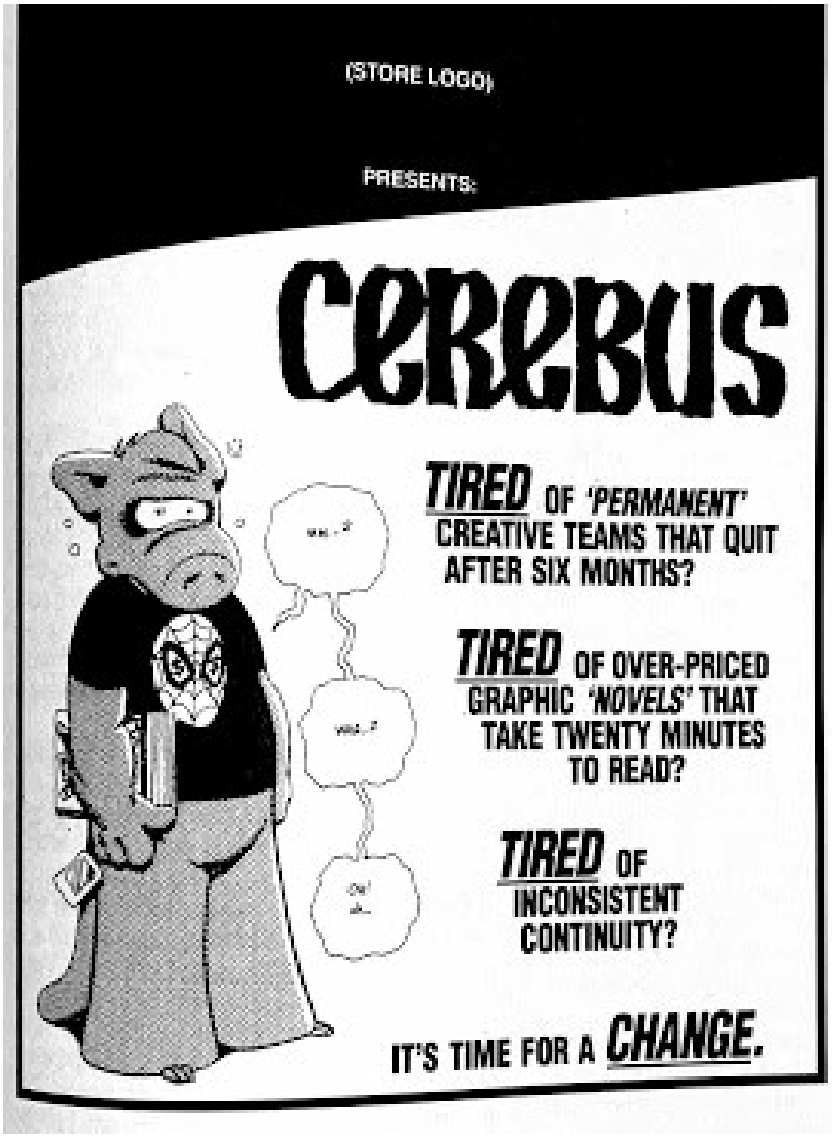
In the two-panel, single page strip, Cerebus stalks menacingly through the snow with a berserker axe before being rudely plucked into the air (by his furry loincloth!) by an off-panel frost giant.

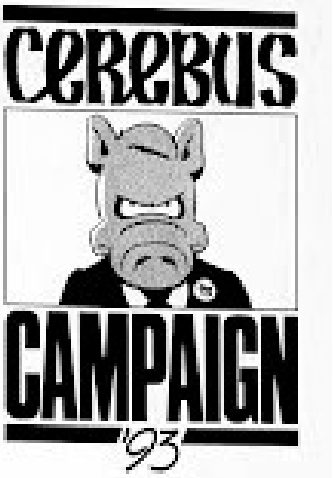
Posted herein for archival purposes only. (**Below**: 2025 Christmas Card.)



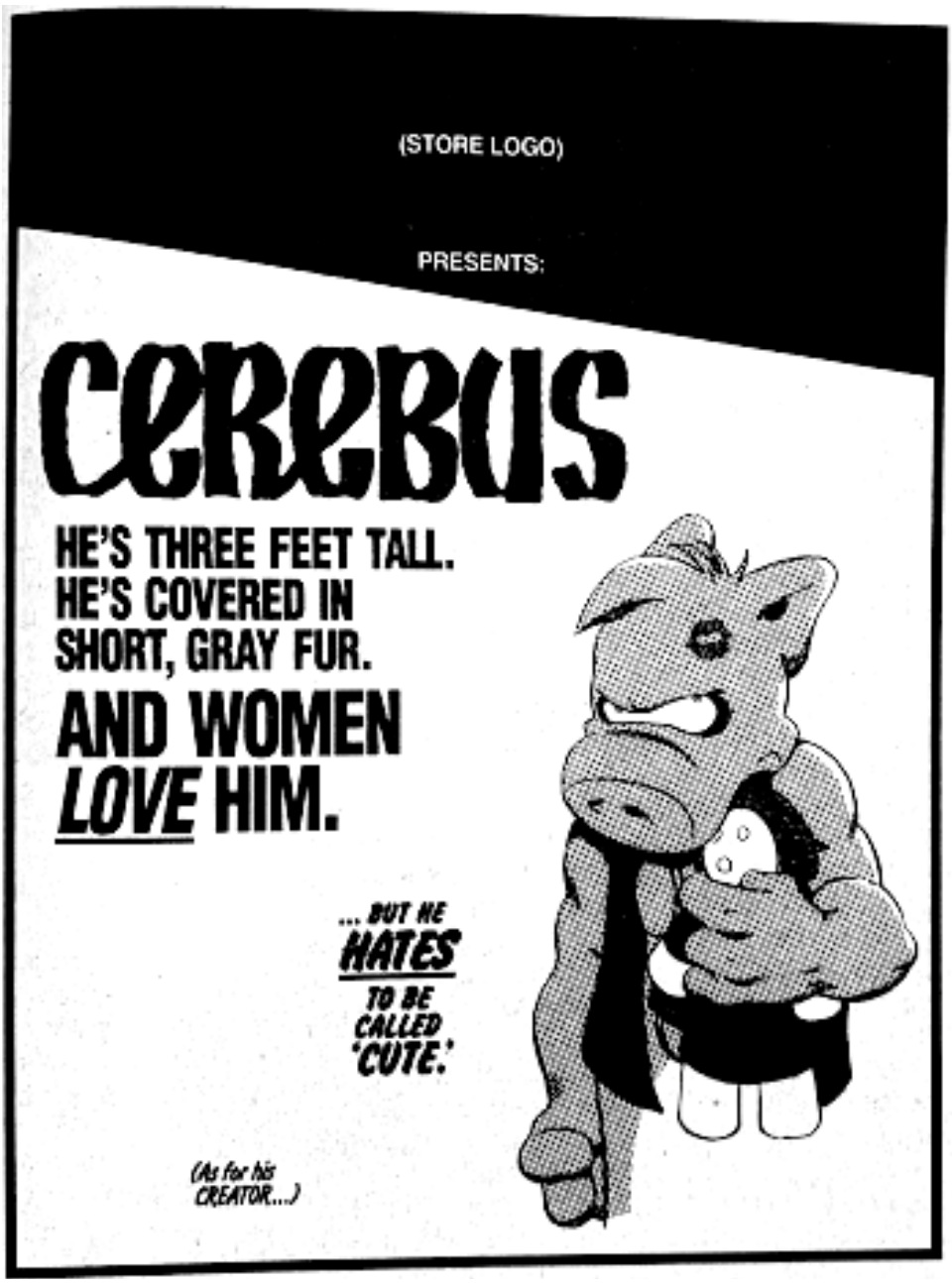
THE FROST GIANTS'
WEDGIE
THE WORLD'S SHORTEST CEREBUS STORY
YANK
NYUNG!
FIN

PROMOTIONAL PAMPHLET FROM THE 1993 WORLD TOUR

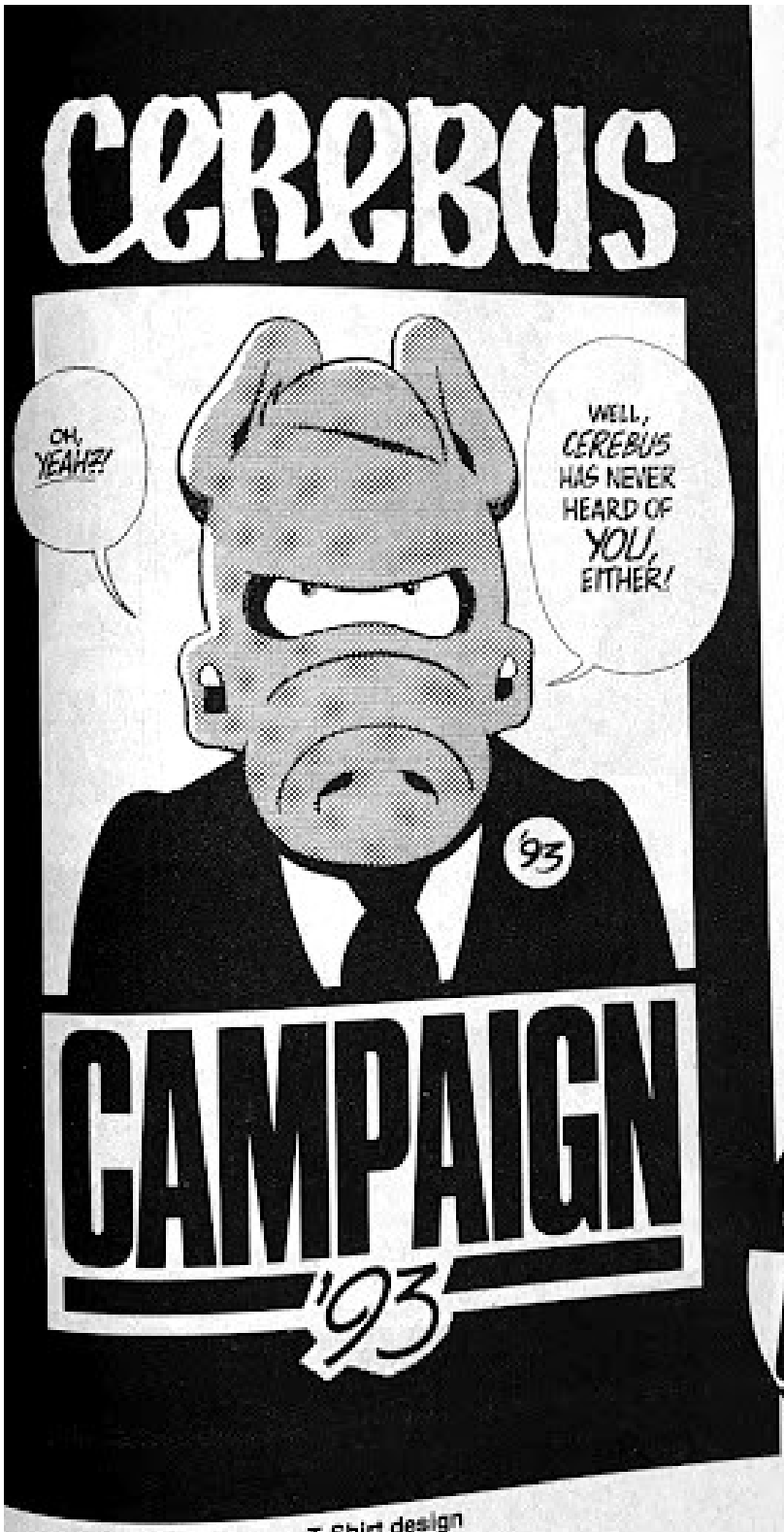




'The pamphlet idea I got from Marty Hyder of *Black Dragon* in Tennessee'



'what a great comic, what a prick, what a great comic, what a prick, etc.'



T-Shirt design

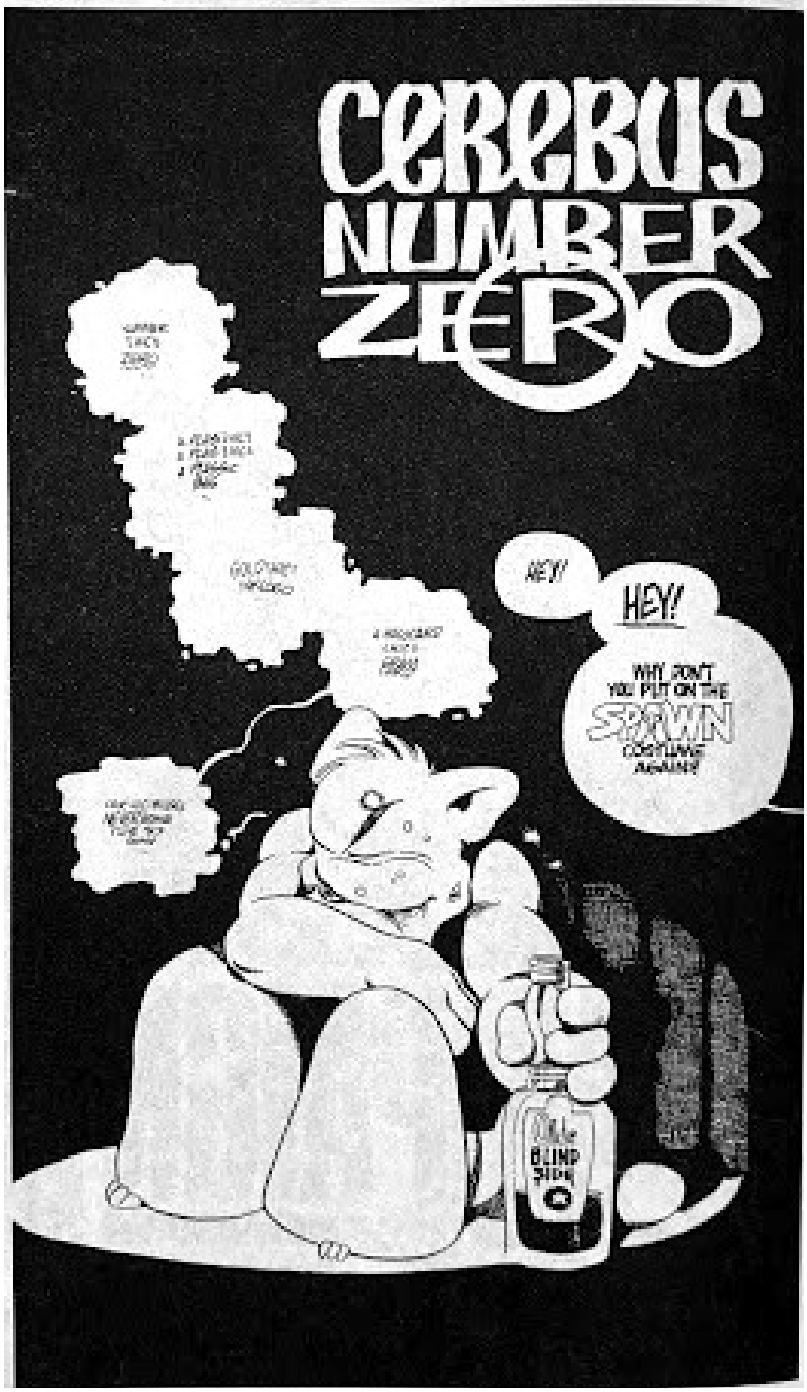
'I think everyone would agree that a black t-shirt is going to sell better than a white one'

Button design

CEREBUS CAMPAIGN '93

'Carol Denbow (*Star Clipper* in St. Louis) has suggested in-store displays featuring colour photocopy enlargements of Cerebus covers'

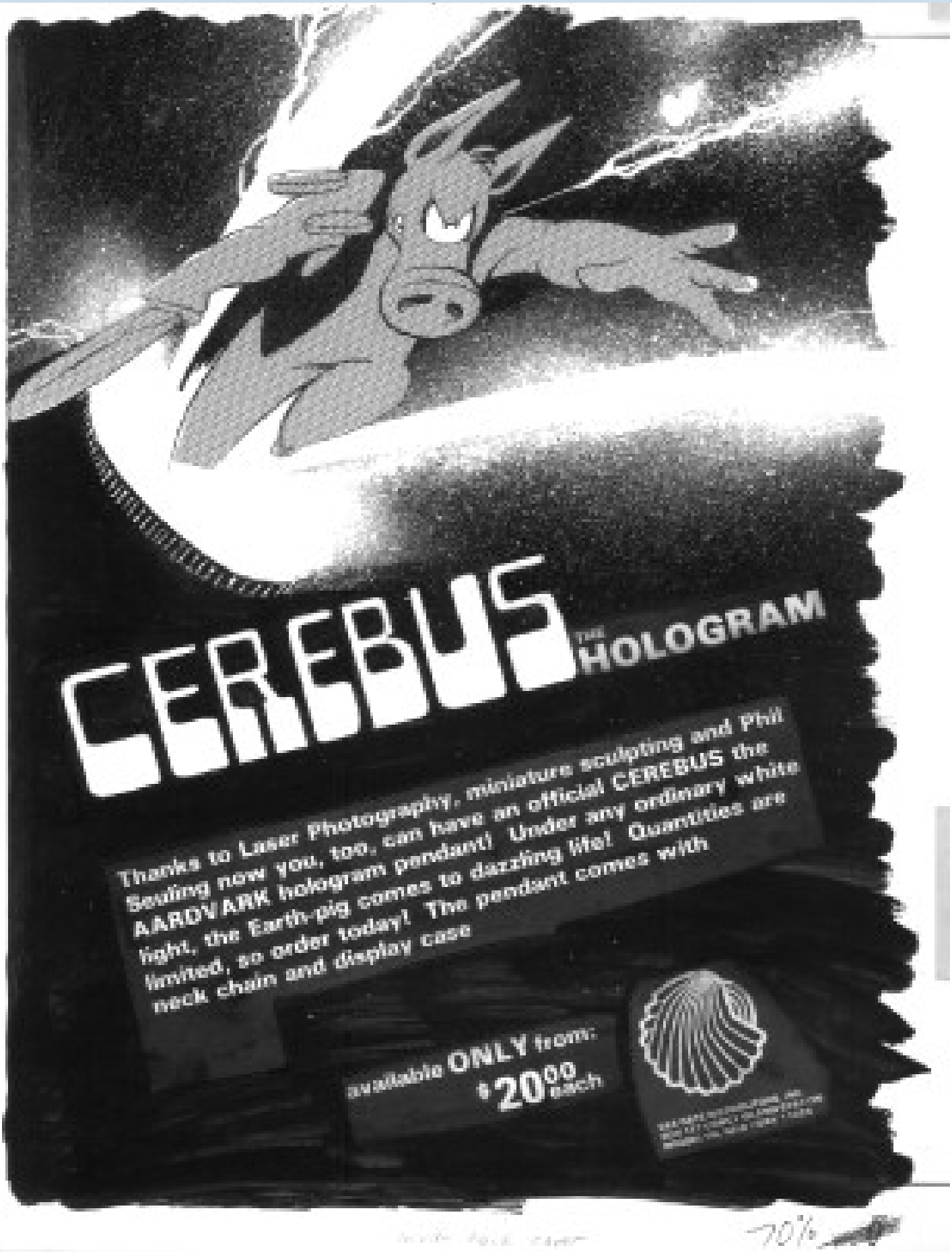
Oh, and here, just for laughs, is the original cover for the 'poly-bagged, gold logo, hologram card' CEREBUS NUMBER ZERO.



1979 Fan Commission

ORIGINAL ART FOR THE 1977 **AARDVARK BERZERK** POSTER

HOLOGRAM PENDANT AD MOCKUP



The Game that's the Rage of the Aardvarkian Age!!

diamondback

The complete deck of cards and rules necessary to play the lest version of CEREBUS' favorite card game!

Ad Design by Richard Brunning

15 cards, black and white one side, full color backs on coated cardstock in an illustrated envelope.

$2.95 (plus 75¢ postage & handling) from:
Now & Then Books
103 Queen St.S. Kitchener, Ont.CAN

The signed and numbered limited edition available at **$3.95** (plus 75¢ postage & handling) **only** from:
Aardvark-Vanaheim
Box 1674 Stn.'C' Kitchener, Ont. CAN

Wholesale Distributors

Capital City Dist.
Bud Plant Inc.
Glenwood Dist.
Styx Comic Service

BY DAVE SIM **Published by AARDVARK-VANAHEIM**

BOOK III:

GROUP APPEARANCES AND MINOR CAMEOS

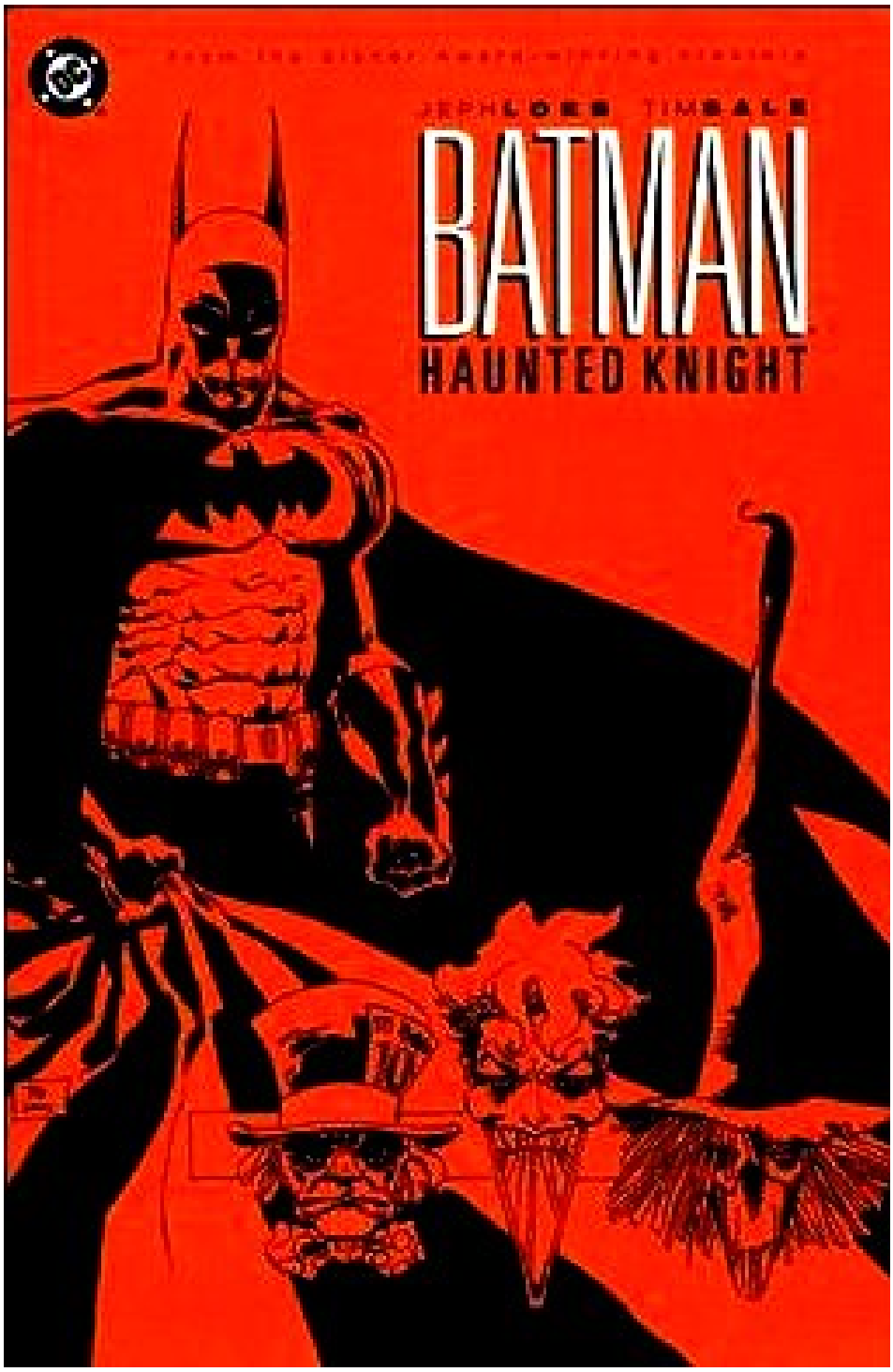
1. BATMAN: THE HAUNTED KNIGHT **217**
2. SWORDS OF THE SWASHBUCKLERS **219**
3. BLOODWULF #2 .....**221**
4. CHAKAN: NIGHTMARE'S THRALL **223**
5. DIRTBAG #1.....**225**
6. AZTEC ACE #2.....**226**
7. FLAMING CARROT #18 .....**227**
8. HACKMASTERS OF EVERNIGHT #1 .....**228**
9. HEPCATS SPECIAL EDITION **229**
10. NEIL THE HORSE #14 ....**230**
11. SAVAGE DRAGON #41 ...**231**
12. IMAGE OF YOUTH **234**
13. LOOSE NOTES #2 .....**235**
14. LAFFIN' GAS #5 .....**237**
15. SANDMAN #48 .....**241**
16. WHAT THE —?! #2 AND #25 .....**244**
17. MASKED MAN #2 .....**248**
18. NINJA HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK #7 .....**253**
19. CEREBUS VS. THE VULTURE **254**
20. RENEGADE THE RABBIT #5 .....**258**
21. PATTY CAKE **260**
22. XOMBI #21 .....**265**

BATMAN: HAUNTED KNIGHT

Story: Jeph Loeb

Art: Tim Sale

DC Comics, 1995



One-panel cameo appearance by Cerebus. Or is it someone merely *dressed* in a Cerebus costume?

There are certain advantages to maintaining the guise of Bruce Wayne, millionaire playboy.
Mingling with Gotham City's elite-- the wealthy-- the powerful-- the perverse--
Keeps me abreast of what is happening in my city.
Although I'm very rarely told something I don't already know.
I cannot afford to be surprised.
51

SWORDS OF THE SWASHBUCKLERS

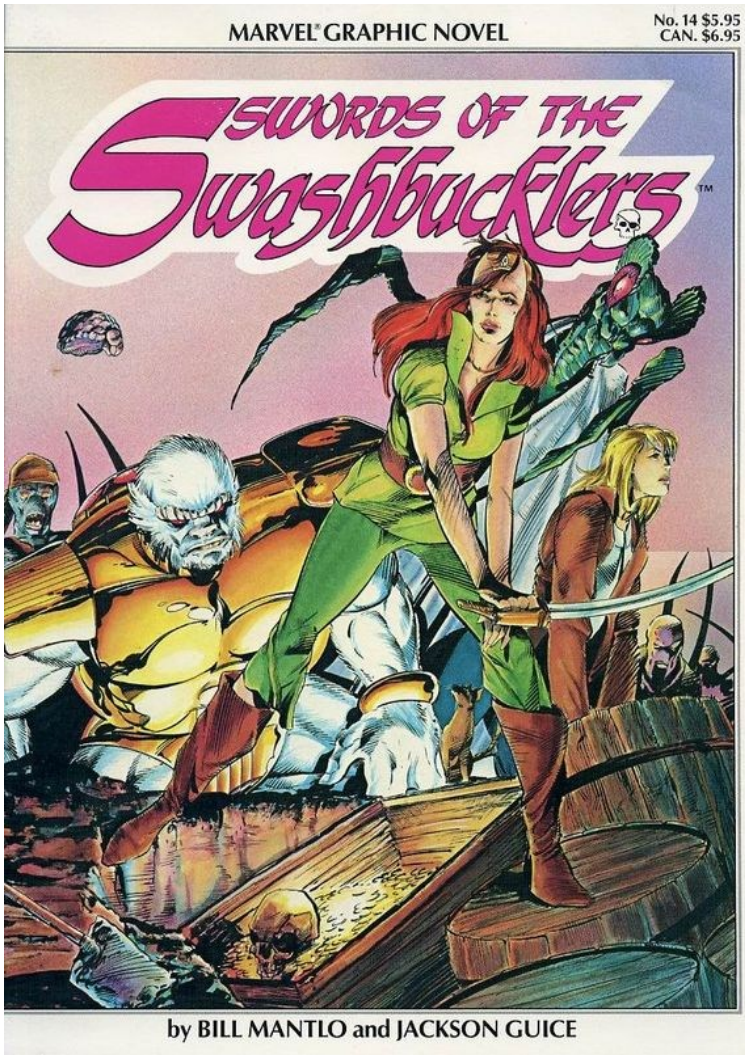
Story: Bill Mantlo

Art: Jackson Guice

From: *Marvel Graphic Novel* #14

Marvel Comics Group, June 1984

One-panel cameo appearance by Cerebus.



Cerebus has somehow gotten himself involved in a tavern brawl and someone has knocked him flying across the ceiling.

RAADER IS OFTTIMES PROFLIGATE IN THE WAY SHE SPENDS HER PLUNDER.
SNIK
SNIK
YAAAGH...
AND THE COST OF A SHIP AND CREW THESE DAYS IS NOT INCONSIDERABLE.
I KNOW, FOR I INTEND TO COMMAND ONE OF MY OWN.
FAR INTO THE NIGHT, REVELLING REIGNS IN A MEAD HALL WHICH IS THE PULSATING HEART OF THE WORLD CALLED HAVEN.

BLOODWULF:
THE NEXT PENETRATION

Story: Andy Mangles

Art: Derrick Gross

From: *Bloodwulf* #2 (March 1995)

Image Comics

Cerebus makes a cameo wearing some… interesting attire.

ONCE WE'VE GOT YOUR FRIEND'S HEAD TAKEN CARE OF, YOU CAN FEEL FREE TO COME BACK TO THE PLEASURE PLAZA.
HERE YOU CAN INDULGE ANY VICE THAT'S LEGAL IN THE NINE NEIGHBORING SYSTEMS.
I SEE A FEW REGIME TROOPERS. YOU SERVE THEIR KIND?
WE SERVE ALL KINDS IN HERE, SIR. IF YOU HAVE A FEUD GOING, WE ASK YOU TO TRUCE IT DURING YOUR STAY.
WE'RE A PLACE OF PLEASURE, NOT OF VIOLENCE.
BESIDES, THE REGIME HEAD-WORLD IS THROUGH THE WARP-HOLE NEAR US, SO WE GET LOTS OF BUSINESS FROM THEM.
WONDER IF THAT'S WHERE THEY'RE KEEPING MOM?
HERE WE ARE.
WWHHUUUUU?
HI, MAX. GOT A RUSH JOB FOR DOCTOR GALE.
OUR FRIEND... ACCIDENTALLY... WENT INTO SPACE WITHOUT A SUIT AND HE KIND OF... POPPED.
BUT HIS HEAD WAS FROZEN INSIDE THIS HELMET, SO I WAS HOPING THEY COULD GIVE HIM A NECK-LOCK OR SOMETHIN'.
COOMM-BAAGGIN ARRRR
LIKE, WHAT DID HE SAY?
HE SAID TO COME BACK IN AN HOUR. WE HAVE THIS HAPPEN ALL THE TIME.
DOCTOR GALE WILL TAKE FINE CARE OF YOUR HEAD.

CHAKAN, THE FOREVER MAN: THE NIGHTMARE'S THRALL

Story & Art: Robert A Krause

RAK Graphics, 1994

Apparently Cerebus was killed by a character that most of you have never heard of.

"WHO'S NEXT?" KRAUS 93

DIRTBAG#1 COVER CAMEO, TWIST & SHOUT COMICS, 1993

SORDIDLY, SO FAR:
NICK FURY, AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D.
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
THE HANDS OF SHANG-CHI MASTER OF KUNG FU
THE LAST TRIP HEAD SHOP, RUN BY PUER ARTEMIS CIRCA 1969, IS A FRONT FOR TELE-TEMP UNLIMITED, WHERE A SCORCH RISING FROM SAN FRANCISCO 1940 REVEALED BAD DOXIE DOIN'S RESULTING FROM BRIDGET'S MURDICIDE. PUER RAN A RETRO-ALTERNATIVE NEWSREEL THROUGH HIS HEAD, AND IT SEEMED A CERTAIN DETECTIVE LOU KINSOLVING WAS OBSESSED WITH THE MYSTERY OF A DEAD DAME DREDGED FROM THE SEWER. THIS WAS THE SAME COP HISTORY PEGGED AS BUSTING UP AN ALLIANCE BETWEEN THE STICK TERHUNE AND MUGGSY GRIFFITH MOBS, BUT HIS PREOCCUPATION WITH BRIDGET WOULD NOW ALLOW THE UNIFIED MOBS TO TRASH HISTORY BY TERRORIZING SAN FRAN FOR DECADES TO COME. SO BRIDGET AND I TRIPPED BACK TO SAVE THE LOVESICK DICK FROM A ROOFTOP AM-BUSH--AND LATER, STILL POSING AS MEMBERS OF THE TERHUNE MOB, WE SHOT HELL OUT OF MUGGSY GRIFFITH'S APARTMENT. I ALSO SWIPED A STACK OF GOLDEN AGE COMICS ON THE WAY OUT AND, TO FILL TIME AND TIE UP A LOOSE END, TOOK THEM BACK TO MUGGSY'S LEUKEMIC GRANDSON IN 1978. HIS FAVORITE WAS *CRIMSON COMET #1.*
AARDVARK-VANAHEIM
CEREBUS
THE RRRDWRRK
CCCCCOOO
CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN
CHAMBER OF CHILLS
CRIMSON COMET
10¢
Doctor Fate
BUT HOWCUM THERE WAS ONLY ONE ISSUE, MR. ZEK?
LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE, DAVID SOME COMICS ARE JUST TOO GOOD TO SURVIVE.
2

One panel cameo appearance in **FLAMING CARROT #18**

(Dark Horse Comics, 1988)

Obligatory tavern cameo in HACK-MASTERS OF EVER-NIGHT #1.

***Kenzer & Company,* 1999.**

One panel cameo in HEPCATS SPECIAL EDITION #1

Double Diamond Press, 1991

One panel cameo from NEIL THE HORSE #14

(Renegade Press, 1983)

Dave Sim & Arn Saba

On zis page are two *collaborations*. Ze first, wis' **M'sieu Cerebus**, ees *un peu drôle* because ze feegure of Soapy ees ink by **Dave Sim**, and ze Cerebus ees ink by Arn. As for ze scene on ze left below, we 'ave to admit zat **Doug Wildey** 'ave never meet us or draw zis peecture wis' us. Eet ees just a joke peecture zat we 'ave make one day. But we are ze beeg *admirateurs* of M'sieu Wildey.

SAVAGE DRAGON #41

(Image Comics, August 1997)

Story & Art: Erik Larsen

Cerebus and Jaka visit Chicago to attend the historic wedding of Barbaric and Ricochet.

One page strip from the late, great Ed Pis-kor.

TODD McFARLANE'S UNSUNG CONTRIBUTION TO COMICS!

image OF YOUTH!

BY ED PISKOR

IF NOT FOR **TODDY MACK** I WOULDN'T HAVE STUMBLED UPON SOME IMPORTANT CREATORS UNTIL MUCH LATER THAN I DID..

"I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING **McFARLANE** SINCE THE **HULK** DAYS."

"I ONLY KNEW OF COMICS FROM GROCERY STORES SO WHEN HE WAS DONE ON **SPIDER-MAN** I SIMPLY THOUGHT THAT HE RETIRED."

BYE, TODD.

SABO X-OV

"IT WOULD BE YEARS BEFORE I DISCOVER **SPAWN #5** AT A FLEA MARKET."

WHERE CAN I GET MORE COMICS LIKE **THIS**?

BOYS SCREAMED AND GIRLS SCREAMED SO I MADE HIM SCREAM AND SCREAM AND SCREAM

DUH!

HOW 'BOUT TRYIN' DA **COMIC SHOP**? SKOFF

"WENT TO A COMIC SHOP FOR THE FIRST TIME WHEN I WAS **12** AND GRABBED **SPAWN #8** OFF THE RACK. IT WAS WRITTEN BY SOME GUY CALLED **ALAN MOORE** BUT I GAVE IT A SHOT ANYWAY."

"I LIKED IT ENOUGH TO GIVE THIS **MOORE** DUDE ANOTHER SHOT. I STARTED TO RECOGNIZE HIS NAME ON OTHER COMICS AT THE SHOP AND THE FLEA MARKET."

...FIRST **NEIL GAIMAN** COMIC I READ WAS **SPAWN #9**...

LET'S KEEP THINGS MOVING, **BUD**.

"I NEVER HEARDA **DAVE SIM** UNTIL HE WROTE **SPAWN #10**."

"**CEREBUS** COMICS WERE ON MY **CHRISTMAS LIST** THAT YEAR."

HMMM... THESE LAST BOOKS MUST BE FOR SMARTER PEOPLE THAN ME...

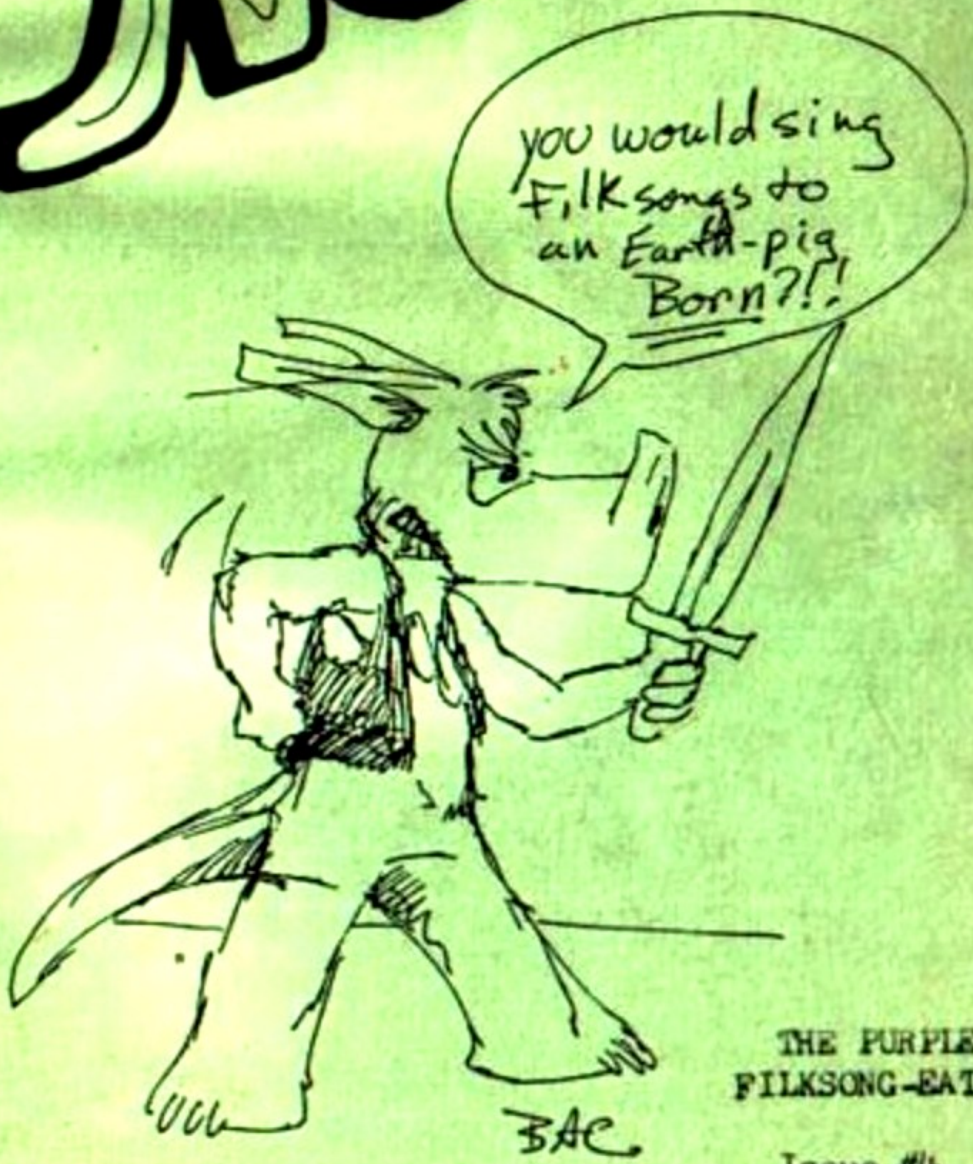
"I REMEMBERED **FRANK MILLER** FROM **COMIC BOOK CONFIDENTIAL**, BUT, **SPAWN #11** WAS THE FIRST TIME I READ 'IM."

"I THEN SCOOPED UP **DARK KNIGHT RETURNS** AS FAST AS I COULD. I DO CONFESS MY 12 YEAR OLD SENSIBILITIES DIDN'T QUITE UNDERSTAND THE FUSS."

IF THIS IS S'POSED TO BE THE FUTURE THEN WHY ZEE GOTTA REG'LAR GUN?

"I HAD VERY HIGH EXPECTATIONS WHEN IT CAME TO FIREARMS THANKS TO THE FOUNDING FATHERS... THE **IMAGE** FOUNDING FATHERS, THAT IS..."

LOOSE NOTES



THE PURPLE FILKSONG-EATER

Issue #4

LOOSE NOTES: A ZINE FOR FILKY-MINDED FANS

ISSUE 4: THE PURPLE FILKSONG-EATER

BUFFALO CHIP PRESS, 1984

COVER ART: BARBARA A. CUMMINGS

In one of Cerebus' strangest appearances, he made the cover of a filkmusic fanzine entitled **Loose Notes**. What is filkmusic, you ask? Well, it's nerdy folkmusic that topically covers fandom-favorite franchises like *Star Trek, Star Wars, Dark Shadows*, *Dr. Who,* etc. Filkmusic broadly falls into the category of "parody" since the lyrics are typically set to well-known pop songs. The Filk heyday was between 1969-1989, so someone was bound to have written some Cerebus filkmusic in that time.

LN## Loose Notes [issue #] Collections of filksong by various people. (No dates given, but probably 1987-1989.) Contact: Susan Landerman, Editor; 3327 W. Luke Ave., Phoenix, AZ 85017. Or contact: Buffalo Chip Press, Publisher; Jim & Melody Rondeau, 1853 Fallbrook Ave, San Jose, CA 95130.

Consulting the *Filkmusic Directory* (yes, there's a directory) to glean more insight into this zine, I found that the assistant editor of **Loose Notes** (Lisa Scott) penned a song named "Cerebus" set to the melody of "Copacabana" by Barry Manilow:

Cerebus : Scott, L., et.al. (Copacabana : Manilow, B.) LN02
Chairman of the Con : Maier, C. (Leader of the Band, The : Fogelberg, D.) Fil02

Searching further through the directory by author name turned up an entire discography by Ms. Scott, many of her songs centered around Cerebus (**RIGHT**).

As I can't find any scanned copies of **Loose Notes** anywhere in the interwebs, I can only guess what the lyrics to "The Regency Filkers' Song" and "Song of Red Sonja" are.

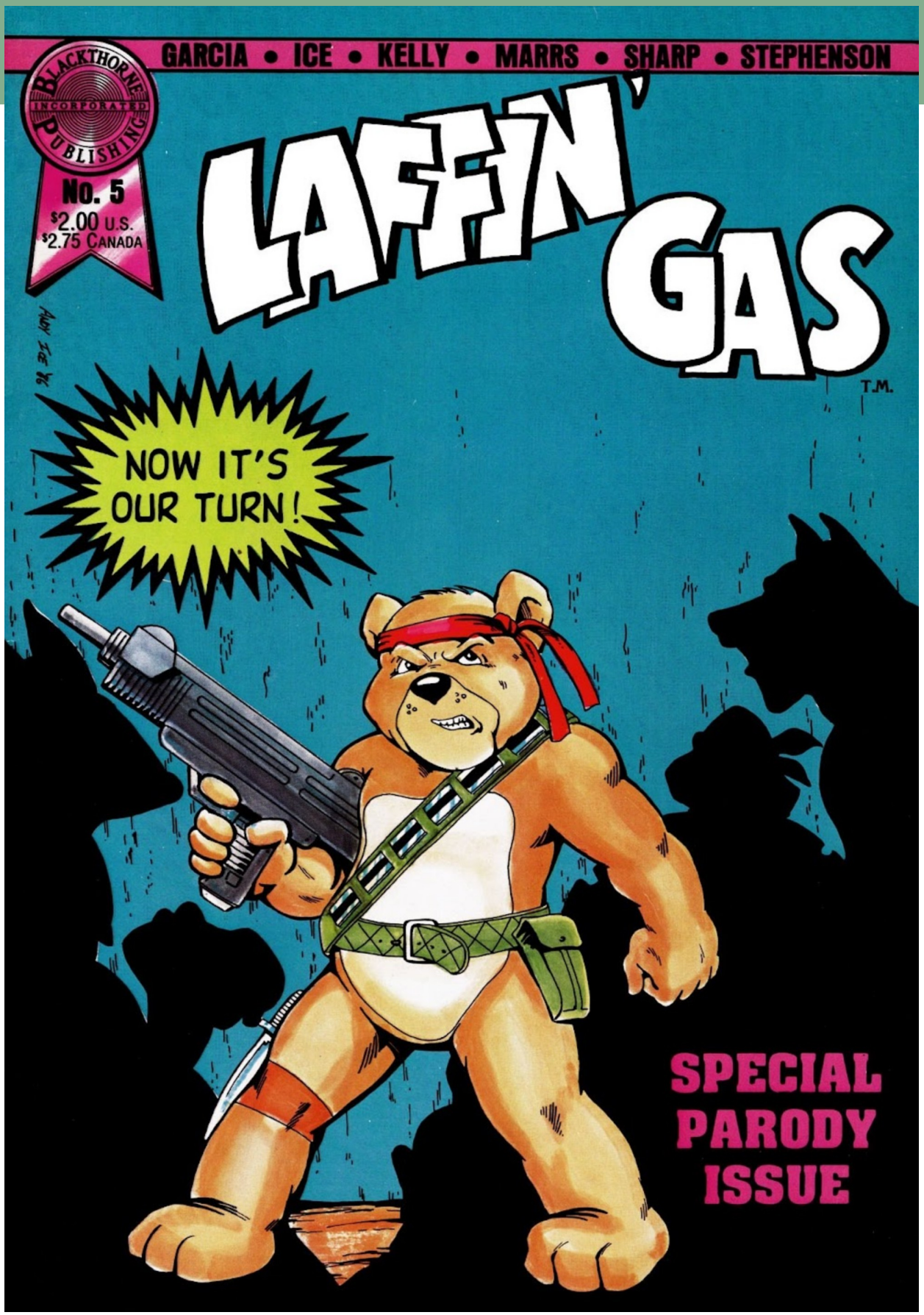
If anyone has a copy of these zines, please do the world a favor and upload them to the Internet Archive.

Scott, Lisa
Angry Artist's Theme, The <with Landerman, S.> - LN01
Cerebus <with Landerman, S.> -
Corellian's Song, The - LN01
Emily Post's Conan Song - LN02
Fumblers Anonymous - LN01
Going Out of My Mind - LN01
If I Wer a Rch Fan: Drms of an Everydy Trkkie <with Landerman, S.> - LN02
Of Trek-Filk and Other Exalted Goals = LN01
Opus 57 - LN02
Parties <with Landerman, S.> - LN01
Regency Filkers' Song, The <with Landerman, S.> - LN01
SF Collector's Song, The <with Landerman, S.> - LN01
Song of Red Sonja - LN01
Treatise on Starship Cafeterias, A <with Landerman, S.> - LN01

ALL CEREBUS PANELS FROM

LAFFIN' GAS #5

BLACKTHORNE PUBLISHING, FEBRUARY 1987



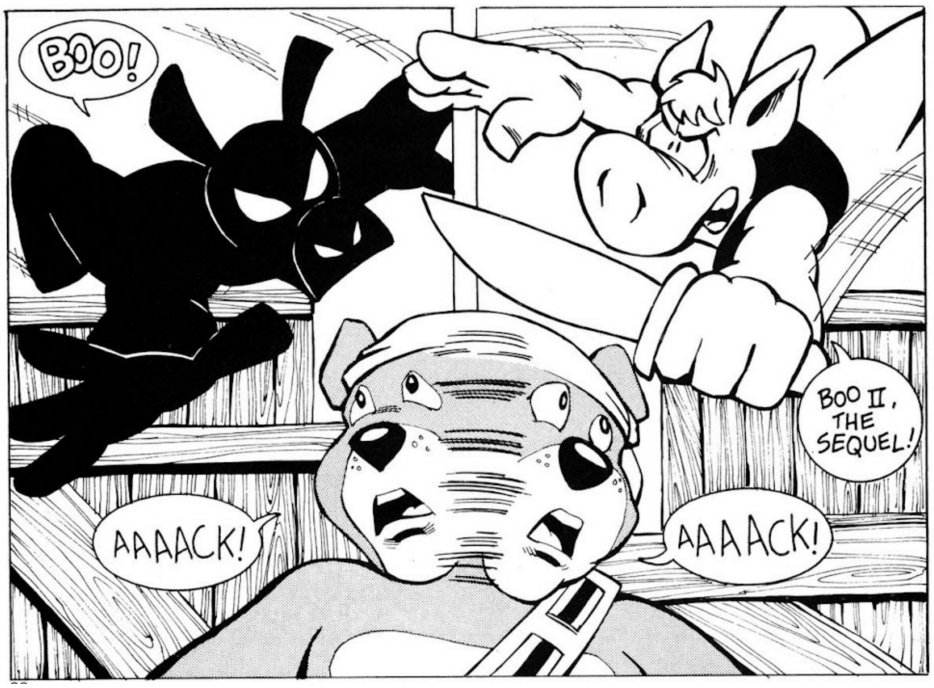
..GET BORE-US THE BEAR!
BORIS THE BEAR

2

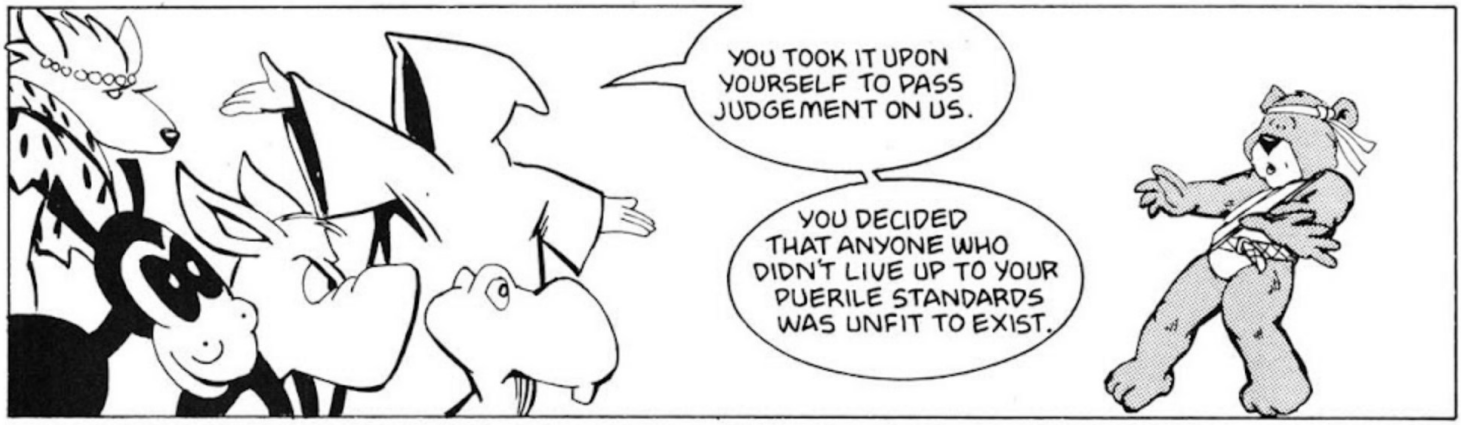
3

HEY! THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE A SECRET MEETING!
YEAH, SHOUT A LITTLE LOUDER! THEY DIDN'T HEAR YA IN OHIO.
WHAT A MAROON.
PIPE DOWN. THE SHOW'S ABOUT TO START.

BOIL HIM!


BOO!
AAAACK!
AAAACK!
BOO II, THE SEQUEL!

I THINK I'M IN TROUBLE.
INDEED, BEAR. MORE THAN YOUR FEEBLE MIND CAN POSSIBLY CONCEIVE.



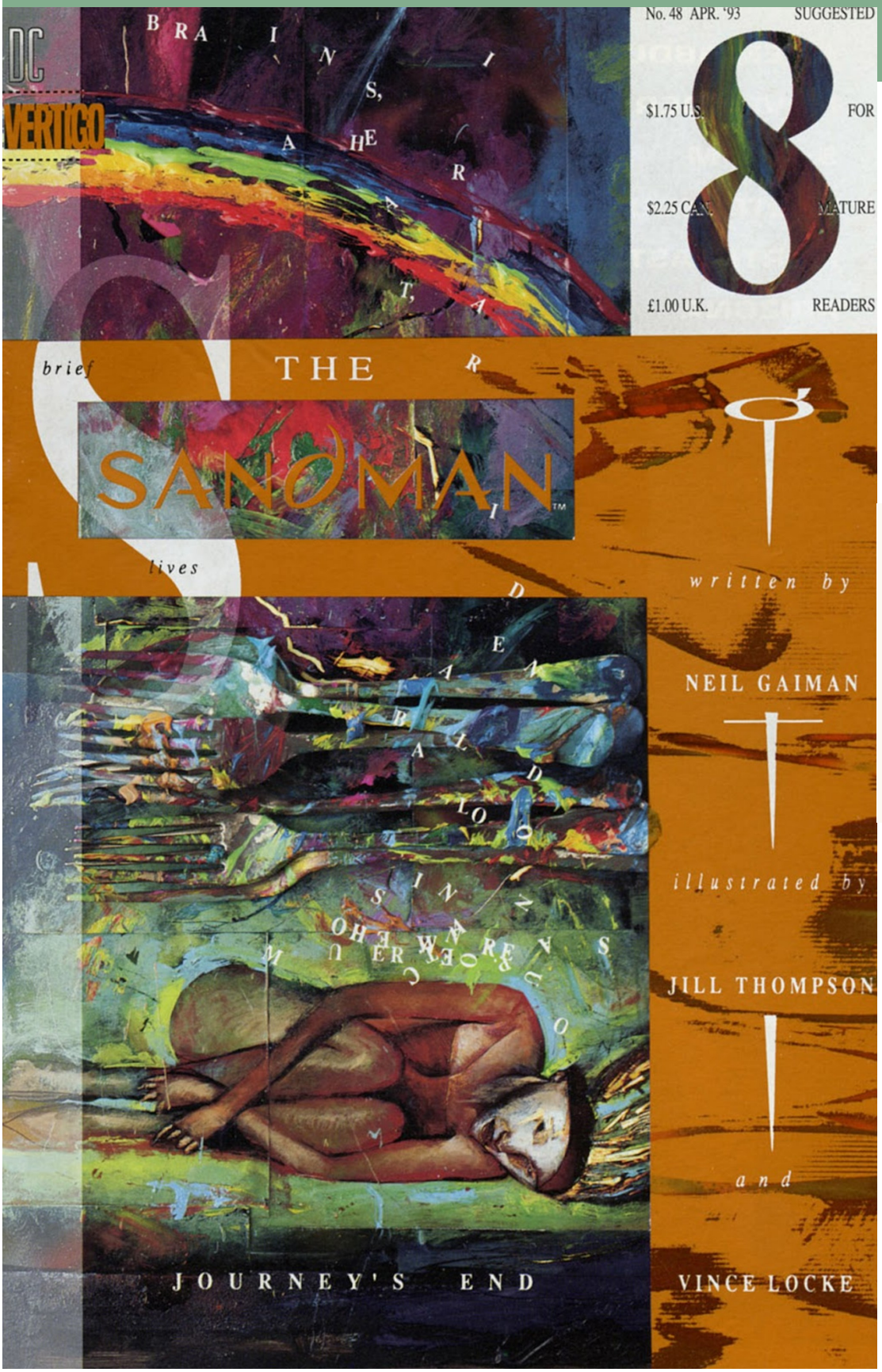
Story and Art by Andy Ice.

LAFFIN' GAS was one of the many B&W independent comics to come out of the eighties boom, specifically the "funny animal" parody subgenre that capitalized on the popularity of TMNT and Cerebus. Unlike most of those forgettable books, LAFFIN' GAS actually had some talent behind it. Unfortunately, the market for such books was extremely saturated by 1986-1987 and this title was one of the casualties of that implosion.

ALL CEREBUS PANELS FROM

SANDMAN #48

DC/VERTIGO (April 1993)

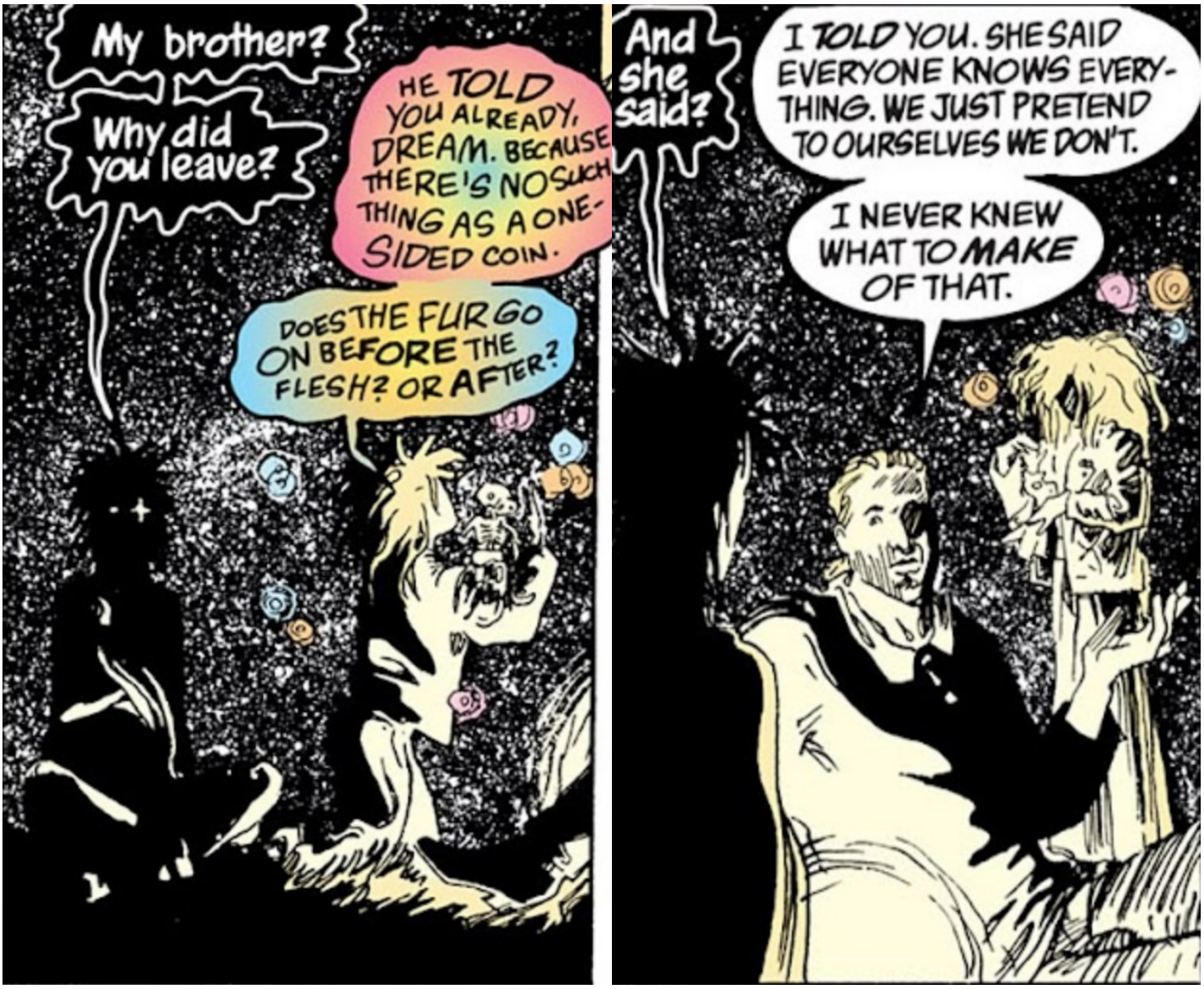


Story:
Brief Lives No. 8
by Neil Gaiman

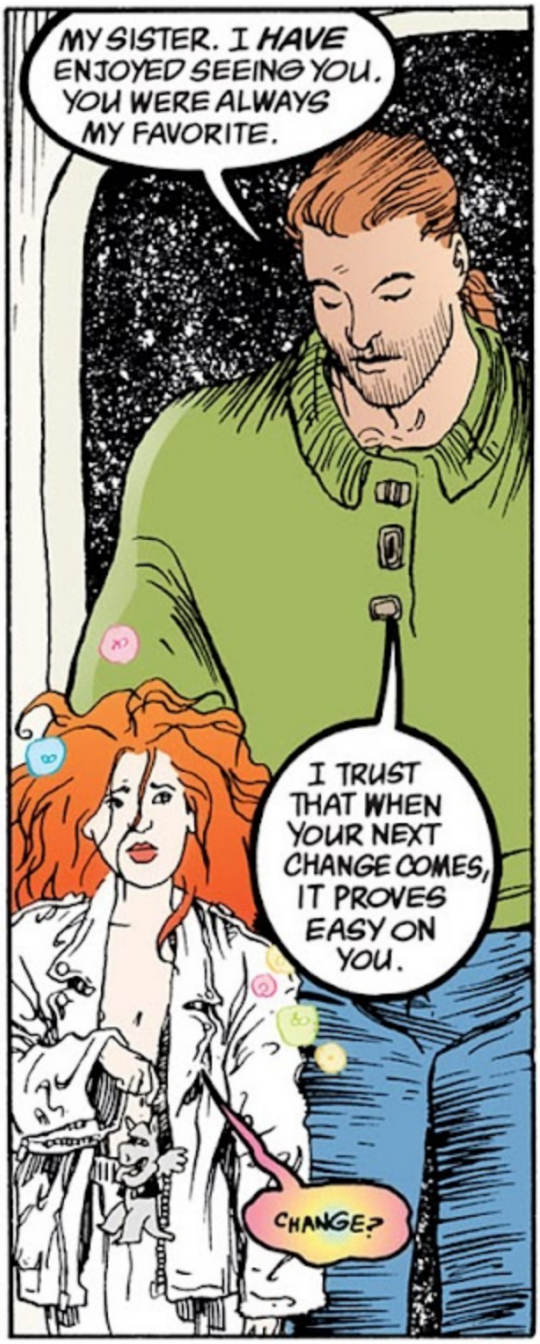
Pencils:
Jill Thompson

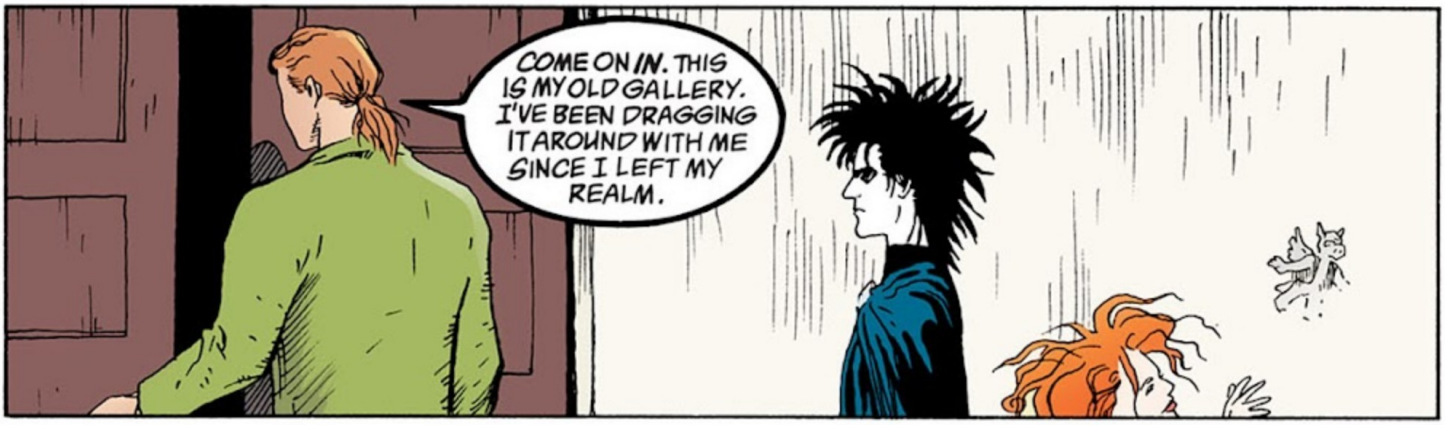
Inks:
Vince Locke

Delirium, whilst having a conversation with her brother Dream, creates a tiny winged Cerebus out of thin air, who then flies away— no doubt to go spread mirth and cheer somewhere.


My brother?
Why did you leave?
HE TOLD YOU ALREADY, DREAM. BECAUSE THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A ONE-SIDED COIN.
DOES THE FUR GO ON BEFORE THE FLESH? OR AFTER?
And she said?
I TOLD YOU. SHE SAID EVERYONE KNOWS EVERYTHING. WE JUST PRETEND TO OURSELVES WE DON'T.
I NEVER KNEW WHAT TO MAKE OF THAT.

SHE IS. UM. RIGHT. KIND OF.
NOT KNOWING EVERYTHING IS ALL THAT MAKES IT OKAY, SOMETIMES.


MY SISTER. I HAVE ENJOYED SEEING YOU. YOU WERE ALWAYS MY FAVORITE.
I TRUST THAT WHEN YOUR NEXT CHANGE COMES, IT PROVES EASY ON YOU.
CHANGE?


COME ON IN. THIS IS MY OLD GALLERY. I'VE BEEN DRAGGING IT AROUND WITH ME SINCE I LEFT MY REALM.

WHAT THE- -?!

CAMEO FROM ISSUE 2 (SEPTEMBER 1988):
"THE SECRET, UNSUSPECTED SANCTUM SANCYOUVERYMUCH OF DOCTOR DERANGED"
BY PETER GILLIS (STORY) & PHIL FOGLIO (ART)

&

CAMEO FROM ISSUE 25 (JUNE 1993):
"CLASSIC X-MEN"
BY BARRY DUTTER (STORY) & MARIE SEVERIN (ART)

A drunken, lecherous Cerebus makes a two-panel cameo in this issue's Doctor Strange parody.

The X-Men parody in this issue features a mashup between Cerebro and Cerebus seven years after it was done in ONE SHOT PARODY ISSUE #1 (1988, Miller Publications). Cerebus appears in the monitor screen in one panel.

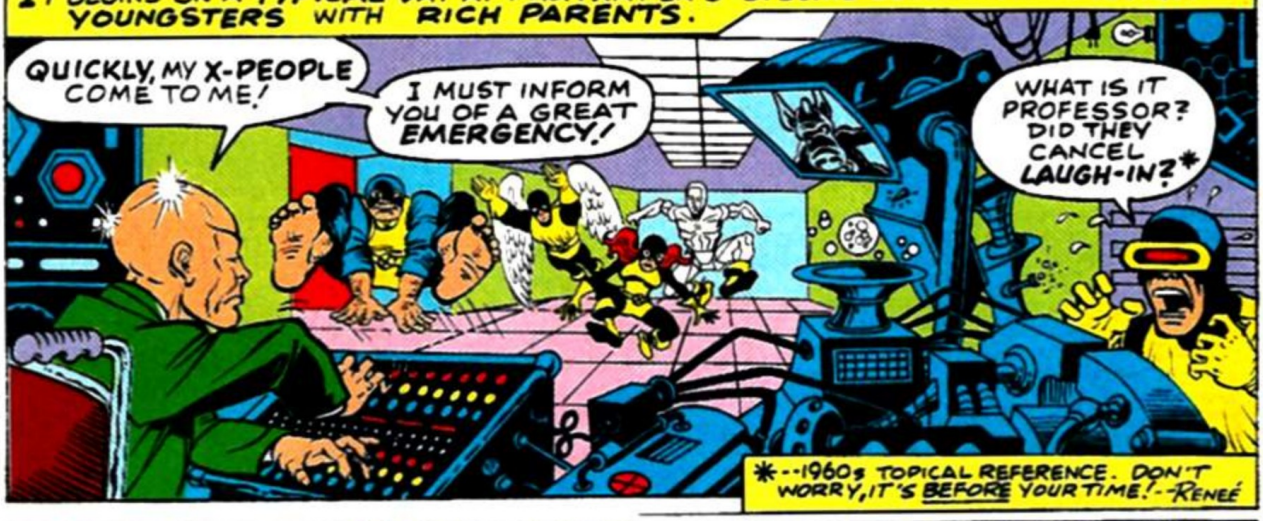
PETER B. GILLIS / STORY | PHIL FOGLIO / ART | JIM NOVAK / LETTERS | BOB SHAREN / COLORS | CARL POTTS / EDITOR | TOM DEFALCO - TWO DOORS DOWN AND TO THE RIGHT

AND THIS STUPID ARMOR OF MINE ITCHES! CAN'T YOU HELP ME WITH IT?
BE GLAD TO...!
ENOUGH!
I HAVE HAD IT SOLVING EVERYONE ELSE'S PROBLEMS! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!
I'M GOING TO GO WHERE NONE OF THESE ZEEPS WILL FIND ME --BEYOND THE MULTIVERSE-- BEYOND THE OMNIVERSE--
HOW TO DRAW HANDS
--OUT OF THIS WHOLE BLINKIN' COMIC BOOK COMPANY!
THE SPELL WORKED! I'VE TRANSCENDED MY COPY-RIGHT!
WELCOME TO CEN-SURE
DIMENSIONAL CROSSROADS
TRANSIENTS WELCOME
NOW THIS IS MORE LIKE IT! NOBODY KNOWS ME HERE!
HMMMMM...
HI HI HI
I'M SORRY, BUT YOU DON'T KNOW BEANS!

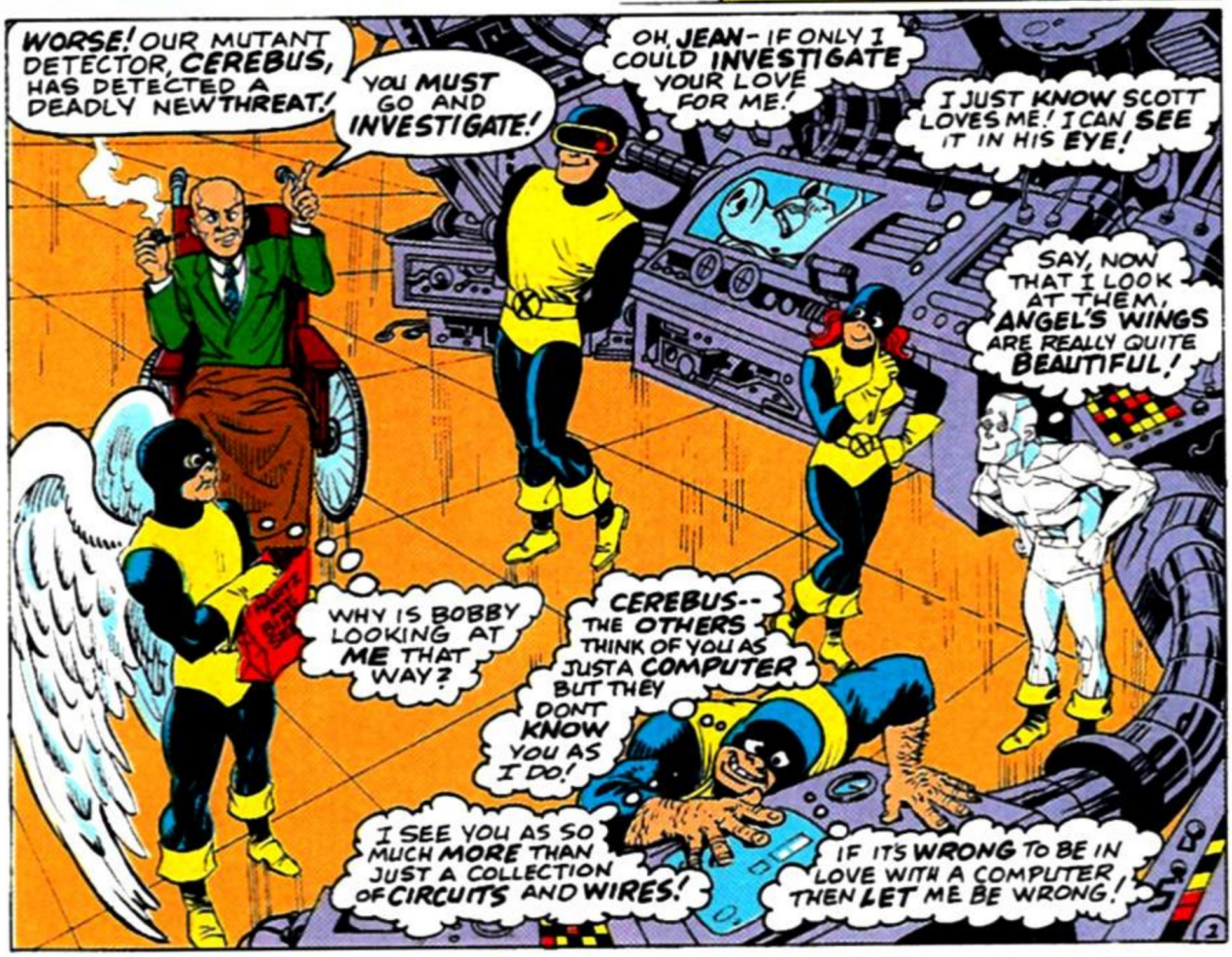
the X-MEN CLASSIC

BARRY DUTTER - WRITER • MARIE SEVERIN - STUFF

IT BEGINS ON A TYPICAL DAY AT PROF. XAVIER'S SPECIAL SCHOOL FOR MUTANT YOUNGSTERS WITH RICH PARENTS.



*--1960s TOPICAL REFERENCE. DON'T WORRY, IT'S BEFORE YOUR TIME! --RENEÉ



MISTAKEN IDENTITY

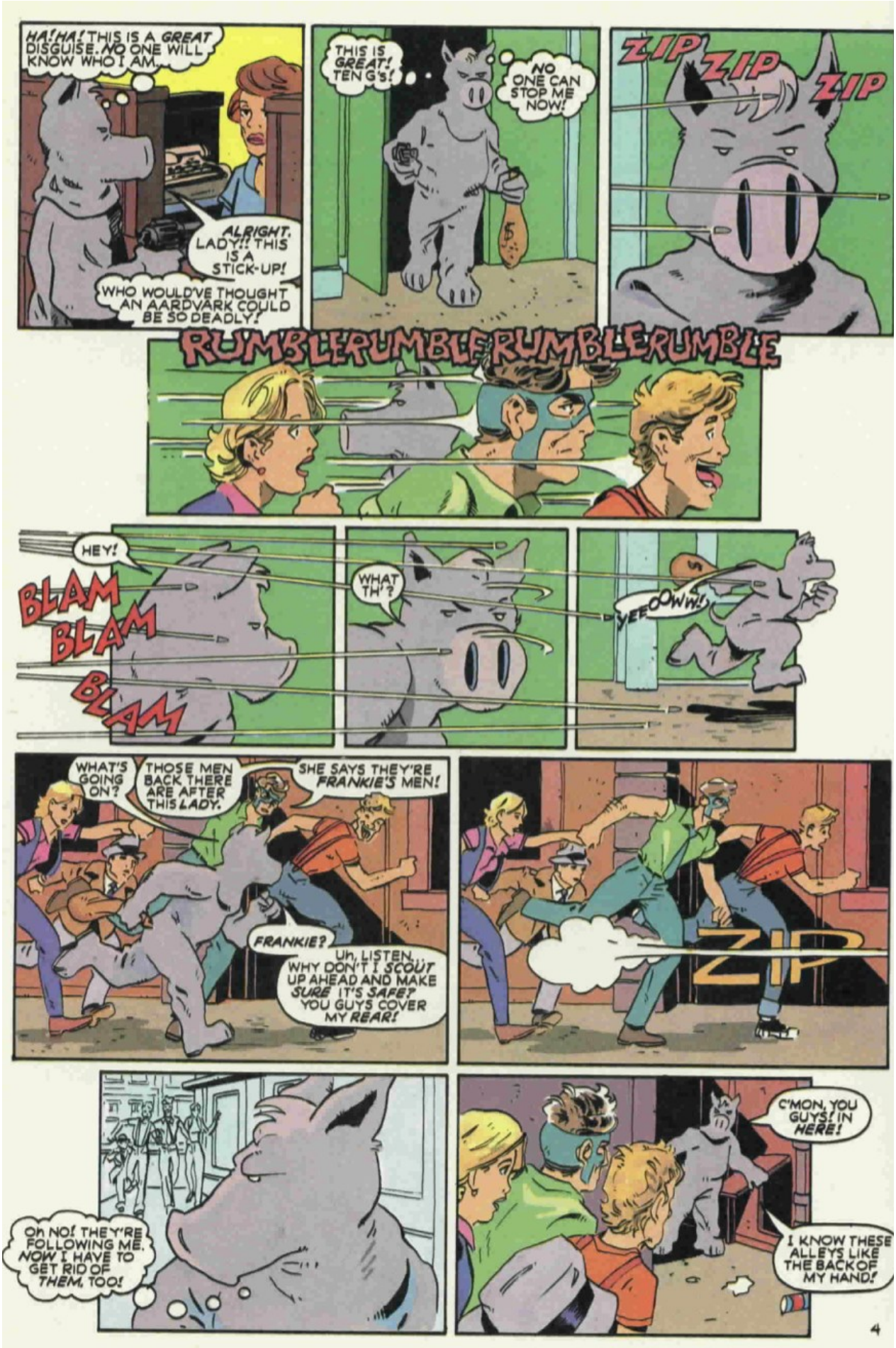
From **MASKED MAN** #2 (February 1985)

Story & Art: B.C. Boyer

Eclipse Publishing

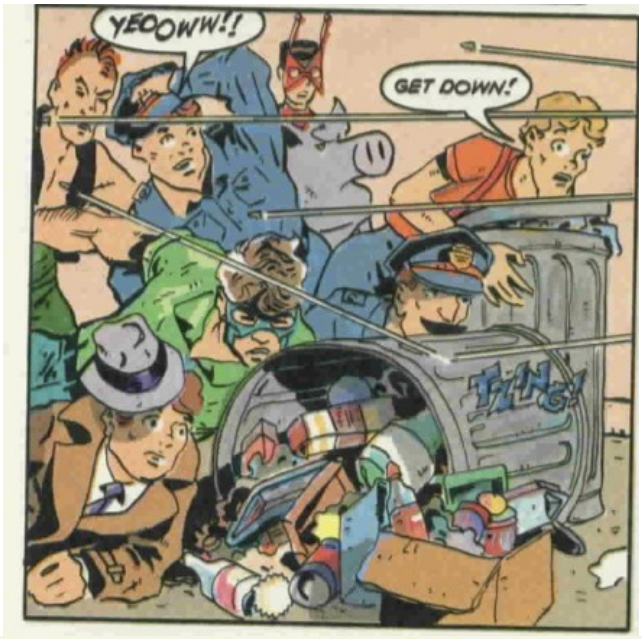
MASKED MAN#2 featured a story entitled "Mistaken Identity" in which a robber dresses in a Cerebus costume to avoid apprehension.

Presented solely for completionists.

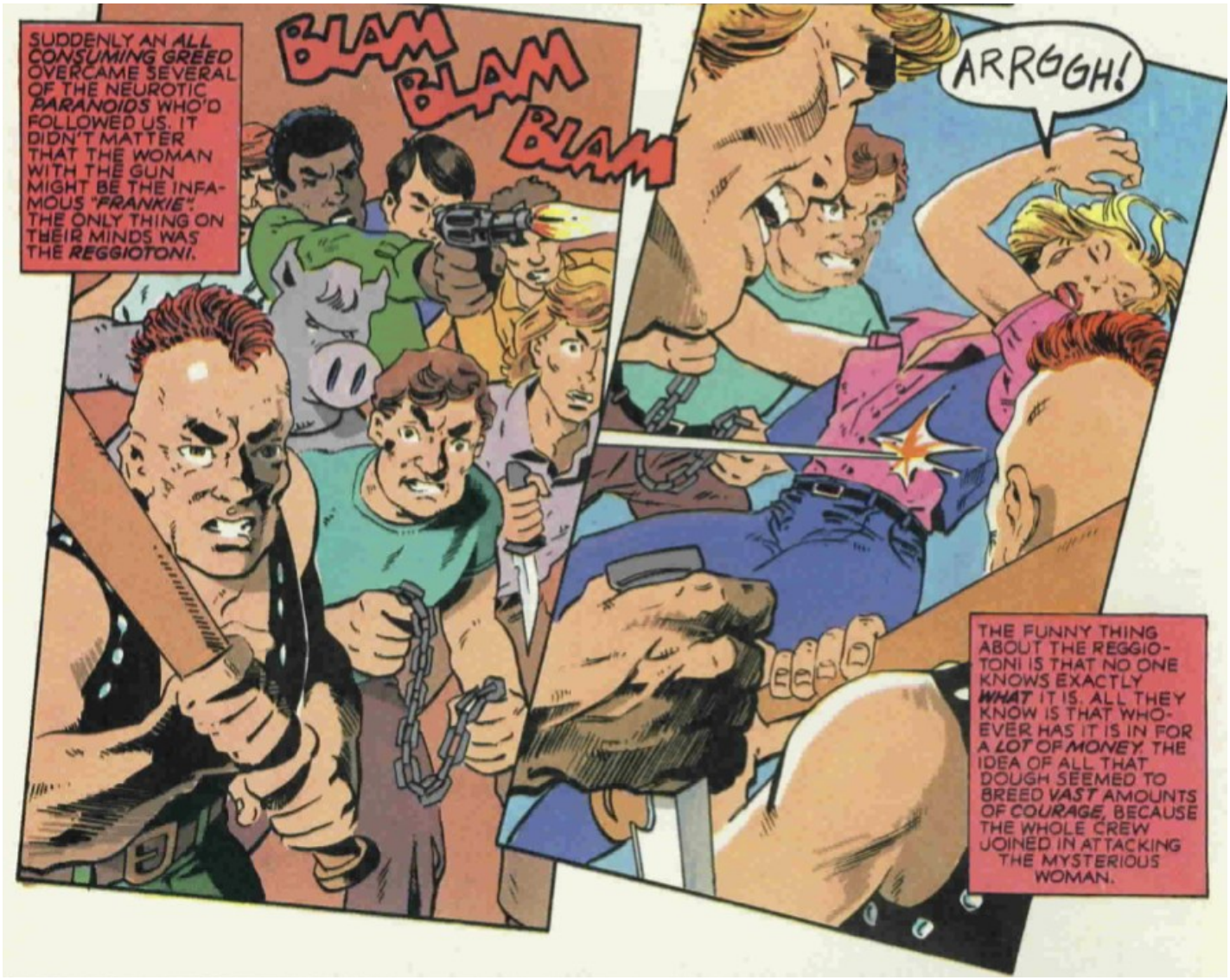

HA! HA! THIS IS A GREAT DISGUISE. NO ONE WILL KNOW WHO I AM.
ALRIGHT, LADY!! THIS IS A STICK-UP!
WHO WOULD'VE THOUGHT AN AARDVARK COULD BE SO DEADLY!
THIS IS GREAT! TEN G's!
NO ONE CAN STOP ME NOW!
ZIP ZIP ZIP
RUMBLERUMBLERUMBLERUMBLE
HEY!
BLAM BLAM BLAM
WHAT TH'?
YEEOOWW!
WHAT'S GOING ON?
THOSE MEN BACK THERE ARE AFTER THIS LADY.
SHE SAYS THEY'RE FRANKIE'S MEN!
FRANKIE?
Uh, LISTEN, WHY DON'T I SCOUT UP AHEAD AND MAKE SURE IT'S SAFE? YOU GUYS COVER MY REAR!
ZIP
OH NO! THEY'RE FOLLOWING ME. NOW I HAVE TO GET RID OF THEM, TOO!
C'MON, YOU GUYS! IN HERE!
I KNOW THESE ALLEYS LIKE THE BACK OF MY HAND!

HA! THE FOOLS!
SLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
I SAY, ARE YOU SURE IT WILL WORK?
POSITIVE, LOVE.
BUT WHO EVER HEARD OF SHAKESPEARE IN ELFLAND?
KEEP STRETCHING THOSE EYES.
I AM.
NOW REMEMBER...DON'T DRINK THE POISON UNTIL I SAY. IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG WE'RE DONE FOR.
CURTAIN CALL.
Oh FAIR JULIET. FROM WHAT DOES YON OUTSIDE TURMOIL BREAK...?
BUT OUR LOVE.
THE FLASK.
YEA, THE FLASK IS THE ONLY WAY OUT.
RUMBLE RUMBLE RUMBLE RUMBLE

RUMBLERUMBLERUMBLERUMBLE
6
AS WE ROUNDED THE CORNER, WE SUDDENLY *REALIZED* TO OUR *HORROR* WE HAD REACHED A *DEAD END*.
I SAY "WE" BECAUSE DURING ALL THE *CON-FUSION* WE HAD SOMEHOW ACCUMULATED A VAST HORDE OF NEUROTIC, FREEWHEELING PARANOIDS.
AND THE MYSTERY? WELL... SHE WAS STILL WITH US.


YEOOWW!!
GET DOWN!
CLANG!

THE REGGIOTONI!


SUDDENLY AN ALL CONSUMING GREED OVERCAME SEVERAL OF THE NEUROTIC PARANOIDS WHO'D FOLLOWED US. IT DIDN'T MATTER THAT THE WOMAN WITH THE GUN MIGHT BE THE INFAMOUS "FRANKIE". THE ONLY THING ON THEIR MINDS WAS THE REGGIOTONI.
BLAM BLAM BLAM
ARRGGH!
THE FUNNY THING ABOUT THE REGGIOTONI IS THAT NO ONE KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT IT IS. ALL THEY KNOW IS THAT WHOEVER HAS IT IS IN FOR A LOT OF MONEY. THE IDEA OF ALL THAT DOUGH SEEMED TO BREED VAST AMOUNTS OF COURAGE, BECAUSE THE WHOLE CREW JOINED IN ATTACKING THE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN.

THE REST OF WHAT FOLLOWED WAS SIMPLY RED TAPE. THE POLICE TOOK DOWN INFORMATION AND MEASURED OFF CHALK LINES.
HOWEVER ROUTINE THEIR PROCEDURE WAS, IT STILL COULDN'T STOP THE BURNING QUESTION ON EVERYONE'S MIND.
?
IF THE MYSTERY WOMAN WAS TRACKING THE REGGIOTONI... WHAT WAS SHE FOLLOWING? WHO WAS SHE FOLLOWING?
10

Fin

ONE PANEL CEREBUS-ISH CAMEO FROM

NINJA HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK #7

ANTARCTIC PRESS, 1994

Story & Art: Dan Stapleton

"Cerebus the Aardvark" and "Elrod" characters and names © 2025 Dave Sim. "The Vulture," character and name © 2025 Marvel Comics. Story (art, text, and all content) © 2025 J. TOONS! (Joshua Warren). Who still reads the indicia in 2025?! Published by Force Comics. First printing: August 2025.

forcecomics.com | jaycartoons.com

Cerebus vs. The Vulture

Three page strip and one splash panel by Joshua Warren (aka J. Toons), April 2025.

AND AS THE VULTURE I WILL CERTAINLY USE IT! TAKE THIS, YOU BIG, BLOATED BOAR-WANNABE!
KKKAH!
CEREBUS LOVES A GOOD FIGHT!
KNOW WHERE T' FIND ONE?!
UH OH.
POP!
DON'T LEAVE NOW! CEREBUS WAS JUST GETTIN' WARMED UP ON YER CHIN!
HA! HERE IN THE SKY IS MY ELEMENT -- AND NO EARTH-BORN PIG IS GOING TO STOP ME!
LEARN WHY I'M KNOWN AS THE... VULTURE!
LISTEN, PAL. CEREBUS HAS NEVER HEARD A VULTURE CACKLE AND BABBLE ABOUT ITSELF AS MUCH AS YOU DO....

UNFORTUNATELY, **DEAR READERS,** WE HAD TO END THIS STORY **ABRUPTLY.** THE WRITER WAS **FOOLISH ENOUGH** TO WRITE IN A POTENTIALLY **FATAL** INJURY OF OUR MAIN CHARACTER AND THE ARTIST WAS **DUMB ENOUGH** TO DRAW IT! THEN THEY TOSSED IN ANOTHER **WHOLLY UNAUTHORIZED** CAMEO FROM THE PAGES OF CEREBUS. NOW **THE COPYRIGHT POLICE** ARE ZEROING IN ON THE WHOLE **FORCE COMICS** TEAM (ALL ONE OF 'EM) FOR SURE. **FORGET YOU READ THIS!**

FUN FACTS for fans of FICTION

by Joshua Warren

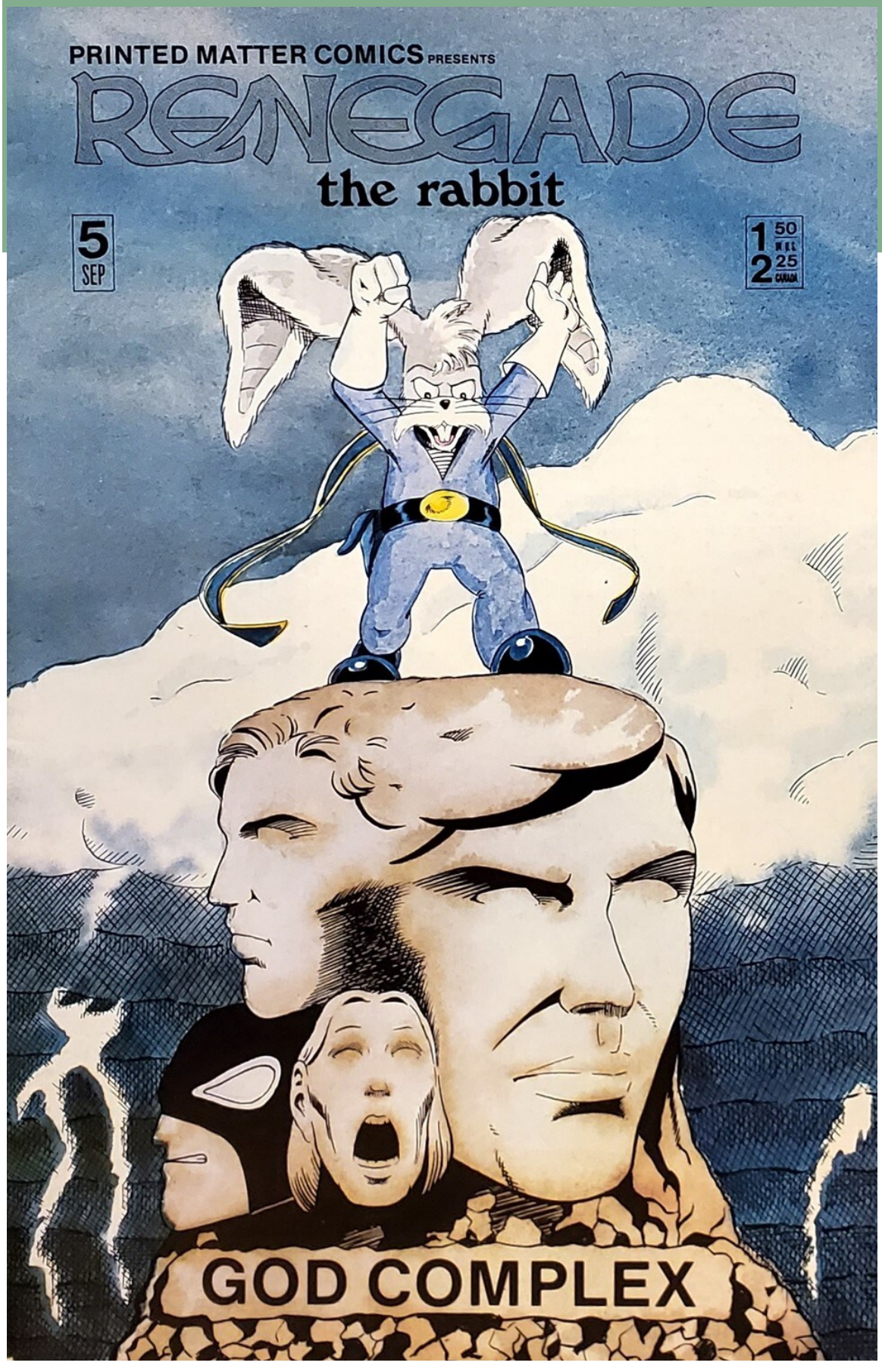
CEREBUS IS A COLORFUL, ANTHROPOMORPHIC AARDVARK COMIC BOOK CHARACTER CREATED BY WRITER AND ARTIST **DAVE SIM.** SIM HAD ORIGINALLY INTENDED THE CHARACTER TO BE THE **MASCOT / LOGO** FOR A FANZINE TO BE PUBLISHED BY **AARDVARK-VANAHEIM PRESS,** A SMALL CANADIAN-BASED, INDIE COMIC BOOK PUBLISHER BACK IN THE LATE 1970S! SHORTLY AFTERWARD, HE DREW THE CHARACTER ON A HORSE FOR ANOTHER PUBLICATION, BUT IT WAS **REJECTED** BY THAT PUBLISHER. RATHER THAN CREATE A NEW CHARACTER, HE DECIDED TO **REUSE** THE AARDVARK ADVENTURER IDEA IN A SERIES FOR AARDVARK-VANAHEIM. IN THE QUEST FOR **A NAME,** IT WAS DECIDED THAT "CEREBUS" WOULD BE USED - A NAME THAT ORIGINATED FROM THE PUBLISHER DENISE (DENI) LOUBERT'S **MISSPELLING** OF "CERBERUS," **THE NAME OF AN ANCIENT DOG** IN HER MEETING NOTES! THE AARDVARK'S WILDLY VARIED, UNPREDICTABLE ADVENTURES SPANNED AN AMAZING **300 ISSUES!**

CONTENT © 2024 JOSHUA WARREN / J. TOONS!

RENEGADE RABBIT #5

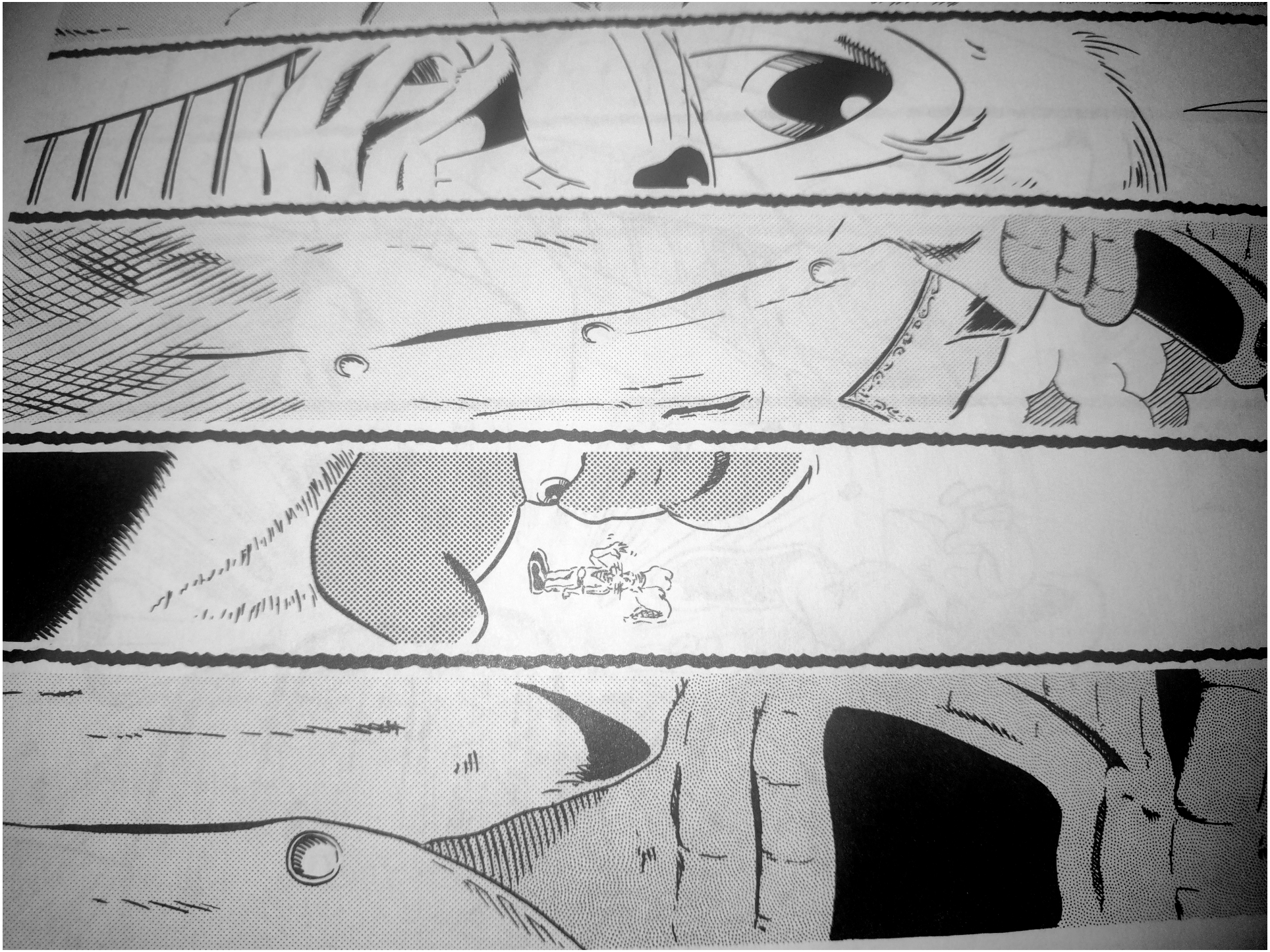
Printed Matter Comics, September 1987

Story and art by Craig Miller



The fifth and final issue of RENEGADE RABBIT (retitled RENEGADE THE RABBIT for this Cerebus homage issue) featured a one-panel cameo by Cerebus, but the entire issue was one large Cerebus tribute/ parody/homage, and it is well worth adding to your collection.

The guy here on the left that looks like a hybrid of Sam Neill and Dennis Quaid is in fact Dave Sim.



"GOOD COMPANY"

Originally published in CEREBUS #200, reprinted in PATTYCAKE PRIME COLLECTION

(Permanent Press, 1997)

"IT'S A WHOLE NEW LOOK AND SOUND FOR THE WEASELS"

(One panel cameo)

From PATTY CAKE #3

(Tapestry/Caliber Press, 1997)

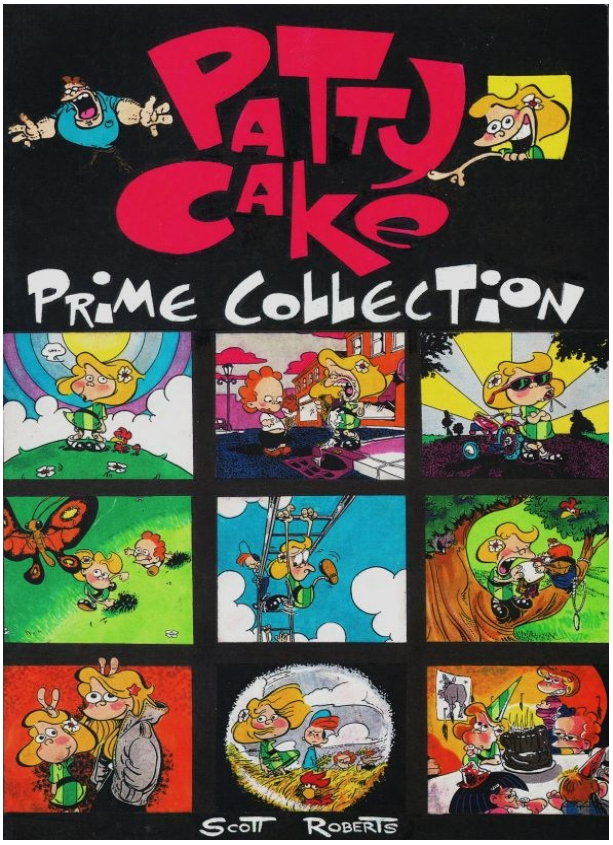
Story and art by Scott Roberts

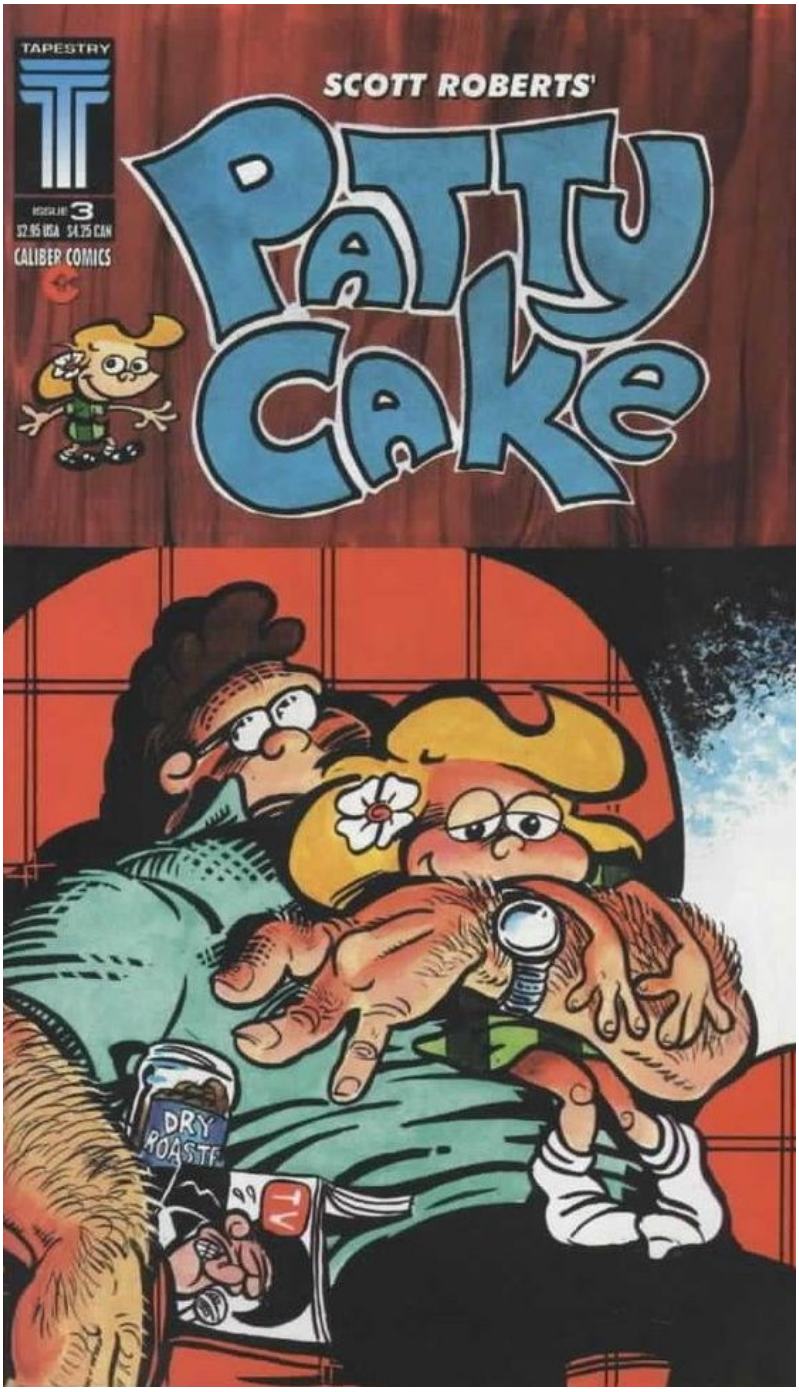
PATTY CAKE was the indie comic darling of 1996-1997 that, for whatever reason, never ended up being the mainstream success that the trade press prophesied it to be. (*Wizard Magazine* even claimed that it could be the next BONE.)

"Good Company" ran as a backup strip in *Cerebus* #200, later reprinted in the PATTY CAKE PRIME COLLECTION TPB.

Cerebus came back for a one-panel cameo in *Patty Cake* (Vol 2) #3 in a story titled "It's a Whole New Look and Sound for The Weasels. 'The Weasels' were an indie comic supergroup parody of The Beatles, made up of Cerebus, Gran'ma Ben from *Bone*, Joey from *Hepcats*, and Flaming Carrot.

(Cerebus is the Ringo of the group, in case you were wondering.)





ALL GUEST STARS SWIPED BY SCOTT ROBERTS AND DO NOT REPRESENT THE VIEWS OF THEIR CREATORS
"IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FORM OF FATUITY" *Y. Izzit*

CATCH HIM IRVING!
W-WHAT IS HE, PATTY-CAKE?
SOMEONE DRUGGED CEREBUS - THAT'S WHAT THIS IS — CEREBUS IS HALLUCINATING!
SO - STILL CONVINCED YOU CAN FIND YOUR WAY WITHOUT GUIDE?
LISTEN, SHISH KEBAB, YOU DESERTED CEREBUS NOT THE OTHER WAY 'ROUND!
TSK! SAVE BREATH. IS A LONG JOURNEY HOME. ALREADY LATE.
WE PLAY 'I SPY WITH MY LITTLE EYE' ALONG WAY.
SKREEE
DID CEREBUS EVER MENTION THAT HE CAN'T FLY?
UT! ME NEITHER. IS WHAT MAKES IT SUCH A CLEVER GETAWAY.

CEREBUS © DAVE SIM • FLAMING CARROT © BOB BURDEN • PHONEY BONE & SMILEY BONE © JEFF SMITH • BEANISH & BOOM'R BEAN © LARRY MARDER • FRANK © JIM WOODRING • THE AMAZING CYNICAL MAN © MATT FEAZELL • ZOT! © SCOTT McCLOUD

IT'S A WHOLE NEW LOOK
and SOUND FOR THE
SNAP
CAUSE THEY WERE MILKIN' THE OLD ONE
DRYER THAN A DIRT COW
magic pink
sandwic
MAGIC PINK SANDWICH
EAST
FOR A GOOD TIM
WEASELS
Heap their
New
Album
MAN, YOU COULDN'T ESCAPE IT IF YOU WERE A HERMIT IN TIBET

XOMBI #21

February 1996

DC/Milestone

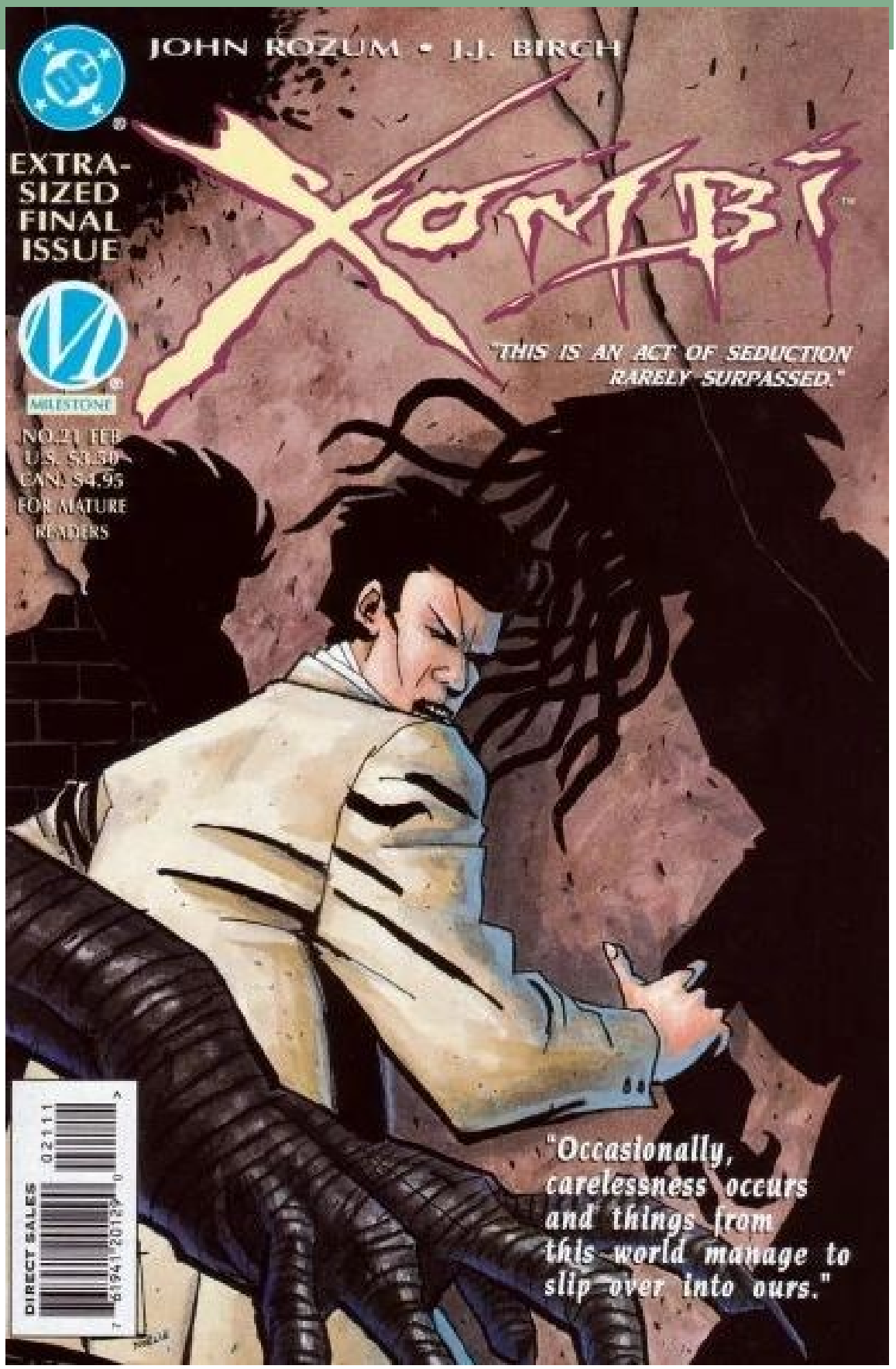
STORY:

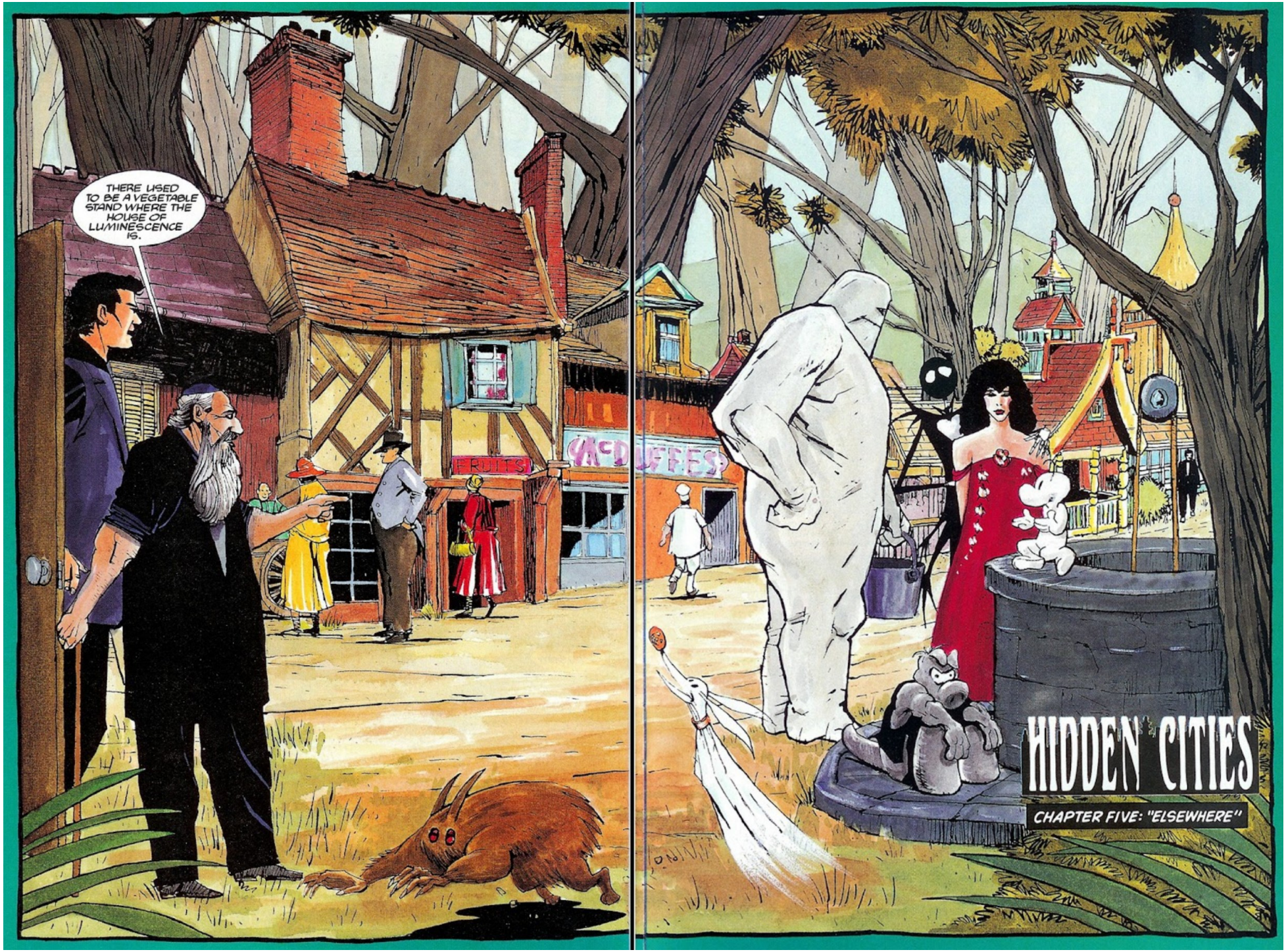
John Rozum

ART:

J.J. Birch

In the final issue of this Milestone Comics title, Cerebus has a splash page cameo with other indie characters.




THERE USED TO BE A VEGETABLE STAND WHERE THE HOUSE OF LUMINESCENCE IS.
FRUITS
McDUFFEES
HIDDEN CITIES
CHAPTER FIVE: "ELSEWHERE"

BOOK IV:

A DAVE SIM MEDLEY

1. THE COMIC EYE #1 ..... **268**
2. GROWING UP WITH COMICS #1 ..... **269**
3. SQUINTEYE THE SAILOR **271**
4. SPIRITS OF INDEPENDENCE **272**
5. THE STRANGE DEATH OF ALEX RAYMOND VOL. II **273**
6. ORIGINAL SIM **284**
7. BACCHUS #5 ..... **290**
8. FREE SPEECHES **291**
9. GUN FU: LOST CITY #4 ..... **292**
10. GUN FU: SHOWGIRLS ARE FOREVER #1 ..... **293**
11. STARCHILD: CROSSROADS #2 ..... **294**
12. AMOEBA ADVENTURES #20 ..... **295**
13. DITKOMANIA #67 & 77 ..... **296**
14. DITKOMANIA #70 & 69 ..... **297**

Dave Sim cover to THE COMIC EYE (2007, Blind Bat Press).

Homage to Ghastly Graham Ingels and EC Comics.

(2008) GROWING UP WITH COMICS #1 (R.G. Taylor). References Dave Sim in its first two pages.

HE WOULD WRITE AND DRAW VARIOUS SMALL PRESS COMICS-- RISING ACTION.
HE WOULD MEET DENI AND CREATE CEREBUS --CLIMAX
CEREBUS WOULD WIN AWARDS AND MAKE HIM WEALTHY-- ANTI-CLIMAX.
HE LOSES DENI AND GAINS A REPUTATION AS A MISOGYNIST-- FLAWED CHARACTER.
THERE'S A NICE BASIS FOR A STORY.
PHANTACEA -- EARLY DAVE SIM COMIC.
PHANTACEA
JUSTICE
ONLY TO DIE?...

WITH ME IT'S DIFFERENT. I STARTED OUT AVERAGE. I READ A LOT OF COMICS. I MADE SOME FRIENDS.
I GOT MARRIED AND BECAME A SCHOOL TEACHER WHILE DOING SOME COMIC BOOK WORK THAT NO ONE BUT MY MOTHER HAS PAID ANY ATTENTION TO.
I'M NOT EVEN A SUFFERING HERO LIKE HARVEY PEKAR.

TERRY AUSTIN'S PRELIMINARY SKETCHES OF 'SQUINTEYE THE SAILOR' FROM **CEREBUS JAM** #1

SPIRITS OF INDEPENDENCE TOUR 1995 - KITCHENER, CANADA

STARRING . . . STEVE, DAVE & MARK

BY ROBERT GAEBLER & ROBERT DREW

©1996 ROBERT GAEBLER

* COMIC COVERS COPYRIGHT THEIR RESPECTIVE OWNERS & COMPANIES

One page strip from UNDER TERRA #5 (1995) referencing Dave.

Story & Art:

Robert Gaebler & Robert Drew

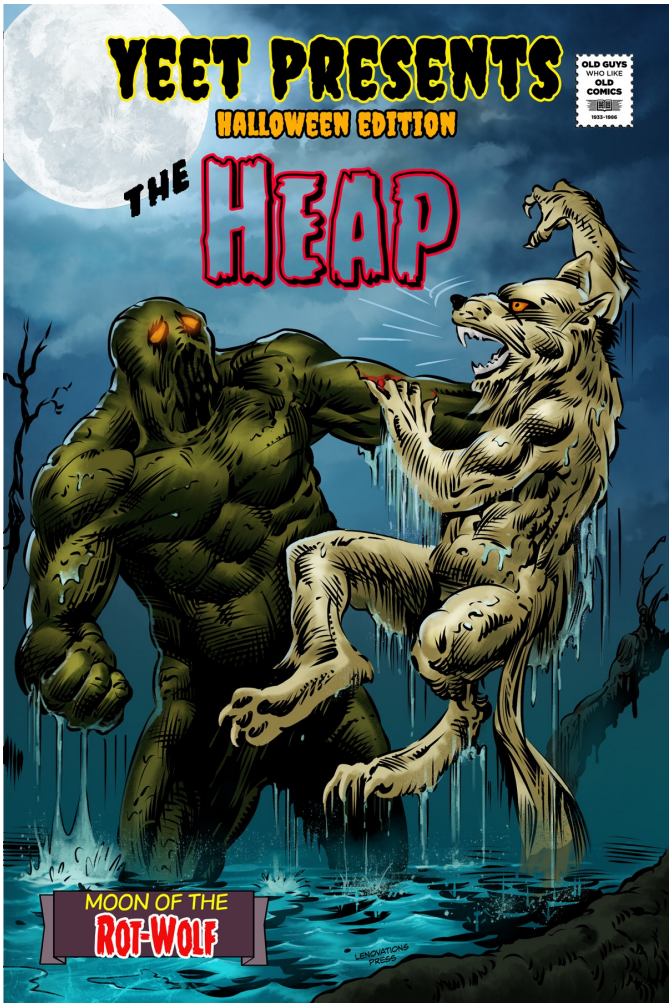
THE STRANGE DEATH OF ALEX RAYMOND
VOLUME II

Story, Text & Art: Dave Sim

From *YEET Presents* #68 (October 2025)

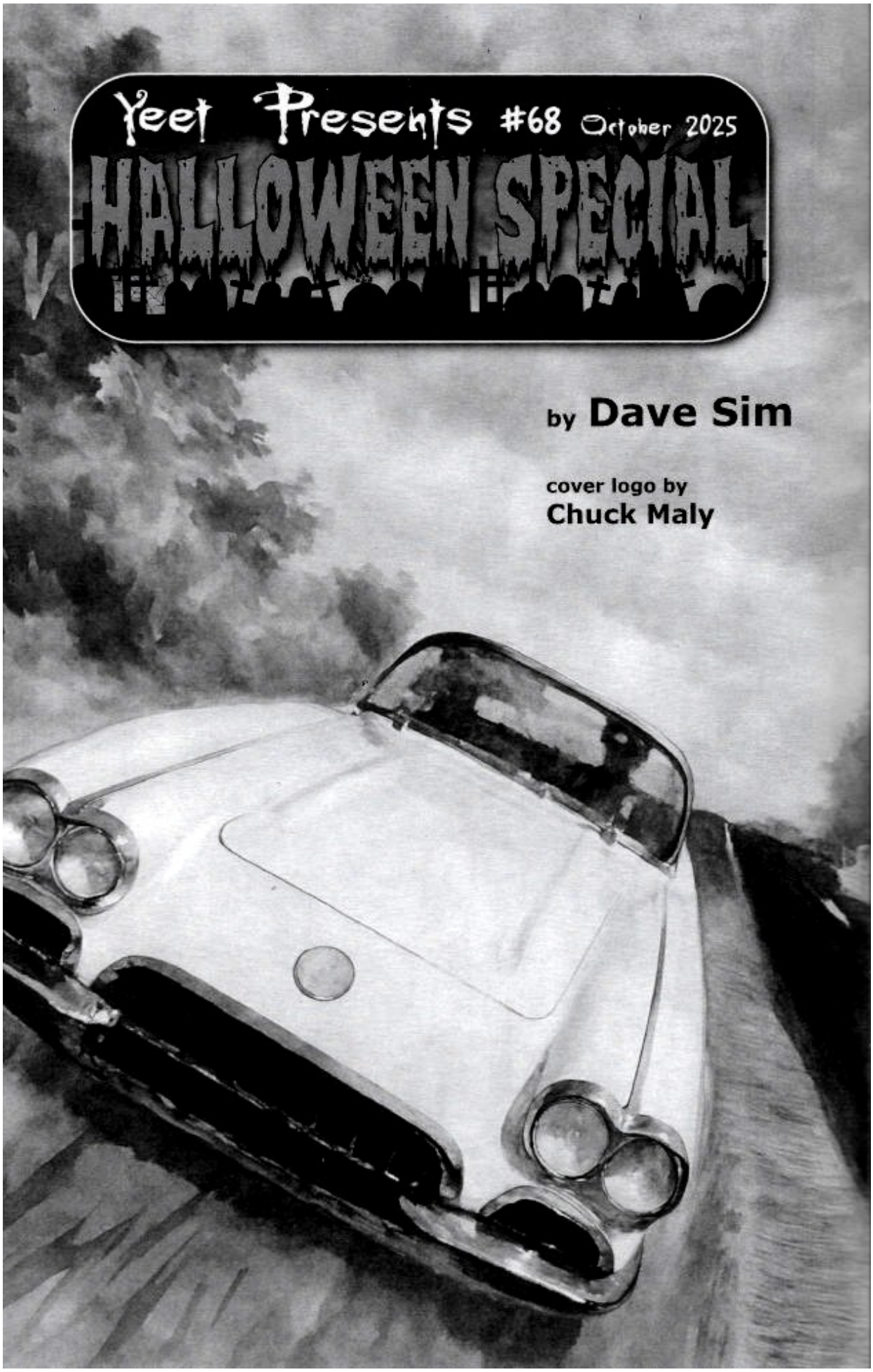
C.O.P. Comics Group

Dave contributed a seven page addendum to THE STRANGE DEATH OF ALEX RAYMOND for the Halloween 2025 issue of *YEET Presents*.



THE SPIRIT OF ALEX RAYMOND

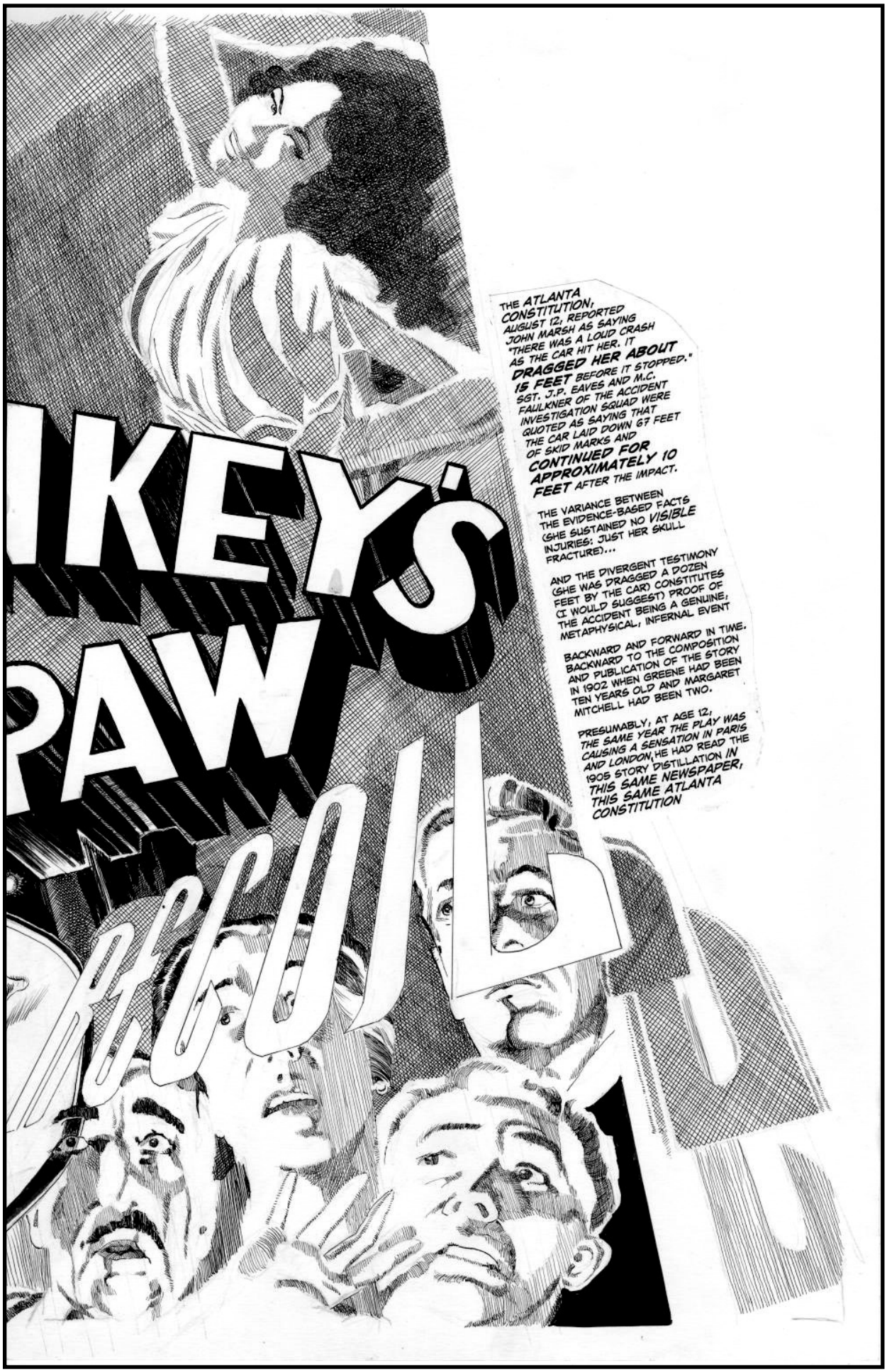
VOLUME 2


Yeet Presents #68 October 2025
HALLOWEEN SPECIAL
by Dave Sim
cover logo by
Chuck Maly

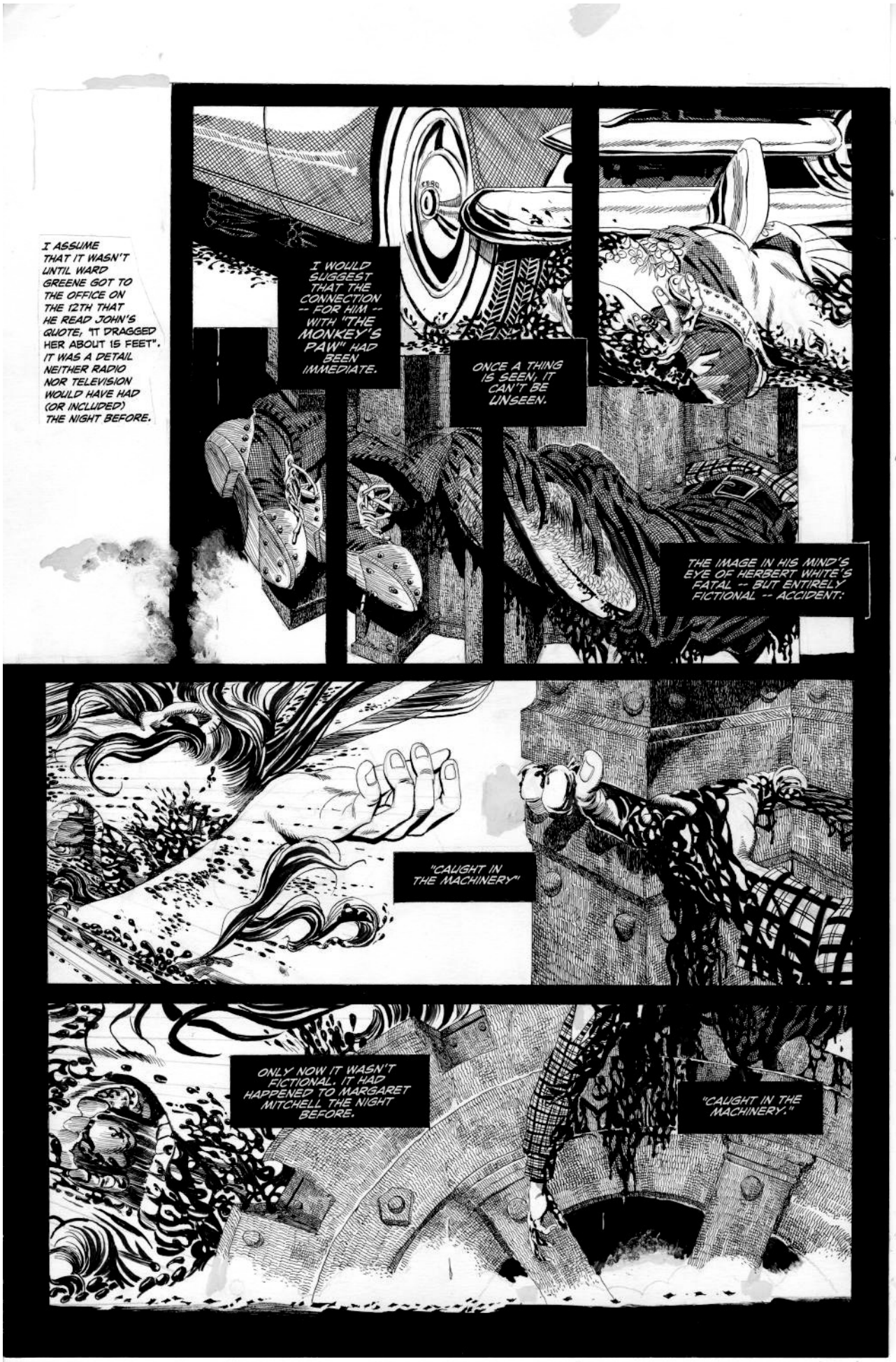
THERE IS ONE THING YOU DO NOT KNOW, MR. GAUNT.. I HAVE ALREADY TOLD JOHN.
HOW UNFORTUNATE! BUT PERHAPS JOHN WILL LISTEN TO REASON... PERHAPS HE WILL NOT BE OBLIVIOUS TO THE MUSIC OF FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS!
THE WORST THAT COULD BE SAID? METAPHYSICAL VERTIGO! DOUBLED AND RE-DOUBLED!
BIBLICALLY NAKED IN THE SIGHT OF ALL THOSE FORCES HE SOUGHT TO CONTROL!
THOUGHT HE HAD BEEN CONTROLLING! STILL NEEDED TO CONTROL!
NO USE! HIS UPPERMOST AND INNERMOST THOUGHTS AN OPEN BOOK TO ALL!
"IT'S 'THE MONKEY'S PAW'! BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR! THE LAW OF UNINTENDED CONSEQUENCES!"
RECOIL
GAUNT! STAND UP!
THE COMIC-STRIP RIGHTS TO GONE WITH THE WIND NOW WITHIN HIS GRASP!
BECAUSE MARGARET MITCHELL WAS NOW FATED TO REQUIRE THE EXPENSIVE LONG-TERM NURSING CARE THAT JOHN MARSH HAD BEEN (NO OTHER WORD FOR IT) OBSESSING ABOUT IN THEIR NEW YORK CITY HOTEL ROOM (PAGES 546 TO 548)

MOST UNUSUAL FOR A THEATRICAL REVIEW, THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION 2 APRIL 1905 RECAPS THE ENTIRE STORY "SPOILING" ONE OF LITERATURE'S GREATEST TWIST ENDINGS [I'VE SUPPLEMENTED IT WITH MY OWN STRANGE DEATH OF ALEX RAYMOND PARENTHETICAL INTERJECTIONS]

"IT IS A 'CREEPY' SORT OF THING. AN OLD SERGEANT MAJOR NAMED MORRIS HAS BROUGHT FROM INDIA A DRIED MONKEY'S PAW, ON WHICH SOME FAKIR" [A MUSLIM RELIGIOUS ASCETIC WHO LIVES SOLELY ON ALMS.] [THIS ANTICIPATES SEABROOK'S AND GREENE'S RESPECTIVE CONFUSIONS OF ISLAM WITH PAGAN FAITH] "HAS CAST A SPELL. THE SHRIVELLED LITTLE PIECE OF SKIN AND BONE HAS THE POWER OF GRANTING THREE WISHES TO ITS POSSESSOR" [IN THE ORIGINAL STORY THE SERGEANT MAJOR IS THE SECOND POSSESSOR -- HIS MILITARY SERVICE, GLOBE-TROTTING ADVENTURISM AND ALCOHOLISM STRONGLY SUGGESTING WILLIAM SEABROOK -- AND, THUS, ALEISTER CROWLEY AS THE UNIDENTIFIED FIRST POSSESSOR...) "BUT -- AND HERE LIES THE GRUESOME PART OF THE STORY -- THE WISHER ALWAYS REGRETS THAT IT HAS DONE SO. AN OLD COUPLE NAMED WHITE" [...MAKING WARD GREENE MR. WHITE.] [FURTHER, DECADES AFTER THE FACT, THE WOMAN WITH WHOM ALEX RAYMOND HAD AN ADULTEROUS RELATIONSHIP WAS IDENTIFIED AS A "MRS. WHITE". FURTHER, THE STORY'S AUTHOR W.W. JACOBS MARRIED A WOMAN WITH THE SAME MAIDEN NAME AS HELEN RAYMOND: WILLIAMS] "AND THEIR SON, A YOUNG ELECTRICIAN, TO WHOM THE MAJOR TELLS THE STORY INSISTS ON TRYING THE MONKEY'S PAW, AND AGAINST THE OWNER'S ADVICE THE ELDER WHITE WISHES FOR 200 POUNDS. THIS SUM DOES NOT DROP FROM THE CLOUDS AND THE SON GOES TO HIS WORK AT THE ELECTRIC LIGHT WORKS" [JOHN MARSH WAS A LONG-TIME EMPLOYEE OF THE GEORGIA POWER COMPANY], "TEASING THE OLD PEOPLE ABOUT THEIR UNFULFILLED HOPES. THE NEXT SCENE TAKES PLACE ON THE FOLLOWING DAY. THE FATHER AND MOTHER ARE WAITING THEIR SON'S RETURN. INSTEAD A MESSENGER FROM THE WORKS ARRIVES TO SAY THAT HE HAS BEEN KILLED IN THE MACHINERY AND, IN THE NAME OF THE COMPANY TO OFFER THEM 200 POUNDS AS COMPENSATION. IN THE DAYS OF GRIEF THAT FOLLOW THE OLD COUPLE FORGET ALL ABOUT THE MONKEY'S PAW. ONE EVENING A WEEK LATER, HOWEVER, THE MOTHER SUDDENLY REMEMBERS THAT TWO WISHES REMAIN TO THEM AND INSISTS ON THE FATHER WISHING THAT THE SON WERE WITH THEM AGAIN. HE DOES SO. AT ONCE THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. INSTANTLY THE OLD COUPLE ARE AGHAST AT WHAT THEY HAVE DONE, BUT THE MOTHER, HER HANDS TREMBLING WITH EMOTION, TRIES TO OPEN THE DOOR. THE BOLT STICKS. SHE STRUGGLES TO UNDO IT, WHILE HER HUSBAND, CLUTCHING THE FATEFUL PAW, PRONOUNCES THE THIRD AND LAST WISH -- THAT THEIR SON MAY REST AT PEACE IN HIS GRAVE. AS HIS WORDS ARE UTTERED THE FRANTIC MOTHER TEARS THE DOOR OPEN AND REVEALS -- AN EMPTY THRESHOLD.


IKEY'S
PAW
RECOLD
THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION, AUGUST 12, REPORTED JOHN MARSH AS SAYING "THERE WAS A LOUD CRASH AS THE CAR HIT HER. IT DRAGGED HER ABOUT 15 FEET BEFORE IT STOPPED." SGT. J.P. EAVES AND M.C. FAULKNER OF THE ACCIDENT INVESTIGATION SQUAD WERE QUOTED AS SAYING THAT THE CAR LAID DOWN 67 FEET OF SKID MARKS AND CONTINUED FOR APPROXIMATELY 10 FEET AFTER THE IMPACT.
THE VARIANCE BETWEEN THE EVIDENCE-BASED FACTS (SHE SUSTAINED NO VISIBLE INJURIES; JUST HER SKULL FRACTURE)...
AND THE DIVERGENT TESTIMONY (SHE WAS DRAGGED A DOZEN FEET BY THE CAR) CONSTITUTES (I WOULD SUGGEST) PROOF OF THE ACCIDENT BEING A GENUINE, METAPHYSICAL, INFERNAL EVENT
BACKWARD AND FORWARD IN TIME. BACKWARD TO THE COMPOSITION AND PUBLICATION OF THE STORY IN 1902 WHEN GREENE HAD BEEN TEN YEARS OLD AND MARGARET MITCHELL HAD BEEN TWO.
PRESUMABLY, AT AGE 12, THE SAME YEAR THE PLAY WAS CAUSING A SENSATION IN PARIS AND LONDON, HE HAD READ THE 1905 STORY DISTILLATION IN THIS SAME NEWSPAPER, THIS SAME ATLANTA CONSTITUTION

MOST UNUSUAL FOR A THEATRICAL REVIEW, THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION 2 APRIL 1908 RECAPS THE ENTIRE STORY "SPOILING" ONE OF LITERATURE'S GREATEST TWIST ENDINGS [I'VE SUPPLEMENTED IT WITH MY OWN STRANGE DEATH OF ALEX RAYMOND PARENTHETICAL INTERJECTIONS]
"IT IS A 'CREEPY' SORT OF THING. AN OLD SERGEANT MAJOR NAMED MORRIS HAS BROUGHT FROM INDIA A DRIED MONKEY'S PAW, ON WHICH SOME FAKIR" [A MUSLIM RELIGIOUS ASCETIC WHO LIVES SOLELY ON ALMS.] [THIS ANTICIPATES SEABROOK'S AND GREENE'S RESPECTIVE CONFUSIONS OF ISLAM WITH PAGAN FAITH] "HAS CAST A SPELL. THE SHRIVELLED LITTLE PIECE OF SKIN AND BONE HAS THE POWER OF GRANTING THREE WISHES TO ITS POSSESSOR" [IN THE ORIGINAL STORY THE SERGEANT MAJOR IS THE SECOND POSSESSOR -- HIS MILITARY SERVICE, GLOBE-TROTTING ADVENTURISM AND ALCOHOLISM STRONGLY SUGGESTING WILLIAM SEABROOK -- AND, THUS, ALEISTER CROWLEY AS THE UNIDENTIFIED FIRST POSSESSOR...] "BUT -- AND HERE LIES THE GRUESOME PART OF THE STORY -- THE WISHER ALWAYS REGRETS THAT IT HAS DONE SO. AN OLD COUPLE NAMED WHITE" [...MAKING WARD GREENE MR. WHITE.] [FURTHER, DECADES AFTER THE FACT, THE WOMAN WITH WHOM ALEX RAYMOND HAD AN ADULTEROUS RELATIONSHIP WAS IDENTIFIED AS A "MRS. WHITE". FURTHER, THE STORY'S AUTHOR W.W. JACOBS MARRIED A WOMAN WITH THE SAME MAIDEN NAME AS HELEN RAYMOND: WILLIAMS] "AND THEIR SON, A YOUNG ELECTRICIAN, TO WHOM THE MAJOR TELLS THE STORY INSISTS ON TRYING THE MONKEY'S PAW, AND AGAINST THE OWNER'S ADVICE THE ELDER WHITE WISHES FOR 200 POUNDS. THIS SUM DOES NOT DROP FROM THE CLOUDS AND THE SON GOES TO HIS WORK AT THE ELECTRIC LIGHT WORKS" [JOHN MARSH WAS A LONG-TIME EMPLOYEE OF THE GEORGIA POWER COMPANY]. "TEASING THE OLD PEOPLE ABOUT THEIR UNFULFILLED HOPES. THE NEXT SCENE TAKES PLACE ON THE FOLLOWING DAY. THE FATHER AND MOTHER ARE WAITING THEIR SON'S RETURN. INSTEAD A MESSENGER FROM THE WORKS ARRIVES TO SAY THAT HE HAS BEEN KILLED IN THE MACHINERY AND, IN THE NAME OF THE COMPANY TO OFFER THEM 200 POUNDS AS COMPENSATION. IN THE DAYS OF GRIEF THAT FOLLOW THE OLD COUPLE FORGET ALL ABOUT THE MONKEY'S PAW. ONE EVENING A WEEK LATER, HOWEVER, THE MOTHER SUDDENLY REMEMBERS THAT TWO WISHES REMAIN TO THEM AND INSISTS ON THE FATHER WISHING THAT THE SON WERE WITH THEM AGAIN. HE DOES SO. AT ONCE THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. INSTANTLY THE OLD COUPLE ARE AGHAST AT WHAT THEY HAVE DONE, BUT THE MOTHER, HER HANDS TREMBLING WITH EMOTION, TRIES TO OPEN THE DOOR. THE BOLT STICKS. SHE STRUGGLES TO UNDO IT, WHILE HER HUSBAND, CLUTCHING THE FATEFUL PAW, PRONOUNCES THE THIRD AND LAST WISH -- THAT THEIR SON MAY REST AT PEACE IN HIS GRAVE. AS HIS WORDS ARE UTTERED THE FRANTIC MOTHER TEARS THE DOOR OPEN AND REVEALS -- AN EMPTY THRESHOLD.
MONKEY'S PAW
BASIS OF PLAY
Grim Production by Jacobs Pleasing London and Paris.
THE MONKEY'S PAW
RECOIL
THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION, AUGUST 12, REPORTED JOHN MARSH AS SAYING "THERE WAS A LOUD CRASH AS THE CAR HIT HER. IT DRAGGED HER ABOUT 15 FEET BEFORE IT STOPPED." SGT. J.P. EAVES AND M.C. FAULKNER OF THE ACCIDENT INVESTIGATION SQUAD WERE QUOTED AS SAYING THAT THE CAR LAID DOWN 67 FEET OF SKID MARKS AND CONTINUED FOR APPROXIMATELY 10 FEET AFTER THE IMPACT.
THE VARIANCE BETWEEN THE EVIDENCE-BASED FACTS (SHE SUSTAINED NO VISIBLE INJURIES; JUST HER SKULL FRACTURED)...
AND THE DIVERGENT TESTIMONY (SHE WAS DRAGGED A DOZEN FEET BY THE CAR) CONSTITUTES (I WOULD SUGGEST) PROOF OF THE ACCIDENT BEING A GENUINE, METAPHYSICAL, INFERNAL EVENT
BACKWARD AND FORWARD IN TIME. BACKWARD TO THE COMPOSITION AND PUBLICATION OF THE STORY IN 1902 WHEN GREENE HAD BEEN TEN YEARS OLD AND MARGARET MITCHELL HAD BEEN TWO.
PRESUMABLY, AT AGE 12, THE SAME YEAR THE PLAY WAS CAUSING A SENSATION IN PARIS AND LONDON, HE HAD READ THE 1908 STORY DISTILLATION IN THIS SAME NEWSPAPER, THIS SAME ATLANTA CONSTITUTION


I ASSUME THAT IT WASN'T UNTIL WARD GREENE GOT TO THE OFFICE ON THE 12TH THAT HE READ JOHN'S QUOTE; "IT DRAGGED HER ABOUT 15 FEET". IT WAS A DETAIL NEITHER RADIO NOR TELEVISION WOULD HAVE HAD (OR INCLUDED) THE NIGHT BEFORE.
I WOULD SUGGEST THAT THE CONNECTION -- FOR HIM -- WITH "THE MONKEY'S PAW" HAD BEEN IMMEDIATE.
ONCE A THING IS SEEN, IT CAN'T BE UNSEEN.
THE IMAGE IN HIS MIND'S EYE OF HERBERT WHITE'S FATAL -- BUT ENTIRELY FICTIONAL -- ACCIDENT:
"CAUGHT IN THE MACHINERY"
ONLY NOW IT WASN'T FICTIONAL. IT HAD HAPPENED TO MARGARET MITCHELL THE NIGHT BEFORE.
"CAUGHT IN THE MACHINERY."

"NO, WE'LL HAVE ONE MORE. GO DOWN AND GET IT QUICKLY AND WISH OUR BOY ALIVE AGAIN."

"GOOD GOD, YOU ARE MAD!"

IS THAT HOW IT HAD BEEN -- HOW IT WAS -- HOW IT IS -- HERE ON THE MORNING OF THE 12TH WITH MARGARET MITCHELL? COULD JOHN ONLY RECOGNIZE HIS WIFE -- "IT DRAGGED HER ABOUT 15 FEET" -- BY HER CLOTHING?

"CAUGHT IN THE MACHINERY" HAD JOHN BEEN FORCED TO STAND BY, HELPLESSLY, AS MARGARET...BROKEN ...BLEEDING... UNRECOGNIZABLE... WAS EXTRICATED FROM THE MACHINERY -- THE UNDERCARRIAGE OF GRAVITT'S CAR?

"HE HAS BEEN DEAD TEN DAYS, AND BESIDES HE -- I WOULD NOT TELL YOU ELSE, BUT -- I COULD ONLY RECOGNIZE HIM BY HIS CLOTHING. IF HE WAS TOO TERRIBLE FOR YOU TO SEE THEN, HOW NOW?"

THE NAME OF THE U.K. FILM COMPANY STRIKES A NOTE OF GRISLY RESONANCE

A Butcher & Empire Picture

The MONKEY'S PAW

From the famous story by W.W. Jacobs

BOTTOM HALF OF THE 1948 MOVIE POSTER

1948 FILM TITLES TYPOGRAPHY

"CAUGHT IN THE MACHINERY"

GREENE -- SHARPLY ATTUNED TO ALL ENACTMENT RESONANCES GREAT AND SMALL -- COULDN'T HAVE FAILED TO RECOGNIZE THE MACROCOSMIC APPOSITENESS.

FIRST, HE WOULD HAVE BECOME COGNIZANT OF GRAVITT'S CAR AS MERELY A BLUNT FORCE INSTRUMENT EFFECT.

SECOND, APPREHENDING CORRECTLY THAT HIS OWN METICULOUSLY CRAFTED RIP KIRBY MANIPULATIONS HAD BEEN THE ORIGINATING CAUSE.

THE "MACHINERY" ITSELF.

METAPHYSICAL LOGIC EXTRAPOLATING UPWARD

MACROCOSM INTO STILL GREATER MACROCOSM

IMPLYING THAT HE WAS NOW

"THE MONKEY'S PAW"
from the famous story by
W.W. JACOBS

"THE MONKEY'S PAW"
from the famous story by
W.W. JACOBS

"THE MONKEY'S PAW"
presenting
W.W.

MR. GREENE?

"THE MONKEY'S PAW"
from the famous story by
W.W. JACOBS

IMPLYING THAT HE WOULD ALWAYS BE "CAUGHT IN THE MACHINERY".

IMMEDIATE RETROSPECT WOULD CALL TO HIS MIND THE NOTEWORTHY SUCCESSION OF MOVIE ADAPTATIONS:

"MONKEY'S PAW"
from the famous story by
W.W. JACOBS

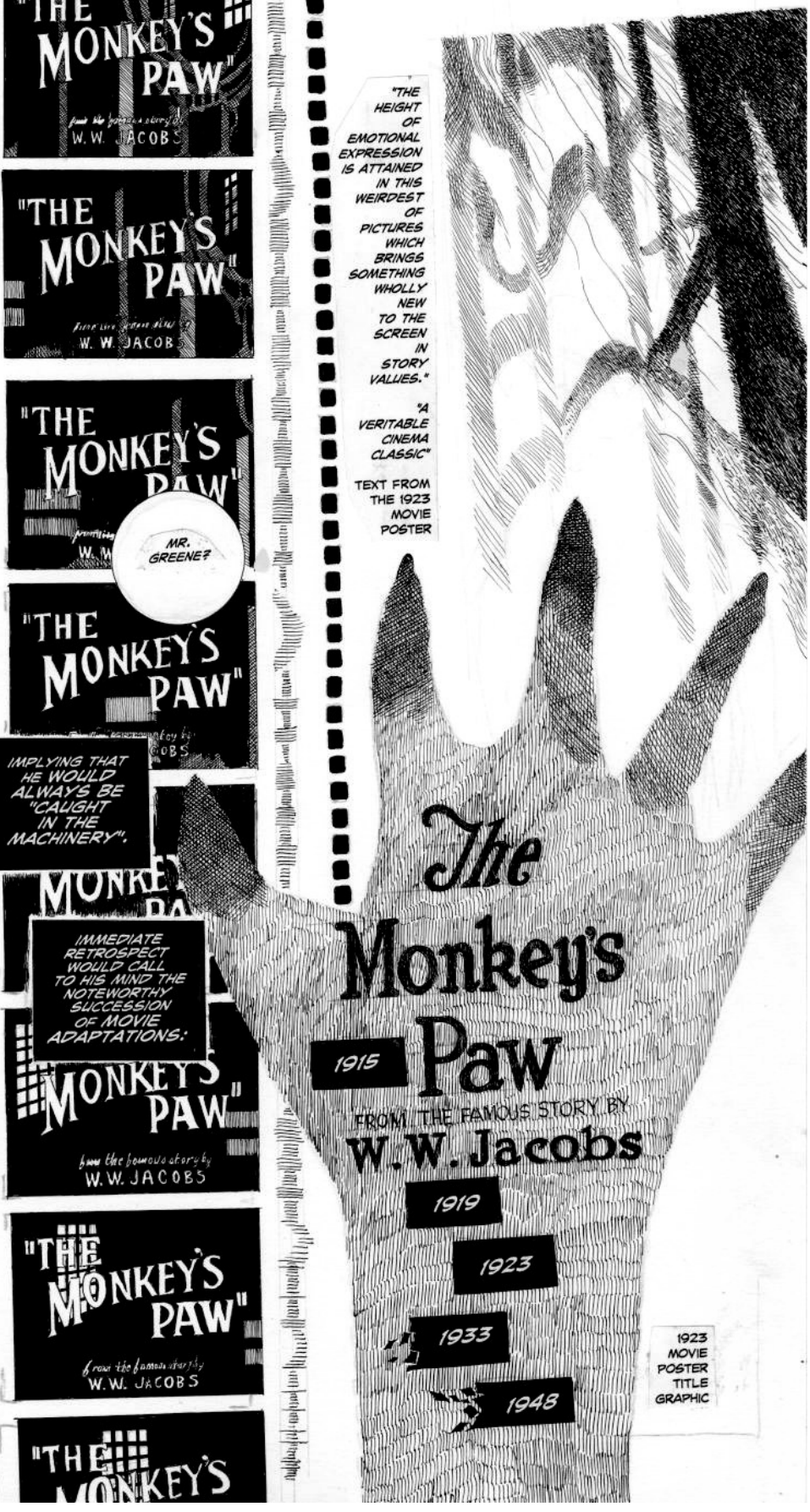
"THE MONKEY'S PAW"
from the famous story by
W.W. JACOBS

"THE MONKEY'S

"THE HEIGHT OF EMOTIONAL EXPRESSION IS ATTAINED IN THIS WEIRDEST OF PICTURES WHICH BRINGS SOMETHING WHOLLY NEW TO THE SCREEN IN STORY VALUES."

"A VERITABLE CINEMA CLASSIC"

TEXT FROM THE 1923 MOVIE POSTER



1923 MOVIE POSTER TITLE GRAPHIC

AND, JUST PRIOR TO THE ARRIVAL OF THE MARSHES IN NEW YORK CITY THAT SPRING...
...MAY 17, 1949...
AN ADAPTATION STARRING BORIS KARLOFF AND MILDRED NATWICK ON THE CBS TELEVISION NETWORK PROGRAM SUSPENSE
MULTIPLIED SIMULTANEOUSLY, INSTANTANEOUSLY ONTO UNTOLD HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF TELEVISION SCREENS NATIONWIDE
SAN SIMEON STILL HOLDING ON LINE ONE, SIR.
HAD GREENE KNOWN THAT THE SUSPENSE EPISODE MARKED THE END OF THE BIG BUDGET ADAPTATIONS IN THE 20TH CENTURY...
(HAVING FAILED TO WARN HIM THEY APPEAR TO HAVE BECOME METAPHYSICALLY MOOT)
(NEVER TRY PLAYING... MULTI-LEVELLED ...CHESS WITH AN OMNISCIENT BEING)
HE MIGHT HAVE PERMANENTLY LOST HIS MIND RIGHT THEN AND THERE ON THE MORNING OF THE 12TH IN HIS KING FEATURES SYNDICATE OFFICE
SUSPENSE
ON CBS
IN THOSE PRIMITIVE DAYS WHEN ALL DRAMATIZATIONS WERE BROADCAST LIVE, "THE MONKEY'S PAW" HAD BEEN ENACTED MERE BLOCKS FROM WHERE HE WAS STANDING RIGHT NOW.
THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION
MR. GREENE?

ORIGINAL SIM

Art: Dave Sim

From *Marvel Fanfare* #25 (March 1986)

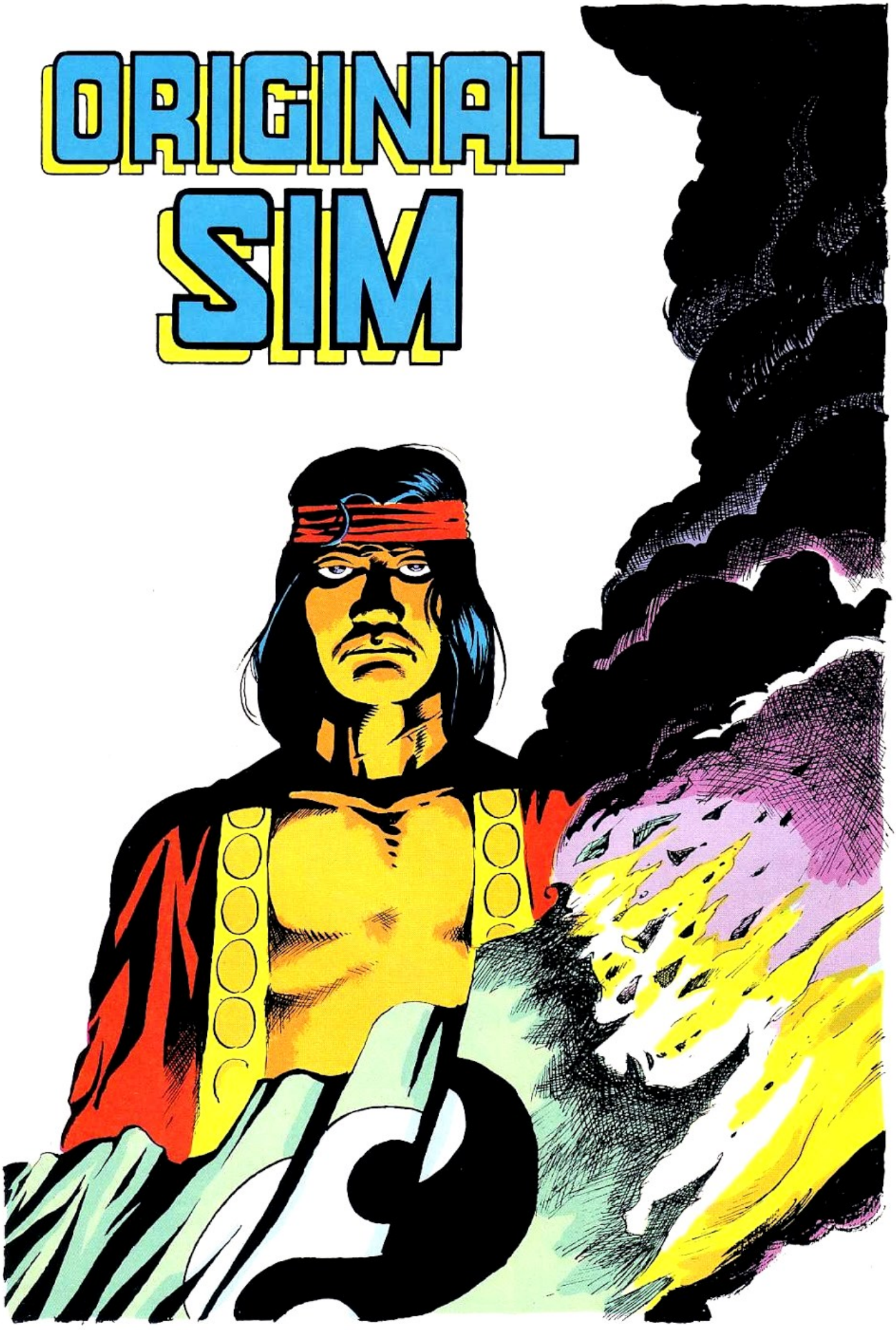
Marvel Comics Group

Five panel portfolio of various Marvel characters done for *Marvel Fanfare*,

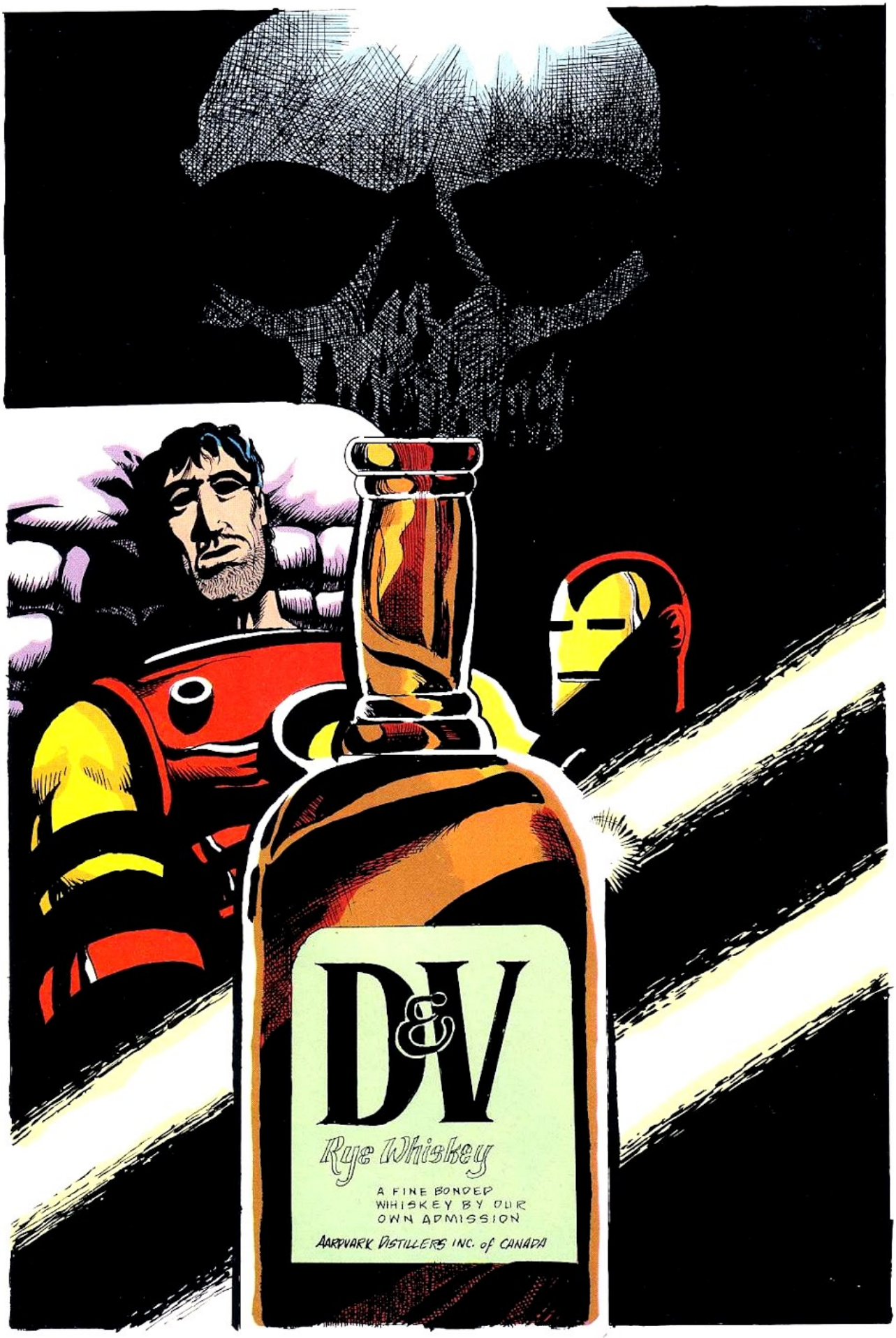
Sim has stated that he commissioned this portfolio solely for the money. He was in the midst of his divorce from Deni Loubert and needed some quick cashflow, and this project fit the bill nicely.

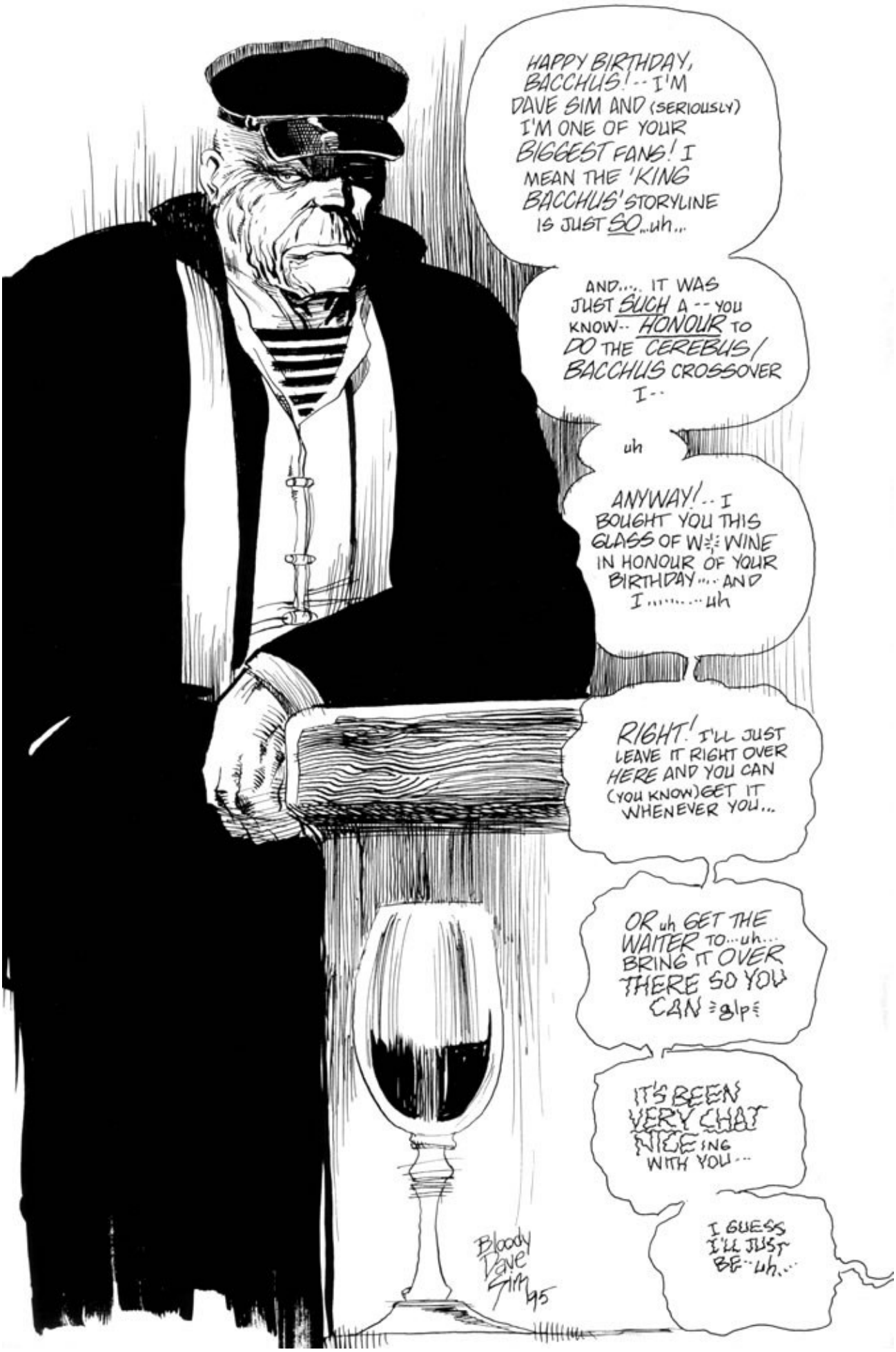
Even though Sim had publicly accused Jim Shooter of contributing to Gene Day's death (a totally spurious claim), to his credit, Shooter took Dave's phonecall and hooked him up with a quick assignment that paid well.

ORIGINAL SIM



MY MAYERIK?
B-B-BRUNNER!
GERBER-GERBER-GERBER
NEEZ...
ALOHA LEIALOHA...
GENE SEMI-COLAN


D&V
Rye Whiskey
A FINE BONDED
WHISKEY BY OUR
OWN ADMISSION
AARDVARK DISTILLERS INC. of CANADA



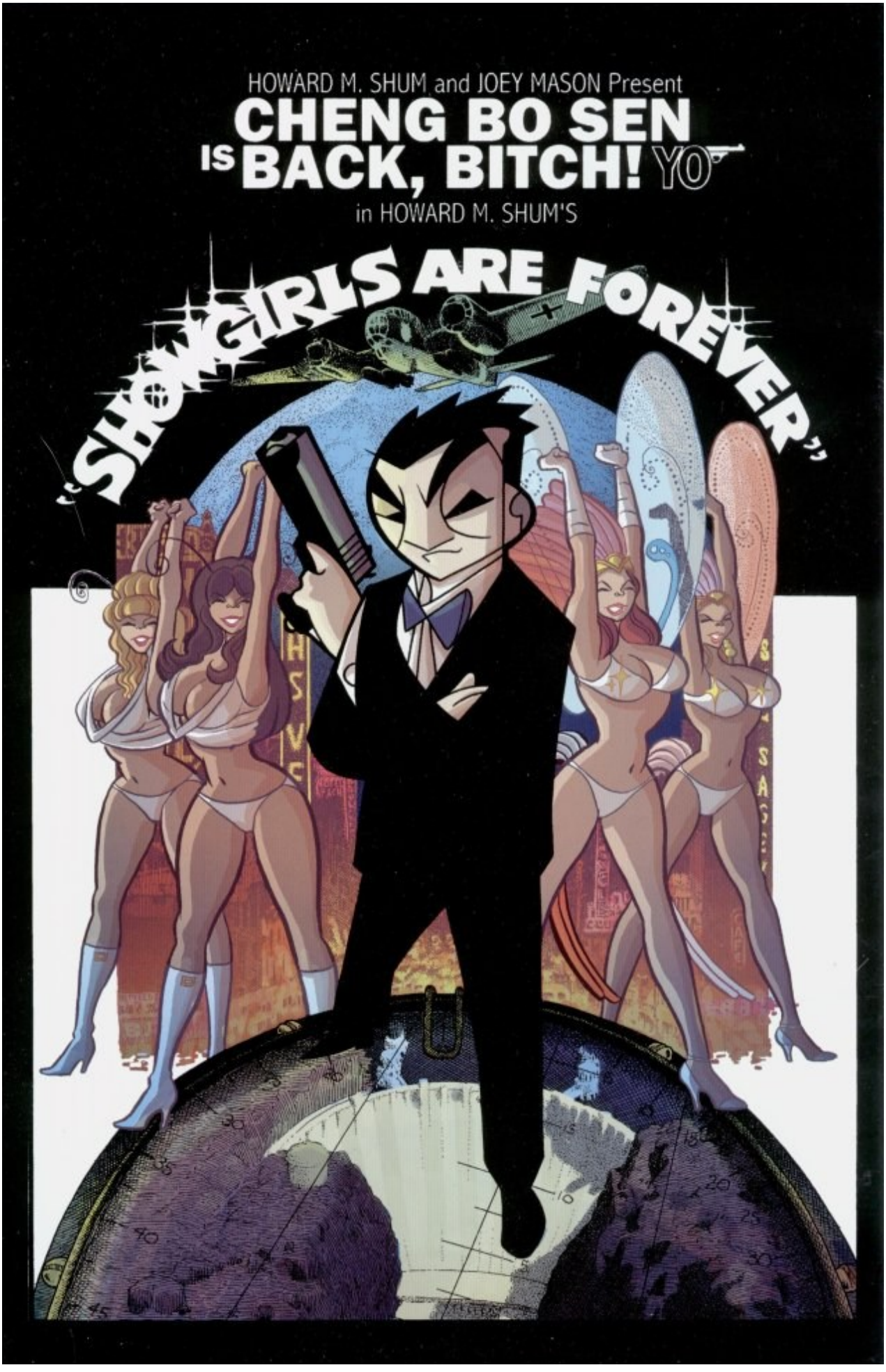
Back cover to EDDIE CAMP-BELL'S BACCHUS #5 (1995) by "Bloody" Dave Sim.

Back cover to FREE SPEECHES (1998) published by Oni Press in support of the CBLDF.

Sketch by Dave Sim, colors by Gerhard.

Give them an inch...

THE COMIC BOOK LEGAL DEFENSE FUND



Back cover to GUN FU: THE LOST CITY #4 (2004) published by Axiom Comics.

Art by Joey Mason, Howard M. Shum, Dave Sim and Gerhard.

(NEXT PAGE)

Back cover to GUN FU: LOST CITY #4 was later reused as the front cover to GUN FU: SHOW-GIRLS ARE FOREVER #1 (2006) published by Image Comics.

HOWARD M. SHUM DAVE SIM DARRYL YOUNG

GUN FU™

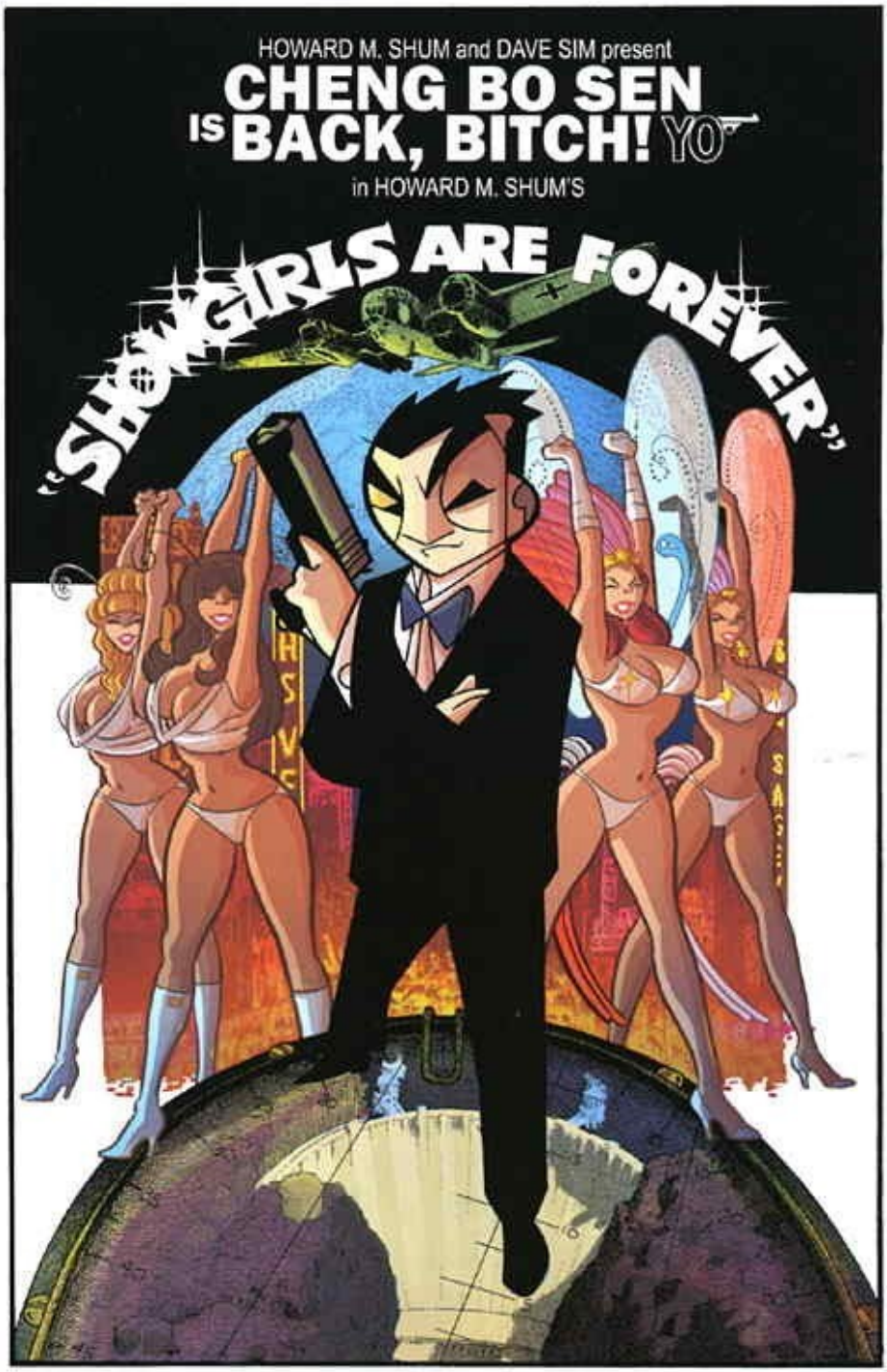
#1
$3.50

HOWARD M. SHUM and DAVE SIM present

CHENG BO SEN IS BACK, BITCH! YO

in HOWARD M. SHUM'S

"SHOWGIRLS ARE FOREVER"



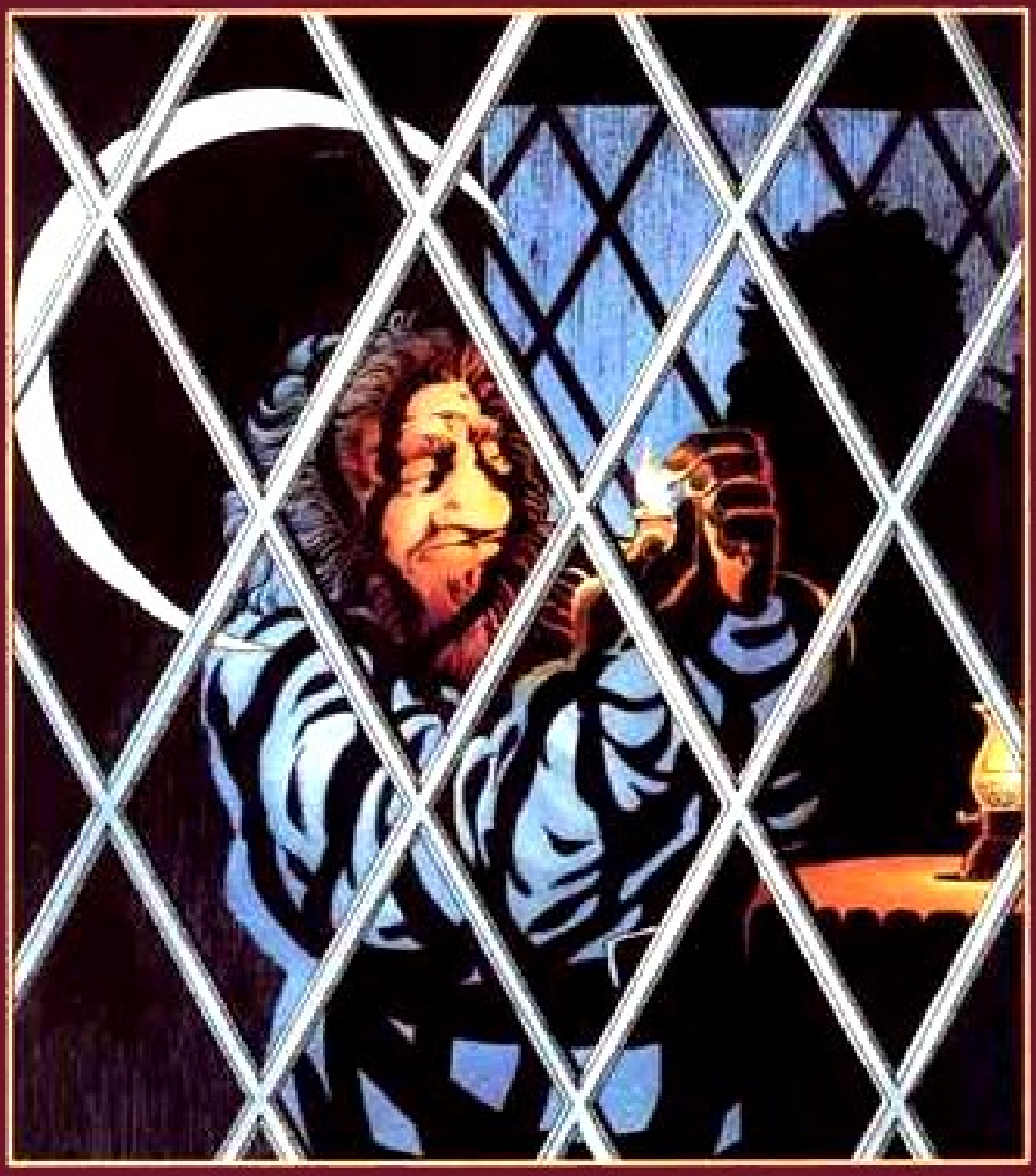
NOW SHOWING

Front cover to STARCHILD: CROSSROADS #2 (Coppervale Press, January 1996)

Art Dave Sim and Gerhard.

STARCHILD

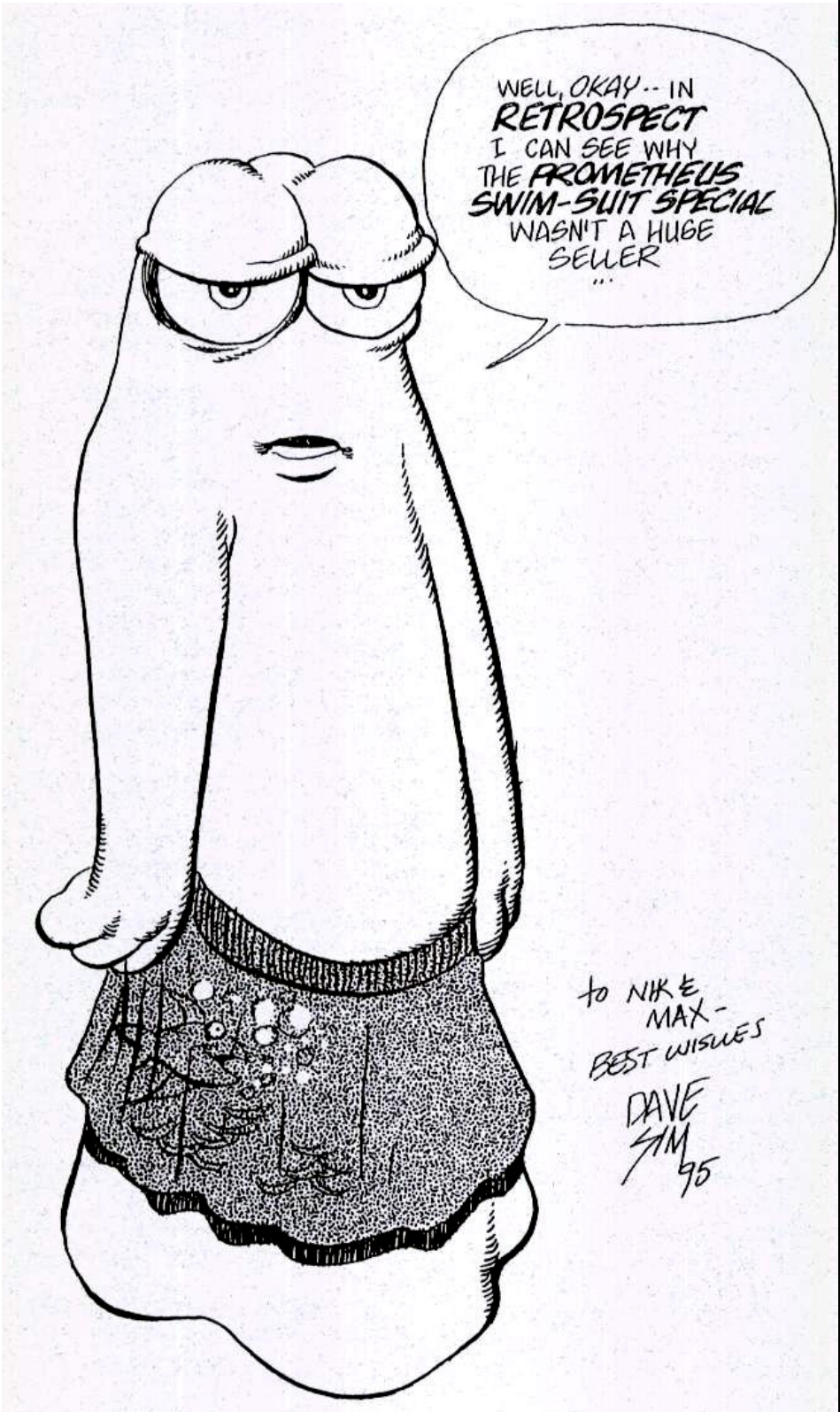
CROSSROADS



JAMES A. OWEN

BELOW:

Back cover sketch by Dave Sim for AMOEBA ADVENTURES #20 (Photoplasm Press, November 1995.)



DITKOMANIA!

Dave has contributed a number of sketches, covers, articles and letters to the venerable Steve Ditko fanzine DITKOMANIA, published on an erratic basis by Bill Hall.

PAGE 296:

Back Cover:
Mister A / Spider-Ham
DITKOMANIA #67 (2008)

Front Cover:
***Who is Ditkomania*?**
DITKOMANIA #77 (2010)

PAGE 297:

Back Cover:
Objectivist Spider-Ham
DITKOMANIA #70 (2009)

Back Cover:
Everlovin' Ayn Rand!
DITKOMANIA #69 (2008)

A DITKOMANIA PIN-UP!
YOU CAN THROW ALL OF THE DOCTOR STRANGE SPECIAL EFFECTS AT DITKO SPIDER-HAM YOU WANT...
A IS STILL A!

DITKOMANIA
Nº77
Who is A!?
UFO
$1.50

FACE IT, EFFENDI! IT'S THE DITKOMANIA AGE OF FANZINES!

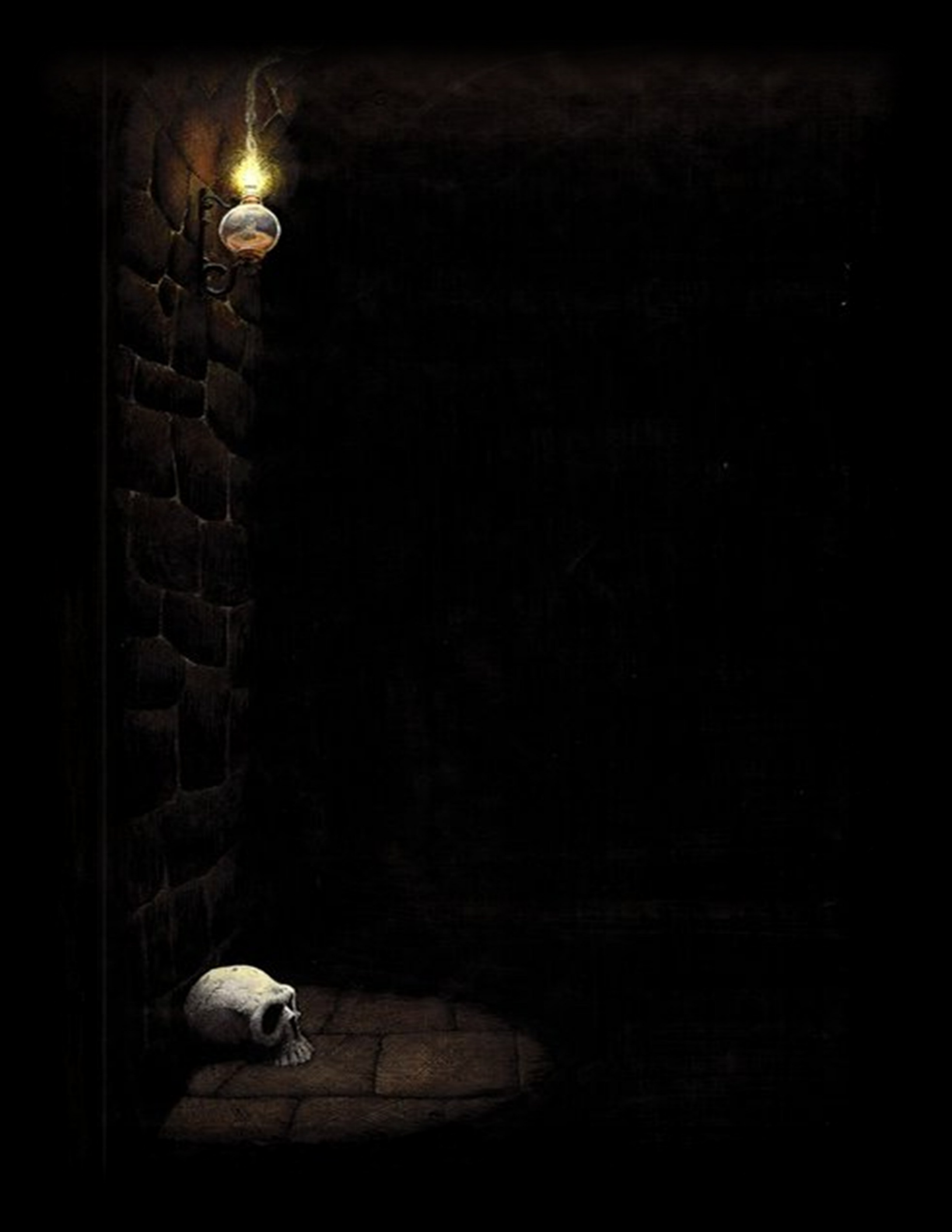
COMING SOON

CEREBUS: MISSING PIECES
VOLUME ONE

Collecting all the covers, letter columns, backup stories and advertisements from the monthly *Cerebus* title that were excluded from the phonebook reprint collections.

Volume One contains the uncollected material from *Cerebus* Issues 1-50 (December 1977-May 1983).

CEREBUS: PORTFOLIANA

A collection of the various animation cels, fine art portfolios and gallery work not found in any other collection.

AVAILABLE SUMMER 2026 FROM ARCHIVE.ORG